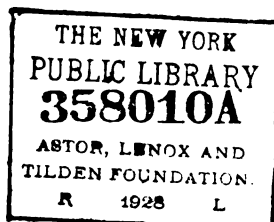


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THE October number of this Review contained an article under the above title by the late Mr. William Digby, for many years the protagonist in this country of the political ideas which the Indian National Congress represents. There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the views which Mr. Digby held on Indian affairs, and which led him in innumerable publications to depict the present condition of India in the blackest colours, to refuse to recognise any element of good in British rule in that country, and to find a mournful fascination in disparaging the work of his countrymen in the East. Nor would anyone wish to deal more harshly than the cause of truth requires with the last printed words, the last public confession of political beliefs, of a man who is no longer living. It is solely because his account of the growth, activities, and power of the Congress is calculated to give persons unacquainted with the facts a false impression of the movement, and to create in their minds the belief that the attitude of the Indian Government is antagonistic to the true interests of the peoples under its sway, that it is deemed right to challenge it and to show that it is not in accordance with facts.

The first part of Mr. Digby's paper is devoted to an explanation of the origin and significance of the Congress. The achievements of this body during the eighteen years of its existence are then narrated, and finally "a few tentative prophecies" of its future are essayed. It will be convenient to

* The writer of this article, in the course of a long residence in India, has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for forming his own judgment on this important subject.—Ed., BROAD VIEWS.

follow the same order in the comments which are here offered on the paper.

It is common ground to the friends and to the critics of the Congress that it took its rise in the racial controversies engendered by the Ilbert Bill in Lord Ripon's administration, and that in a general way it may be regarded as the fruit of the educational system created in India by Englishmen, and of political ideas transplanted from English to an Oriental soil. Where the two views diverge is as to the value of Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty to the true interests of India, and as to whether the Congress propaganda is a right or a wrong development in the political life of the Indian peoples. Mr. Digby has cited with approval a passage from a presidential address which puts the Congress view of these points very clearly. The president of the 1885 Congress defined the aims of the Congress to be (1) the consolidation of "those sentiments of national unity which had their origin in their beloved Lord Ripon's ever memorable administration," (2) the provision of an authentic record of the matured opinion of the educated classes of India on pressing questions of the day, and (3) the determination of the lines and methods on which Indian politicians should labour in the public interest. Here we have the whole thing in a nut-shell. National unity, according to the Congress, did not exist until Lord Ripon came on the scene. His reign is for ever beloved because he inspired this grand conception, which will vivify for all time the educated thought of India. The Congress represent that educated thought fully and satisfactorily, and therefore it equally represents the collective populations of India. The voice of India speaks through the Congress, and what the Congress says is law to the political leaders of the country. Such is the creed of the Congress and its friends. We are asked to accept the movement as natural, beneficent and practical; as creating a political organ which it behoves British rule to welcome as a valuable auxiliary and to which it should defer; and as forming the starting-point for a democratic system, which is to issue ultimately in a federation of self-governing states voluntarily accepting the nominal suzerainty of Great Britain.

It needs but little reflection to see that these ideas involve

some large and sweeping assumptions. The critics of the Congress deny the validity of these assumptions. These it now proposed to examine.

And first as to the singular myth about the beneficence of the Ripon era. In the literature of the Congress it figures as the age of Saturn, a golden time interposed between years of stone and iron, a period so favoured of the Gods that even the pestilence and the dearth ceased to persecute. "In this patch of short-lived sunshine India began to pluck up hope and energy," says Mr. Digby in mentioning anew the specious tale of a smiling earth and a benignant heaven

‘Talia sæcla’ suis dixerunt ‘currite’ fusis
Concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcae.

The future historian, striving to reconstruct the past from speeches and writings of the Congress party, will be puzzled to account for the swift advent and equally swift disappearance of this golden age, and will seek in vain for traces of its existence in the material progress of the country. Judged by all ordinary tests, India as a whole is admitted by students of economics to be enjoying at the present moment an exceptional measure of prosperity, and to exhibit indisputable signs of a progressive country. No one outside the Congress circle believes the tales of the bankruptcy and indigence of India which form the stock in trade of Congress orators. The failure of the Congress to accomplish its mission, or even to make headway, is admitted by its champions. That the country should have made such steady and gratifying advance in material prosperity, notwithstanding this failure, is a fact which accords badly with the myth of a brief and brilliant Riponian age, followed by a period of melancholy delay, while the myth itself dissolves into thin air when its genesis is critically considered. The personality of Lord Ripon, the great deliverer of the legend, so far from being portentous, is found on inspection to be essentially commonplace. An estimable Whig noble, nurtured in the political creed of English Liberalism, with no imagination and no sense of the difference between East and West, was sent to rule India at a moment when the strife of political parties in England was at its height, and India unhappily was their battleground.

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His intentions were good, but his acts were unfortunate. He was the mouthpiece of militant radicalism in its heyday of triumph, and he reversed the acts and the policy of his predecessor with the air of one who was trampling upon a beaten party. Measures insignificant in themselves became dangerous in his hands by his method of handling them. A long-wanted revision of the functions of municipalities and local boards was weighted with theories about the educative effects of local self-government and popular elections. A revision of the criminal procedure law became the occasion for provoking a bitter racial controversy by a futile attempt to deprive Europeans of a valued privilege and protection, which did no harm to the native population. The effect of such a Government upon what an observant Frenchman has styled the "intellectual proletariat" of Calcutta and Bombay is easily imagined. That small section of the vast Indian population which comes into contact with English political ideas, which furnishes students for the Universities and recruits for the clerical, journalistic, and legal professions, and which hungers for office and fixed salaries, jumped to the conclusion that at last it was about to enter upon its inheritance and to be entrusted with the government of the country. It grasped the significance of the machinery of ballot boxes and popular election, and it was eager to install the machine in India, and to work it to its own advantage. These hopes were encouraged by the sympathetic attitude of the Radical party in Parliament, which used "young India" for its own purposes in making capital out of Lord Lytton's fallen administration. Indian delegates stood for Radical constituencies, and brought back to their native country the latest arts of the caucus and the democratic platform. Under these auspices the National Congress came into existence. To the circumstances of its origin must be attributed the low vitality, the poverty of aims, and sterility as regards results, which have characterised it. It was impossible that such a plant could be successfully reared in the atmosphere of the Indian social system, to which ideas of representative government, plebiscites and ballot-boxes, or the supremacy of the literary classes, are foreign and abhorrent. Disillusion quickly followed the surprise which the movement first excited. Mr.

Digby has stated that the first project for a conference of Indian notables was favourably received by Lord Dufferin, Lord Ripon's successor, and that the subjects for discussion were seen by him before it met. That Lord Dufferin was cognizant of the movement and hoped to see its energies turned to a useful purpose is not contested. He had inherited the difficulties created by his predecessor, and he was aware of the support which a section of the party in power in England was giving to the advanced school of natives in India. His diplomatic training prompted an attitude of reserve until the line taken by the Congress could be seen. When he found that it was opposed in essentials to the continuance of British supremacy in India, and that it represented the extreme section of the disaffected class, he broke silence and made his disapproval clear. He saw, as others of his countrymen saw, that there was room for development in the constitutional system of the country, and scope for the increased employment of natives of India in the public service. He appointed the Public Service Commission to deal with the latter question, and he recommended the expansion of the Legislative Councils and greater opportunities for discussion at their meetings. These sane and salutary reforms have borne excellent fruit, and did much to counteract the propaganda of the Congress. The inherent weakness of the movement soon revealed itself. The Mahammedan community, the native chiefs, the noble families, and the landed gentry drew away from it. While its leaders invoked the sacred name of Lord Ripon, and denounced a reactionary government, the more moderate men of the party, who at one time had hoped great things from an alliance with English Radicals, discerned the futility of the game and left the Congress. Mr. Malabari, the able editor of the *Indian Spectator*, in a recent article has pathetically remarked, "Most of us have gone in for the advanced Radicalism of England, without its resources of culture and individuality, and without thought of the fundamental difference between the party Government of that country and the benevolent despotism which holds sway in India." It is because the National Congress failed to recognise this fundamental difference that it has condemned itself to wander in the wilderness of negations and impossible policies, that it is shunned by the great mass of the population, which is

content to be decently governed, and that its influence does not extend beyond the journalists and lawyers of a few towns.

We may now proceed to examine the assumptions on which the doctrines of the Congress are based. The first is that there is an Indian nation, and that the Congress is the means of consolidating national unity. There never was an assumption more totally at variance with the facts. The truth is that there is not, and never was, an India in the sense of a country having a separate entity and having a distinct nationality. Such terms as "People of India" and "Natives of India" are meaningless in the sense in which they are frequently used. As Sir John Strachey says in his *India*, the term "Natives of India" applied generally to Brahmans from Bengal, Parsees from Bombay, Sikhs from Lahore, Gurkhas from Nepal, and to Gonds from the Central Provinces, has no more meaning than the term "Natives of Europe" applied generally to Englishmen, Poles, Spaniards, and Turks. A native of Calcutta is more of a foreigner to the hardy races of Northern India than an Englishman. The national unity of Europe is, we know, a meaningless phrase. It is hard for our countrymen who have not visited the East to realise that the national unity of India is equally meaningless. Race, religion, and caste are the motives which dominate social and political movements in India, and which take the place of national sentiment and patriotism. Society is there formed into non-political groups, which are intensely exclusive and suspicious, and which are incapable of thinking or acting together as an aggregate body. The one unifying force which is able to counteract these centrifugal tendencies is the British rule, and under its influence an apparent entity has been created, which for convenience is called India. But this force is wholly external to the body on which it operates, and, were it withdrawn, the so-called Indian nation would fall to pieces like a house of cards. The National Congress dislikes to recognise this fact, and, when pressed about it alleges that, notwithstanding these internal differences and these divergent interests, the inhabitants of India have a common stock of political aspirations, a common list of grievances against their rulers, and a common inheritance of rights withheld, that makes for solidarity. But where is the evidence of this? The Mahammedans as a body

will have nothing to do with the Congress. They perceive that if the demands of the Congress were conceded, the position of Mahammedans in India would be imperilled. The Congress asks, for instance, that competitive examinations for entrance into the Indian Civil Service should be held simultaneously in London and in India, and asserts that this measure would diminish the proportion of Europeans and increase that of natives among the successful candidates. The Mahammedans see that the only result would be to substitute Hindus of Bengal and Bombay for Englishmen. Of the two they prefer the Englishman, and with reason. Sir Syad Ahmad Khan, the venerable champion of progressive Islam, put the case very clearly. "There would," he said, speaking of the Congress programme, "be no part of the country in which we should see at the tables of justice and authority any faces except those of Bengalis. I am delighted to see the Bengalis making progress, but what would be the result on the public administration? Do you think that the Rájput and the fiery Pathán would remain at peace under Bengális?" The same considerations explain why the martial Sikh and the sturdy, slow-witted Jat, the native chiefs, the landed gentry, and the cultivating classes, are unmoved by the Congress propaganda. They have no desire to see the Bengali Babu and the Mahratta Brahmin ruling over India, heckling the Viceroy in his Legislative Council, and appealing from his decisions in administrative affairs to a Standing Committee of the House of Commons. There may be one or two points in the programme—such, for instance, as the recommendation in favour of a permanent land assessment—which specially appeal to the pockets of the landed class. But the programme has to be taken as a whole, and its general drift is recognised to be the undermining of the present political system of the country under pretext of securing political rights and constitutional government. There is no indigenous sentiment on these points, and, consequently, outside the microscopic minority which is interested in an upheaval the population of India looks coldly at the programme. The Eastern conception of a good Government is that it should be strong and just, should respect religious and social prejudices, and should give freedom from oppression and security of life and property. A foreign origin is no stigma on a Govern-

ment which is otherwise satisfactory, for most Governments which India has known have been foreign. Nor is the absence of the representative element deemed a defect, for the last thing in the world which Orientals seek is to be asked to share the fag and worry of ruling themselves. So long as these beliefs predominate in India, and so long as British rule commands the respect of and gives contentment to the masses, as undoubtedly it does to-day, the "national sentiment" which the Congress invokes in favour of representative institutions and the substitution of native for European control is likely to remain dormant.

The second assumption of the Congress is that it is a genuine and adequate representation of the public opinion of India, that its resolutions are, in Mr. Digby's words, "the voice of the entire educated Indian public." The abstention of entire castes and religious denominations, nay, even races, from participation in the movement might be considered in itself to refute this extraordinary assertion. It cannot be seriously contended that the Mahammedan community, the Sikhs, the great landowners, the ruling chiefs, are outside the sacred pale of the educated classes. The Mahammedans of India may have been slower than their Hindu rivals to take advantage of English education which the State schools and Universities offer. But they number many admirable scholars, and as a body, in culture and in acquaintance with the best literature of the East, they fully equal, if, indeed, they do not excel, the Hindus. The stigma of illiteracy does not attach to the Punjab in any special degree, although not a single delegate from that province appeared at the Ahmadabad Congress meeting of 1902. As to the landed gentry, they enjoy and avail themselves of abundant educational facilities, while the admirable manner in which their own Associations, such as the Oudh Talukdars' Union and the British India Association in Bengal, are managed, evidence their intelligence and their capacity for public affairs. So long as these denominations and classes of the community refuse to join the Congress, its claim to represent the entire educated Indian public is absolutely ludicrous. Sir Henry Cotton, who since his retirement from the Indian Civil Service has definitely ranged himself with the Congress party, is evidently conscious of the difficulty of substantiating this assertion, and ingenuously proposes

to treat public opinion outside Calcutta as a negligible quantity. "The Babus of Bengal," he declares in his *New India*, "rule public opinion from Peshawar to Chittagong"; and again, "Calcutta is more to Bengal than Paris to France," and "public opinion in India is moulded in the metropolis." As there is no lack of authorities against this adulatory estimate of Calcutta, Sir Henry Cotton hastens to impeach their credibility. "The experience of civilians," he asserts, "is valueless in such a matter, as it is "confined to outlying tracts and provincial towns." Because, therefore, *his* experience has been practically confined to Calcutta, he must necessarily be right in his estimate of the relative superiority and intellectual supremacy of that city! Such curious logic carries its own refutation. How is it possible to have confidence in a judgment which discerns no difference between a homogeneous country like France and a continent such as India, and which sets Calcutta above Paris as a centre of ideas? Dialectics apart, it is a common-place that the opinion of Calcutta, as Sir Henry Cotton understands it—the opinion of the Bengali clerk, graduate, editor, and pleader—is representative of nothing but itself. Outside the territorial limits of Bengal the Bengali is regarded by the native population as a foreign adventurer, is without influence or position, and is usually the object of suspicion and distrust on account of a reputation for intrigue and an insatiable greed of office. It is a noteworthy fact that the press of Bengal, which voices the opinions venerated by Sir Henry Cotton, has no circulation outside the province, and comparatively little circulation outside Calcutta.

Enough has been said to show that the Congress does not represent the whole educated Indian public. It may be of interest to see what it actually does represent. In 1902 the Congress met at Ahmadabad in the Bombay Presidency. From the report of the proceedings the following facts as to the constitution of the assembly have been gathered. Of a total number of 471 "delegates," 418 "represented" the Bombay Presidency, no less than 287 belonging to Ahmadabad itself, and 80 to the town of Bombay. Considerably more than half the total number were residents of the place where the meetings were held. On any conceivable theory of representation the proportion stands condemned. The simple

truth is that any resident of Ahmadabad who could be induced to attend the meeting was recorded as a "delegate." Of the 287 Ahmadabad "delegates," 86 were lawyers, and the rest money-lenders and money-changers, traders, shopkeepers, students, and editors. It is doubtful whether there was a single man of distinction or influence among them, though collectively, as comprising a majority of the total delegates, they did duty for more than one-half of the "entire educated Indian public." India, outside the Bombay Presidency, was content to send only 53 delegates. Of these, 19 came from Bengal, and 13 from the adjoining Central Provinces and Berar, where Bombay influence is strong. Two inconspicuous persons represented the great province of Oudh, and 3 lawyers were all that the still greater province of Agra deputed. The Punjab was not represented at all. The particulars as to castes, religions, and occupations of the delegates are also of interest. Nine-tenths of them were Brahmins. Baniyas, Jains, a sprinkling of Parsees, and about a dozen obscure Mahammedans, completed the list. The predominance of pleaders observed in the case of the Ahmadabad delegates was maintained throughout. Journalists, students, school and college teachers, and petty traders were in strong force. Members of ancient houses, representatives of martial castes, of the land-owning classes, of the natural aristocracy of India, were entirely absent.

It is easy from these data to appraise the importance to be attached to the Congress as an organ of opinion. Instead of voicing the opinion of all India, it merely expresses the views of an indeterminate number of persons belonging to a very limited class which owes its very existence to British rule. There is no representation in the usual acceptation of the term. The so-called "delegate" is anyone who is willing to attend. At most he represents a little knot of pleaders and journalists at his home, who read the Congress paper *India* and are of his way of thinking. The circulation of *India*, by the way, is not satisfactory to the leaders of the movement. At the Ahmadabad Congress it was resolved "to strain every nerve" to improve it, and delegates were asked to accept responsibility for securing the number of subscribers allotted to each province. The allotment of 50 copies

to Oudh, 100 copies to the Punjab, and 200 copies to the Agra province, indicates no great advance in a movement which has been at work for 18 years.

The proceedings of the Congress in annual session are such as might be expected from its composition. They open with a presidential address of portentous verbosity which occupies the whole of the first day. The second is devoted to passing a long string of resolutions, most of which have done duty before and are correspondingly time-worn. There is an air of unreality about the business, which cannot fail to impress the observer. The mover and seconder of each resolution read the essays which they have prepared on the theme, one or two other similar essays in the same line of thought—diffusive, uncritical, and declamatory—may follow, and then the resolution is “carried by acclaim.” There is no more semblance of debate than one would look for at a Welsh meeting against the Education Act. On the third and final day of the session the Congress scampers through the remaining resolutions, and after an exhortation to the members to support *India*, adjourns to another year.

The Resolutions of the Congress travel over the whole field of administration, finance and currency, military expenditure, education, University reform, the Arms' Act, volunteering, the industrial development of the country, and the grievances of Indians in South Africa. It is scarcely necessary to examine them at length, as even Mr. Digby has let fall a hint that they have begun to pall on the public, and are more calculated to expose the weakness of the Congress case than to advance it. Some of the administrative reforms asked for—such, for instance, as the establishment of military colleges for natives of India, the enrolment of a native volunteer army, the relaxation of regulations about arms—are obviously not intended to be taken seriously. The gentlemen who form the Congress have no practical concern with such subjects. Others—such as the request for a High Court at Lahore in place of the existing Chief Court—are merely impertinences, seeing that the province affected refused to send a single representative to the Congress. The advocacy of technical colleges and agricultural banks, and the laudation of industrial pursuits, are belated recognitions of objects which the Government has

steadily pursued in the face of popular apathy. The denunciation of the recent reform of the currency, which has given India the immense benefit of a fixed monetary exchange and recuperated her finances in a marvellous degree, and the clamour for protective duties for the resuscitation of indigenous industries, betray an ignorance of economic laws which necessarily prejudice the Congress party in the eyes of their English friends. Lastly, come the familiar complaints about the growing poverty of India, about oppressive taxation and the employment of Europeans in the higher branches of the administration, and the familiar remedies of representative institutions and simultaneous examinations. Here we touch the true aspirations of Congress. The "drain" of wealth, it is said, can be stopped by a "much wider employment of the natives of the soil in the higher branches of the public service." The assumption that the method of simultaneous examinations will lead to the employment of "natives of the soil" in the several provinces has already been examined, and shown to be a pure fiction. The advancement of Indians in the public service is unquestionably a great desideratum. It is an object which the British administration has steadily endeavoured to keep in view. But to attempt to realise it in the way proposed—the only way acceptable to the classes which support the Congress—would ruin the country in a decade. Equally mischievous is the clamour for democratic institutions in the present stage of Indian development. "The sovereign remedy" for the present discontents, said the President at Ahmadabad, "is to be found in the practice of the British constitution—the control of the people over the public expenditure." The surest way of reducing the credit and resources of India to to the level of a South American state would be to grant the prayer of the Congress.

A perception that the Congress is played out seems to run through Mr. Digby's vindication of its programme. In his article he sorrowfully acknowledges that there had been some slackening of zeal, that the old leaders lose hope, that a reaction had followed the pristine vigour of the movement. But in the success of Japan and in the promised grant of free institutions to the Philippine Islands by the United States, he professes to discern two events

which will arrest this decay and re-quicken the national ideal in India. Meanwhile, he advises the Congress to possess its soul in peace, to "cease complaining of detailed grievances," which merely "puzzle the statesmen and electorate of England," and to wait for Japan and the Philippines. If it is not an unkind question, one would like to know what the Congress leaders think of this political testament. In the eyes of faith all things are possible. Yet the faith must be very strong which sees any resemblance between the indomitable silent Japanese whose genius lies in work and not in words, and the nerveless, rhetorical denizen of Bengal, whose *metier* is to declaim, and who never from the days of Asoka till now has ruled in his own house. As for the Philippines they will receive democratic institutions, if and when the United States should tire of their possession, but not otherwise. The experiment, if tried, will be a useful object lesson, though with the example of Hayti before the world a fresh illustration is scarcely required. As there is nothing like experience, the Congress leaders might be recommended to take a practical course of politics in a self-governing Philippine island, and to make known the result. It is safe to predict that this advice would not be followed, for with all their pose about indignant souls struggling to be free, the pleaders and editors of British India appreciate the substantial merits of the rule under which they live.

THE MYSTERIES OF NATURE.

WHEN people talk about the mysteries of Nature from any point of view raised above that of the silliest ignorance concerning abnormal occurrences, they are generally thinking of those connected with obscure lines of research—with experiences lying in the region which used to be called the supernatural, or with unusual human faculties concerned with impressions that have nothing to do with the physical senses. But, fairly appreciated, the operations of nature by which we are daily surrounded are teeming with mysteries far more unfathomable than many of those engaging the activities of psychic research. If it were not so familiar a phenomenon, the miracle accomplished whenever a seed is put into the earth, and a living plant presently emerges from the surface, would be regarded as far more transcendantly wonderful than the phenomena encountered when the conditions favourable to spiritualistic seances are provided for in a darkened room (corresponding to the underground darkness in which the seed germinates), and when, as a consequence, strange voices are heard or strange lights are perceived. When under suitable conditions a hen's egg, containing no more than the substances with which we are so familiar, is metamorphosed, after a brief interval, into a living chicken, that achievement on the part of Nature is immeasurably more wonderful than the conversion of a lump of lead into a lump of gold—which the mediæval alchemists claim in some cases to have brought about. And whenever the family cat presents her affectionate friends with a new basketful of kittens, she has been instrumental in the accomplishment of a

miracle that far surpasses, as regards its incomprehensible nature, the most impressive thaumaturgical triumphs associated with the traditions of Egyptian temples.

Mystery is really associated with every breath we draw, with almost every experience of our daily lives, and those departments of research which are concerned with abnormal and unusual faculties,—with sporadic phenomena, the laws of which are at present so ill-understood that they cannot always be reproduced at will,—are treated as especially mysterious merely because the facts and experiences on which they rest are, at the present stage of human evolution, fewer in number than the phenomena of animal and vegetable growth. Nor is the line of demarcation that divides the familiar from the unfamiliar mysteries of Nature any hard and fast boundary, it shifts continually as human knowledge expands, and phenomena which lay deeply hidden in the regions of occult science in the days of the Pharaohs have now emerged into the plain daylight of familiarity, and have thus, by virtue of careless thinking, become classed with occurrences regarded as commonplace and matters of course. Scientific research of the ordinary kind, although ostensibly concerning itself exclusively with the attributes of matter, has undeniably been pushing back the boundary line in question towards the regions of occult mystery, until, already, some of the ideas previously belonging exclusively to that region are gilded with the dawn of scientific recognition, and likely before long to forfeit their character as mysteries for a world in the habit of thinking that it understands what it is in a position to observe with frequency. The constitution of matter itself is at last becoming so far understood that its molecules are all but recognised as built up of matter, itself imperceptible to the senses, and the recognition of this condition of things is all but equivalent to the acknowledgment of another plane of Nature surrounding and interpenetrating the visible and tangible world.

And already for thinkers capable of drawing inferences, the certainty thus established that Nature has more aspects than one—and that what we call her physical manifestations are in truth the outgrowth of a manifestation that the physical student has never hitherto cognised—leads the more advanced representatives of

that school at the present day to exercise greater caution than heretofore in scoffing at the alleged discoveries of those who devoted their research formerly to her hidden manifestations. The change referred to, it is true, is only just creeping over the surface of ordinary thought. The conventional multitude is still under the impression that the mediæval "sciences," as they claimed to be at one time—alchemy and astrology—represented the mere childhood of human intelligence. More recent attempts to investigate unusual experiences connected with mesmerism and spiritualism, or stories relating to the possibilities of clairvoyance and second-sight, were in the same way held to be merely illustrative of human credulity and foolishness. But these impressions are gradually wearing away, and a vaguely tolerant spirit in connection with all activities of the kind is growing up wherever human intelligence is getting into tune with the significance of modern discovery.

As yet, however, it is only within a comparatively small circle of earnest students that the glimmerings of knowledge represented by the terms and phrases quoted above are sufficiently illuminated by collateral knowledge to be withdrawn from the area hitherto assigned to mere superstition, and established within that where facts still unexplained can be recognised as amongst the Mysteries of Nature. In connection with all varieties of mediæval research in the direction of the unknown, imperfect collateral knowledge has led to great confusion. Those whose experiences carry them beyond the limits of conventional incredulity, who realise beyond a doubt that occurrences take place which are hopelessly beyond the range of such natural law as conventional knowledge has hitherto formulated, have often been unable to steer their course with discretion in the darkness they so boldly entered. They have allowed excited imagination to confuse the outlines of whatever objective truth they encountered; their critical faculties, once daunted by undeniable touch with the incomprehensible, were altogether led astray, and a credulity as wild and unreasonable as the incredulity that has characterised a later generation, led them to present the results of their researches in so wild and fantastic a guise that the prudent bystander was often fairly to be excused for putting aside the whole volume of their records as the

fruit of incoherent hallucination. But surely the time has come now when reasonable searchers after truth should overhaul the whole catalogue of mediæval research, and endeavour to thrash out the wheat from the chaff; to review in the light of recent intellectual acquisitions the enormous literature bequeathed to us from the middle ages in connection with the studies which the narrow conceit of the 19th century treated as the product of ignorance and superstition. The ignorance and superstition will be regarded, in all probability in a later age, as attached much more distinctly to the habits of thought distinguishing the century that has just passed, than to the feeble but zealous groping after knowledge represented by the occultists of an earlier period.

In preparation for developments that will undeniably be reached by the science of the future, it will be necessary as time goes on for the students of Nature to examine the records left by those who endeavoured in the first instance to build something like a science out of the shapeless and incoherent materials at their disposal.

Let us glance for a moment at the pursuits of some among our mediæval predecessors which only twenty-five years ago were regarded as representative of the emptiest superstition. Up to the time, which may roughly be described as that of the last generation, the alchemists of the middle ages were regarded as having been either conscious imposters playing on the credulity of their contemporaries, or very helpless beginners in the study of chemistry, unconsciously laying the foundations of a science, the true character of which they failed even to foresee. Either view is equally saturated with misconception. In the light of knowledge acquired by the modern occultist, the most important literature of the alchemical period is manifestly concerned with a lofty spiritual teaching disguised in symbols derived from the current knowledge, such as it was, of chemical reactions. The genuine alchemist was not concerned with efforts to turn lead into gold, but with the effort to transmute the lower nature of human consciousness (for which the lead stood as a symbol) into the loftier and purer consciousness, the symbol for which was the alchemist's gold. Throughout the writings of the really great alchemists, we shall continually encounter phrases indicating this

spiritual purpose so plainly that it is difficult to understand how at any time their true significance could have been misunderstood. The "mercury" they employed in their imaginary crucibles is constantly spoken of as the mercury, not of the earth, but of the philosopher; the salt and the antimony are spoken of as *our* salt and *our* antimony, as distinct from those dug from the material earth. The possibility of attaining during life to the spiritual beatitudes vaguely ascribed by religion to another world, was the theme of all the really genuine alchemical discourses.

But for two reasons, those who have attempted with imperfect guidance to explore the maze of alchemical literature, have failed to penetrate to the heart of the genuine secret. The real devotees of spiritual growth disguised their teaching in the chemical symbology which the alchemists adopted,—or rather inherited from a very early Egyptian period,—and this misled careless observers into the belief that they were concerned with an actual laboratory research, and that their secret, if successfully surprised, would invest the discoverer with untold wealth, or the power of supplying himself with precious metals at discretion. So it came to pass that multitudes of mere self-seekers pursued the alchemical dream, and thousands of books are in existence that record their attempts at fathoming the fascinating mystery. Some among the thousands, indeed, may be ascribed to pupils of spiritual alchemy who, by exhibiting their familiarity with the symbols employed, held out to one another this masonic assurance of their sincerity. But it is equally true that a great number of the existing alchemical books are records of nothing more than the futile attempts of material gold-seekers. In another direction, embarrassment besets the student of this variegated literature. In some cases, it came to pass that genuine alchemists setting out with no purpose beyond their own spiritual exaltation, and the service of mankind,—so far as they could spread enthusiasm for spiritual things amongst their readers,—did actually achieve results that put them in touch with forces and natural laws associated with planes of nature exalted above that on which the physical man lives and moves, and has, for the time, his being. And masters of this supreme knowledge, they actually possessed the power of achieving results on the physical

plane that lay quite outside the power of those acquainted with its merely physical laws. In this way, although the mere gold-seeker attempting to fathom the mysteries of nature for his own selfish advantage, never achieved any of the results at which he aimed, those who never aimed at such results with any selfish purpose whatever, did, in a few cases, actually acquire the power of effecting material transmutations. The evidence afforded by alchemical literature to the effect that the physical transmutation was in some cases accomplished, is in itself overwhelming. The life of Nicholas Flamel alone, fully recorded in various biographies would go far towards supporting the statement just made.

The incredulities of the 19th Century swept all this evidence aside. Lecky, for example, unconsciously exhibits the incredulity referred to in its most grotesque aspect when he admits that the evidence for witchcraft is overwhelming in its abundance. Because to him witchcraft was incredible, he preferred the infinitely more incredible hypothesis that its myriad witnesses were liars. Now that telepathy, faith-curing, and mesmerism, are gradually convincing the modern world that thought has a dynamic force, the fundamental principle at the back of witchcraft is once more claiming recognition. And the ludicrous character of Lecky's argument is fairly obvious to most of us. On precisely similar lines, disbelief in the evidence concerning the occasional success of distinguished alchemists in the Middle Ages in accomplishing the physical experiment of transmutation, will give way as the theory of transmutation is gradually coming within the range of scientific comprehension,—although as yet, the actual achievement has been confined to the subtle conversion of certain emanations of one substance,—radium,—into the rare but distinctly different element, helium.

The fairly accurate conception we are now in a position to frame concerning the origin and significance of alchemy, need not lead us to suppose that any great acquisition of knowledge will be gathered by the study of its curiously intricate records. But to avoid the stupid mistake of misunderstanding human intelligence in the past, it is desirable that people should replace early misconceptions by a correct comprehension of what the genuine alchemists were driving at. Their memory should be relieved

from the undeserved stigma that has hitherto attached to it, but neither the chemist nor the spiritual enthusiast has much to learn in the present day from the teachings they have left behind. Their chemical knowledge was a mere smattering as compared with modern science. And happily for the modern world in a position to appreciate such progress, their spiritual teaching has been replaced by a far more brilliant illumination.

Closely entangled with the symbology of alchemy we shall encounter in all the early books on the subject, the terminology of another mediæval science which has fallen, during recent years, into general contempt. During the Middle Ages belief in Astrology saturated the thinking of the whole educated world. If that condition of things reflected some discredit on the intelligence of the period, the fact that the educated world of the 19th century has been saturated with a scornful disbelief in astrology, is far more discreditable to its general intelligence than the previous state of mind, on which it showers ridicule and contempt. Of course, on the principle of disbelieving whatever we cannot understand—a principle which has been the predominant influence guiding the faith of the last generation or two—astrology must be absurd, in so far as we can trace no visible relationship between the configuration of the Heavens at any given moment and the destinies of human beings. Nor even, although the achievements of research in connection with occult science during the last few years have penetrated the mysteries of nature very deeply in some directions, can we as yet affirm that we have any clue to the connection which astrology assumes to exist between the place of the planets in the Heavens or the appearance of certain zodiacal signs above the horizon at any given moment, with the destinies of the human race collectively or individually. But the later growth of knowledge has helped us to shake ourselves free from the habit of supposing that whoever tells us of an occurrence which we cannot reconcile with our present grasp of natural law, must be a liar. As far as evidence goes, it is certain beyond the range of any possible accidents of coincidence, that in a multitude of cases predictions concerning human life derived from astrological calculations have been verified by the event. In the course of an article of this kind it is impossible to set forth such evidence in detail; it is

dispersed through a voluminous literature, and lies within the experience of those who have endeavoured in modern times to recover, as far as they are able, the lost arts of the ancient astrology. But like the evidence for witchcraft, which Lecky allows to be overwhelming,—in a far greater degree than the evidence which establishes the fact that the great alchemical achievement was sometimes accomplished,—the records of astrological history and the experience of modern astrologers will confirm the statement just put forward.

There is some resemblance between the modern misconception concerning alchemy and the corresponding misconception concerning astrology. Alchemy was supposed to be the childhood of chemistry, astrology in the same way, to have represented the infant stage of astronomical science. The misconception is equally complete in both cases. The astrologer had not yet become interested in the physical condition, periods of revolution, or actual masses of the planets. He cared exceedingly little about measuring the distances between our solar system and the fixed stars. But he was deeply interested in the fact with which he was better acquainted than those who have forgotten it in recent years, that all through the history of the ancient world, the wisest natural students of the time were able to discern a mysterious connection between the movements of the heavenly bodies and the destinies of the human race, which indeed, he saw reason to believe, was traced with greater exactitude in ancient times than was possible for him. And for those who, among us now, are attempting the revival of astrological research, some perhaps even of the empirical knowledge available in the Middle Ages has been lost during the progress of mere physical astronomy. Modern astrologers are almost obliged to go to work again from the beginning and to reconstruct the rules of a lost art. But meanwhile those who imagine that theories of astrology are merely food for ridicule are as ignorant of current knowledge as they are walled off by their own grotesque conceit from the possibilities of developing improved intelligence. The reading of an astrological figure is so beset with difficulty, that few modern students of the subject would venture to profess themselves more likely in any given case to be right than to be wrong. But the reality of the

mysterious laws which in some at present unfathomable way associate human affairs with the configuration of the stars, may be proved by retrospective observation as fully as by prophecy. And all students of astrology will concur in declaring when they have a nativity to deal with which has been cast for the real moment of birth, a moment which it is very difficult in most cases to ascertain with certainty—the leading events of that life when they shall have occurred, will be legible in the intricate significance of the aspects which the astrological figure includes.

And by a simpler road the fundamental truth of the broad principle involved can be established. The sign rising at birth indicates the general type which the child will attain at maturity, so that within a very small margin of error the modern astrological student will be able, on looking at anyone in mature life, to say “at the moment of your birth such and such an astrological constellation was appearing above the horizon of the place where you were born,” and if the person in question knows the time of his birth a retrospective calculation will in an enormous majority of cases, show that the diagnosis in question, was correct. Moreover, there is a branch of astrology that people who scoff at what they cannot understand will find more ridiculous than that which relates to the period of birth, but by reference to which it is still easier to establish the main principle that astronomical configurations and human affairs are somehow linked together. The department known as “Horary Astrology” is that in which some specific question is addressed, so to speak, to the heavens. “Will such and such a journey be prosperous or disastrous?” “Will this or that enterprise lead to fortune or to failure?” “Will a contemplated marriage be happy or the reverse?” When questions of this kind are propounded with real earnestness of purpose, and in accordance with rules and regulations which it is needless to enter into here in detail, it is simply astounding how frequently the answer derived from the circumstances of the heavenly map constructed for that moment, will correspond with the ultimate event. Of course, enthusiastic astrologers are continually venturing on predictions that turn out altogether wrong. Their calculations, even concerning the destinies of public men or royal personages, are more

often than not disconcerted by the event. But the student of the laws concerned, will care little about these failures. In a large number of cases, they are probably due to inaccurate records concerning the time of birth. These periods for persons of exalted station are generally given in round figures. The time of Queen Victoria's birth, for example, is recorded as an exact half-hour. An error either way of six or seven minutes would undoubtedly throw out the value of astrological calculations relating to the great Queen's destiny. And so trustworthy, as a rule, are the indications to be derived from the physical type to which a person belongs in regard to the sign rising at birth, that some modern astrologers confidently regard the official announcement concerning the entrance of the Princess Victoria on this stage of life, as having been inaccurately given. Again, we are but groping at present after the detailed laws of a science that has been neglected for several centuries, and all that can at present be claimed with confidence for astrology is that in spite of the silly and ignorant sneers which it is fashionable for materialistically-minded representatives of modern culture to direct against it, astrology even in its neglected condition points towards the possible acquisition in the future of marvellous knowledge concerning the unseen influences pervading human life. When future intellectual progress shall have been purified to some extent from the silly self-sufficiency that has distinguished it during the last half-century, the science of the stars will be found to include a great deal more than even such knowledge concerning their physical attributes as those which the revelations of the spectroscope have granted to modern astronomy.

Following out the programme of this necessarily discursive essay, I must turn now to some other branches of natural research hitherto for the most part disregarded by most of those recognised amongst us as scientists, by reason of their concentrated devotion to the purely physical aspects of Nature. By degrees, it is true, the threshold of the unknown has been pushed back into regions of observation, formerly supposed to be hopelessly obscure, and only few representatives of science crassly incapable of assimilating new thought, would deny, for instance, the fundamental reality of that mysterious phenomenon

which goes by the name of telepathy. The fact that states of consciousness can be conveyed from one person to another by some subtle channel of communication which has nothing to do with the physical senses, has been established by innumerable experiments. Disbelief in the possibility of such thought transference still surviving among a few representatives of ancient bigotry is more ludicrous than irritating. But of course, telepathy is merely one slight manifestation of a faculty which those who are seriously engaged in occult study know to have an enormously greater range. Telepathy is a very crude kind of clairvoyance, and though the people concerned with clairvoyance are a smaller body than those who have become interested in telepathy, it is nevertheless certain for all who are in touch with the accumulated evidence, that clairvoyance is a faculty susceptible in most cases of almost infinite expansion. That it renders those who are adequately gifted aware of events occurring at a distance, especially when these in some way appeal to their present interests, is a condition of things representing only the simplest phase of clairvoyance. This has been described as "clairvoyance in space." In another of its manifestations the same faculty becomes "clairvoyance in time," enabling the gifted seer to look back to the events of the past, and when this faculty is fairly developed there seems no limit to its range. The "memory of nature," so to speak, which the clairvoyant is enabled to assimilate, is no less vivid with reference to events of a million years ago than with reference to those of yesterday. But even "clairvoyance in time," which has enabled some of us to reconstruct the history of the world through hundreds of thousands of years behind the brief episodes with which modern history of the literary kind is concerned—even that kind of investigation is of subordinate importance compared to those which open out before the clairvoyance which concerns itself with higher planes of nature. That human consciousness is accessible to knowledge relating to what used to be called the "next world," is as certain for the modern student of occult research as the possibility of recognising chemical elements in the atmosphere of the sun is certain for the modern spectroscopist.

And here again, the purpose of this essay is not to reproduce

masses of testimony dispersed through an age of ever-growing literature, but to warn those as yet perhaps untouched by its influence, that studies and pursuits at which it was the fashion to jeer in the last generation, are in a multitude of cases founded on natural laws of supreme importance, while at the same time hardly any of these pursuits have been carried on hitherto under such conditions as to guard their devotees from very considerable error. Those who might, had they appreciated the importance of occult study, have brought to bear upon it the intellectual discipline of more familiar science, have unfortunately neglected the work which a loftier perception of their duty would have induced them to regard as most important. Occult investigation has to a great extent been left in this way in the hands of people, enthusiastic perhaps, but ill-qualified by mental training for carrying out investigation in an untrodden region of thought. Thus it has come to pass that all these departments of occult enquiry at which this paper is glancing, have been contaminated more or less by misdirected zeal, often by mischievous dishonesty. In connection, for example, with clairvoyance, the fascinating possibilities of the pursuit have brought multitudes of ill-qualified pretenders to the front, while the atmosphere of distrust and suspicion necessarily associated with professional clairvoyance, has driven those who might have been the most brilliant exponents of the faculty into the strictest seclusion. But commonplace people outside the area of all these researches can rarely appreciate the manner in which the imposture surrounding some nucleus of super-physical discovery does not in the smallest degree impair the importance of the discovery itself. Do you believe in palmistry?—some contemptuous enquirer may ask, not unreasonably disgusted by the glaring nonsense on the subject in evidence all around us. He cannot understand, if you answer, "I believe in palmistry, but in very few palmists." As with the mystery connecting the stars with our destiny, a minor and humbler mystery associates our characters and to some extent the events of our lives with the lines on our hands. Some broad significance is undeniably traceable in connection with these markings. Given a person of broken and continual ill-health, afflicted by some internal disorder, perhaps, which

makes long life impossible, and such a person will never be found with what the palmist would call a long and clean life line. Given a person of the kind it is but too easy for any of us to hit upon amongst his acquaintances, who is stupid in regard to all intellectual pursuits, in even a somewhat greater degree than the average man, and such a person will never have what palmists call "the head line" clearly defined right across the hand. And, of course, statements which could be made with equal confidence could be extended far beyond the limits of these two illustrations, but the temptation to gain money or social consideration by reading other peoples' hands, has the inevitable effect of inducing hundreds of ill-qualified persons to study the subject, and exhibit their inability to interpret the subtle significance of the various indications concerned, for the amusement of friends quite content to treat the glimmerings of a mysterious natural law as no more dignified than a parlour game.

That is at present the curse hanging over all the departments of occult research, so far as the interests of the world at large are concerned. But the seriously minded student is careful to keep himself out of touch with the social frivolity that foams round the fringes of the pursuits which engross his earnest retirement.

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UNITED.

CHAPTER I.

WAKENING TO THE WORLD.

FERRON KINSEYLE had been sorely put out when his wife died. He would not have been rightly described as prostrate with grief; still less so as being heartlessly indifferent. But the principal interests of his life had long been those which gathered round his literary work; and when Mrs. Kinseyle, after ten or twelve years of a quiet existence at Compton Wood, dropped into the grave in a gentle, unobtrusive way, as if it was a matter of course, her husband, roused from his philological researches, realised for the first time that she had been seriously ill. He was very much distressed about it all, though ready to acknowledge, when Bryle, the housekeeper, put it in that way, that Heaven was a better place, at all events for the poor mistress, than Compton Wood. But the recollection of his married life left no painful places in his conscience. "The poor mistress" had been poor by reason of no sins of omission or commission on his part. Bad health had been her worst trouble, and in a little while after that had been finally cured by the translation of the patient to the "better place" just spoken of, the lonely scholar's worst perplexity was developed by the question—what ought to be done about Edith?

Edith was his only daughter—his only child—and at the period referred to had attained the majestic age of six. Her mother, till then, had looked after her in all respects. There had

been a nursemaid, of course; but the growth and furniture of Miss Edith's mind had been her mother's care altogether, except, indeed, so far as Miss Edith had partly taken the matter into her own hands—prosecuting independent studies for herself in the library, removing volumes as she wanted them in the early hours of the morning to her own quarters, and leaving Mr. Kinseyle puzzled sometimes to think what could have become of some book of grave and serious import that he might wish to consult.

Edith's reading was not governed by any frivolous tastes at this stage of her existence, though what the instinct was which prompted her selection of books was a problem Mrs. Kinseyle never attempted to grapple with. The mere fact that the child could read at all, "to amuse herself," so soon, was sufficiently surprising, and not a little creditable to her abilities as a teacher, the admiring mother conceived. For the rest, Edith never consulted anyone as to the course she thought fit to pursue; and Mrs. Kinseyle regarded herself as existing rather to carry out than to constrain her youthful daughter's wishes. And this arrangement had worked so smoothly that the necessity of taking some entirely new departure was exceedingly trying to the widower. He had shrunk from the notion—never very seriously debated with his wife—of having a governess in the house even while Mrs. Kinseyle lived. Compton Wood was not a house of dimensions that would have permitted a life apart for such an inmate, and the studious philologist was far too shy to bear the prospect of having a stranger always at his table—a lady to whom he would have to be polite, while feeling her presence, from the point of view of his native reserve, an unutterable nuisance. Now, however, the thing would have to be done under conditions much worse than those which had made it so unattractive before; or else Edith would have to be sent right away somewhere—to school, or to relations.

Ferron Kinseyle was not a man of large means, or of large estate; but he was a country gentleman, in his way, of eminently respectable lineage, and the old house, Compton Wood—a better sort of farmhouse originally—had been on the family property for altogether incalculable periods. Most of the land formerly attached to the name had gone away, through the female line, to

another rich dynasty, and Ferron Kinseyle, succeeding from an offshoot parentage, owned merely a rag of the old Kinseyle estates. The Miltenhams of Deerbury Park were the lords of these now; but they did not make a residence of Kinseyle Court—two miles across the fields and through its own park from Compton Wood—by reason of having a much more luxurious mansion of their own twenty miles away in another direction.

Kinseyle Court was just kept clean by a man and his wife at the lodge, and shown to visitors who wanted to inspect some old Roman remains preserved around the house. The Miltenhams were too well off to care to let the place; too respectful to its history, running back to the civil war and further, to neglect it altogether; but too fond of modern comfort to live in it.

The Miltenhams would have taken charge of Edith when her mother died—they were very good friends with the Kinseyles, though their habits of life lay apart—and that seemed the natural arrangement. It was cordially suggested, and at first accepted by the widower; but it was disturbed by an unforeseen embarrassment. Mr. Kinseyle had not up to that time been in the habit of conversing to any great extent with his small daughter. He had no natural affinity for children, and never found anything to say to them. However, when he had in his own mind gratefully accepted Mrs. Miltenham's invitation concerning Edith, he took that young lady on his knee while wandering through the drawing-room and out into the garden one day, soon after the miserable business of the funeral—his usual regular habits of work being thrown out still—and officially informed her of the plans proposed. Then Miss Edith introduced the unforeseen embarrassment referred to.

"But, Papa," she said, "I don't want to go."

Mr. Kinseyle had not looked at the matter from that point of view before. He was too courteous a person to tell the young lady abruptly that nobody talked about her "going"—that the proposal was for her to be sent. Regardless of the risks attending the process when a lady of any age is concerned, he endeavoured to argue the matter.

"My dear Edy, it will be very much the nicest plan for you. There is a little girl about your age at Deerbury Park, and a little

boy a year or two younger"—Edy shook her head slightly, but scornfully—"and—and you'll be ever so happy."

"Thank you, Papa, dear; but I would rather stop with you at Compton Wood."

"But, my dear Edy, we should have to have a governess, and that would be a terrible bore for both of us, you know." He did not like to be selfish, so he put the idea that way.

"We'll teach her to behave nicely, Papa," Miss Edith said confidently, and without the least sense of incongruity in thus inverting the natural order of things. And then, as Mr. Kinseyle still held out and pleaded for the Miltenham scheme, Edy brought up all her reserves with the unconscious genius of her sex.

"Oh, Papa!" she cried, more in sorrow than in anger, "you don't mean that you will send me away from you *against my will!*" and with that she melted into tears.

"My dear Edy, my pet, there, don't cry. It really never occurred to me." Mr. Kinseyle frankly confessed, "that you had a will in the matter. It is most curious, the unexpected way family matters may get complicated."

Of course the governess was obtained, and Mr. Kinseyle had to take all the responsibility, in Mrs. Miltenham's eyes, of selfishly choosing an inferior destiny for his daughter, because his own tenderness as a father would not allow him to part with his pet plaything.

He had to face a great deal of acute discomfort when Miss Barkley, the governess Mrs. Miltenham scornfully procured for him, first came on the scene. He did not see, thinking over the matter in advance, how a middle course could be steered between treating the new-comer, on the one hand, as an upper servant—from which attitude he shrank, being very little given to self-assertion—and, on the other, in a way which might entitle her to think he wanted to marry her, which he did not wish to do in the least. But the reality of the situation soon showed itself as less alarming than the prospect. Miss Barkley was a tall, thin spinster, with very prominent teeth, a mild disposition, and a long experience of life. Mr. Kinseyle was relieved. He felt sure that Miss Barkley could not conscientiously expect to be married, and he began to feel more at ease. Perhaps Miss Edith, with her

usual influence on all around her, succeeded in teaching her governess how to behave nicely, as she had promised. By degrees, life at Compton Wood resumed something of its old routine. The scholar subsided into his work, and Miss Barkley, impelled by conscience once or twice to inquire whether he wished Edith to do this or that, or leave something else undone, perceived so clearly that he did not wish at all events to be made the arbiter in such transactions, that she chose, practically, the wiser part in her relation with her interesting pupil, and followed that young lady's guidance in all problems of difficulty.

Edith, as the years advanced, consented graciously to pay some visits to Deerbury Park, but she never merged herself altogether in the life of that more brilliant establishment, and grew up in her own quiet home, accepting occasional distractions with cheerful satisfaction when her father, at rare intervals, found reason to spend a month or two in London, but never showing the least impatience of the uneventful and even current of existence at Compton Wood. As time went on, she promoted her father more and more into the rank of companion, drew him out on philosophical questions, and took a friendly interest in his study of comparative Oriental philology, without being impelled herself, however, to follow up these inquiries in detail. As she was troubled by no rude mockery from brothers or sisters, the eccentric development of her mind suffered no offensive shocks, and Mr. Kinseyle's temperament, leading him to accept all the incidents of life as they came, without criticising them closely unless he was reluctantly compelled to choose some course of action for himself, made him not indifferent to his daughter by any means, but unobservant of her peculiarities as such. Edith was subject in this way to no analytical watchfulness; and though Miss Barkley found strange traits in her character to wonder at sometimes, these were merely oddities, in that good lady's estimation, referable to her old-fashioned bringing up. By the time she was turned fifteen, a natural sense of the fitness of things had taught her to adapt her conversation with Miss Barkley to the governess's understanding, and in this course she was not conscious of any irksome self-restraint, having a plentiful fund of good spirits and gaiety to spend upon the minor affairs of the hour.

One of the most serious difficulties that arose between Miss Barkley and her young charge—or young mistress as she might perhaps have been better described—had to do with an exasperating propensity Miss Edith developed when she was barely out of her childhood, of sitting late in the evening on a big stone near the entrance-gate of Compton Wood, “looking out for the ghost.” The house, itself as old as the more stately Court in the neighbourhood, was approached by a long drive with a few trees about—not a regular avenue—with a gate at the end opening into the high road. Just within the gate were some of the Roman remains scattered about that part of the country in great profusion, and an old labourer belonging to the nearest village, Wexley, declared that when he was a young man he had been frightened nearly out of his wits one night, when going home late from working at Compton Wood, by seeing a white knight on horseback ride in at the gate. He met the figure he declared, as he was walking in the road himself, and was just close to the gate. He had stepped aside in among the old Roman stones, and the knight had passed him without making any sound as the horse trod; and then the vision had faded away in the direction of the house, before it had got far enough on to have passed out of sight if it had been a veritable man on horseback. The labourer did not tell his story in this connected way, but this was what Edith, who took a great interest in the matter, had made out by prolonged cross-questioning. Investigation of this affair had employed her for many months, as Miss Barkley put every possible impediment in her way, and bitterly reviled an unlucky housemaid from whom she had picked up her original clue. It was a matter of principle with Miss Barkley all the while to repudiate the whole story with the utmost contempt; and it was only on the ground that Miss Edith’s head ought not to be stuffed with nonsense that the housemaid was assailed. Edith, on her part, contended that nonsense might be great fun and that it would be delightful to hunt out the old labourer and see what he would say. Bit by bit, in successive walks with Miss Barkley on summer afternoons, Edith elicited all that Hodge could tell, though she failed entirely to get any corroboration of the tale from any other observer. Then Miss Barclay had been hoping

the uncomfortable subject might be allowed to drop, when late in the dusk of one shortening evening in September, Edith, having been missed and having been seen strolling down the drive, was ultimately discovered by the horrified Miss Barkley sitting alone on the biggest of the Roman stones at the gate "looking out for the ghost."

The vehement though disjointed protests that Miss Barkley raised on this occasion culminated in a reference to Mr. Kinseyle. She had only been able to get Edith away from the gate—where her own nerves were too much upset to argue coherently—by abject entreaties. In the lighted drawing-room the complicated issues involved were debated more at length. Miss Barkley adhered to the position that Edith's attempt was absurd, because ghosts did not exist, but that she ran the risk of losing her senses with fright if she should see anything. It was clearly wicked to tempt Providence, and it was perilous, anyhow, in September, to sit out at night on damp stones, especially when she knew that her chest was delicate, and that her poor dear mother had died of consumption.

"And why you're not frightened to death at the mere thought of such a thing—a child like you—I can't understand."

"But dear Miss Barkley, what is there to be frightened of if there is not any white knight in the case at all? And that you say is impossible."

"If you think there's a white knight in the case," said Miss Barkley, stumbling in desperation on an argument with a certain force, "that's just as bad."

"I don't know that I think there is," Edith replied. "I want to find out."

The governess sought in vain to extort a promise from Edith that the rash attempt would not be repeated. Edith persisted in surrounding the whole question with an air of the brightest merriment. She generously offered to let Miss Barkley watch for the ghost with her. She proposed that they should harden themselves for the encounter with the white knight by talking about ghosts a good deal in the dark, in their bedroom, and only desisted when Miss Barkley's strained imagination seemed to threaten hysterics.

The reference to Mr. Kinseyle was not made till twice or thrice again the fair Edith had visited her post of observation in the evening. Miss Barkley could neither reconcile it to her conscience to let this go on, nor venture to hang about the haunted gateway night after night in attendance on her pupil. She knew Mr. Kinseyle would be upset for days if called upon to consider a charge against Edith, and in any way give judgment in the cause; but the situation was desperate. She was miserably apologetic, but what was to be done about this new and unprecedented freak on Edith's part? "She has slipped out again this evening, and she's alone at that dreadful place at this moment, I'm sure. I'm going after her now, at once, of course; but I felt bound this time to tell you about it."

Mr. Kinseyle, perplexed and vaguely irritated against poor Miss Barkley, begged her to remain behind, and went in search of Edith himself. He found her on the big stone, and she got up at once and joined him.

"Where's the harm, Papa dear," she urged, putting her arm through his to walk back down the drive. "I'm wrapped up, as you see, and as warm as a toast. Miss Barkley's so funny about my knight. She's quite frightened."

"But, my pet, young ladies must be taken care of at all times, and especially after dark. If there are no ghosts to be frightened of really—and, as for that, it seems to me very creditable on your part not to be frightened—there are rough men about the world sometimes—robbers, gipsies, and so on."

"But, *Papa!*" said Edith, putting quite a chain of reasoning into the long emphasis on the word, "I stop inside our own gate, and who has ever been robbed about Wexley?"

"Then you see, Edy, imagination is apt to play people tricks when they are expecting to see something supernatural, and—one can't tell—though you're so brave about it to begin with—you might be frightened if you saw something."

"I don't think I should be frightened, because I don't see what harm a ghost would want to do me—if there are ghosts at all. What do you think now, really about that, Papa?"

Mr. Kinseyle fenced the question. He was too sincere a person

to palm off statements on a child without feeling sure of his own convictions.

"I've not gone into the matter much, Edy. I should lean to the belief that there are not, but if there should be such manifestations in rare cases, I should say we were wisest to let alone what we understand so little about."

"It's very interesting," replied Edith, not entirely convinced by this reasoning.

Miss Barkley met them now in front of the house in a state of nervous agitation. Edith gave her a consolatory kiss, and relieved her, as it were, of all further responsibility in the matter by promising to talk it over with Papa.

"You won't be so cool and composed about it, Edith," Miss Barkley said later on, when they were alone together, "if some evening you do conjure up a dreadful apparition by all this watching."

"Not if it's dreadful, certainly; but I've confidence in my white knight. I have not seen him *plainly* yet, but——"

"What?" cried Miss Barkley, in amazement at the significance of the word thus emphasised.

"But I saw *something* this evening; something shadowy and vague, you know, but in the shape that would do for a man on horseback. Soon after that Papa came up, and I had a feeling that it would be no use to wait any longer this evening, so I came away."

"Well, Edith, your nerves are something I don't understand. You've destroyed *my* night's rest by merely telling me—what you've just said."

"Dear B., your nerves are in fault though, this time, not mine, surely!"

Edith was contracting a habit about this time of calling her governess "B." as a friendly abbreviation of her full name, which, used without the prefix that grew troublesome in constant repetition, would have put her on too humble a level.

The young lady's visits to the Miltenhams, both at Deerbury Park and in London, gave her, as time went on, the *savoir vivre* befitting her natural station, without quenching her taste for the quiet life of her own home, where she fed her mind by enter-

prising excursions through realms of literature where B. found herself hopelessly unable to follow, and where her beauty expanded without involving her in the excitement it might have set in motion round her had she approached seventeen in the midst of an ebb and flow of society. She was slight but very gracefully developed in figure, *petite* rather than otherwise as to height, but with a very upright carriage and a self-confident composure of manner that gave an almost comic touch of stateliness to her small proportions, and her fair though richly tinted complexion, sweetly delicate features, large blue eyes, and golden hair, invested her with undeniable claims to admiration.

Her love of the quiet seclusion of Compton Wood was born of no shrinking timidity of nature, still less of any morose dislike of her fellow creatures. The sunny brightness of her own temperament gilded the old house with all the gaiety she required. Inheriting, though transmuting to a brighter phase, some of her father's attributes, she took things as they came, and never stopped to weigh and consider circumstances round her in a discontented or critical mood. Compton Wood was her home, so at Compton Wood she habitually abided; always treating her visits to the Miltenhams as such—to be enjoyed, certainly, while they lasted, but to terminate in due season, as a matter of course.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST MEETING.

THE library at Kinseyle Court wooed her away, two or three years later, from the old Roman stones at the gate, where she had first developed her inclination for ghostly watching. Miss Barkley was hardly the gainer by the change, however, for the halt deserted old house was not a "canny" habitation after dusk for people nervous about such fancies, and it was sometimes difficult to draw Edith away, as evening approached, if she was seized with an inclination to sit on in the old library, or in the "Countess's Study" attached—a room reached up two or three steps from the large chamber, and bearing that traditional name by

virtue, as Edith discovered for herself in the course of her reading, of certain incidents connected with the past history of the family.

The Countess in question had been a daughter of the Kinseyle house, who returned home on her husband's death, during the troubles of the civil war. The luckless lady had resided for a long time almost alone at Kinseyle Court, the representative of the family at the time being a younger brother, away on his travels. Then, when he came home in due season with a wife, the Countess removed to a neighbouring house of her own—not very plainly identified in the old family memoirs from which Edith gleaned these particulars, but suspected by her to be Compton Wood—keeping only one room at Kinseyle Court, the aforesaid “study.”

These comparatively trifling incidents had been recorded by scholarly Kinseyle, of a literary turn, belonging to the following generation, because of the strange reports concerning the “Countess's study,” which he found current in his time, and set down with grave simplicity. The lady was alleged to have practised some variety of the “black art,” and strange voices had been heard by servants from the grounds outside her windows when she was known to be alone inside. After her death her wraith had been seen at these same windows in the moonlight; and though the room was shut up and put to no ordinary uses by her immediate successors at the Court, it would sometimes be seen from afar lighted up with a steady white light, that suggested no alarm of fire, but even more acute, if more fantastic, terrors connected with the supernatural.

Since those days the room had been turned to ordinary uses by later generations of Kinseyles; but still it retained the old name, and remained furnished as a study or writing-room, though refitted and modernised, of course, more than once since the remote epoch in which it had served the needs of the mysterious Countess.

It pleased Edith to sit there in an old green Utrecht velvet arm-chair that stood by the table, or in one of the deep window seats that looked out upon the park, and dream of the bygone time, or take some books up there from the library below, gathered

at random from the shelves, and dive into them in the spirit of an explorer travelling through an unknown country. Perhaps these desultory studies left no particular fruits of culture in her mind, but they interested her for the time ; and Miss Barkley had learned long before the period at which Edith took to frequenting Kinseyle Court that her duties did *not* include the exercise of any censorship over the young lady's literary taste. Miss Barkley's anxiety in the matter had to do, not so much with the direction this took, as with the unseemly hours at which Edith persisted in gratifying it.

Dinner was an early ceremony at Compton Wood, for Mr. Kinseyle liked an evening that was something more than the ragged end of dessert, and, regardless of convention, took his principal meal at five o'clock. This left the ladies with so much daylight on their hands afterwards in the summer and autumn, that Edith was enabled to march her reluctant chaperone across the fields sometimes in the evening for an eerie visit to the Countess's Study in the dusk. Miss Barkley would put impediments in the way as far as she could, preferring a simpler and more domestic routine ; but Edith met all difficulties with her usual promptitude and determination. Squires could see them home if they were tempted to stay too late. Squires, with his wife, constituted the caretaking establishment of Kinseyle Court, and resided at the lodge. Both by reason of orders from his regular superiors at Deerbury Park, and by virtue of his ready inclination to serve the young lady's caprices, he regarded her in all respects as having authority at the Court, and loyally put aside Miss Barkley's suggestion when the practice first arose—that it was a tax on his time to perform escort duty in the evening.

" I was quite sure Squires would be glad to be of use to me," Edith said graciously, with the air of a young queen conferring a favour in accepting her subject's homage ; and the veteran retainer besought her " never to be within sending for Squires," whatsoever it might be that was wanted.

Of course Edith joyously recounted to Miss Barkley all the tales she could find in the old family memoir above mentioned which bore reference to spectral phenomena associated with the Countess's Study.

Miss Barkley scoffed—and shivered a little in secret at times—but would not give in to Edith's whim so far as to recognise the danger of seeing the ghost as an objection attending evening visits to the Court. Indeed, there had been no pretence of any ghost in the case for several hundred years. It was too absurd of Edith to be making believe to expect one in this case.

"Then you *do* feel that in the other case Hodge's story about the White Knight is important?" Miss Edith maliciously urged in reply.

But "B." would only stand to her guns during the day time in safe places. In serious emergencies after sunset, she would fall back upon honest confessions of feeling fidgety and plaintive entreaties to be taken home. Then Edith would compromise matters, and promise to join her at the lodge in half an hour if left at peace and undisturbed in her dear old library or in the study, as the case might be, for the pleasant interval between the lights.

"It is quite unaccountable how Miss Edith can dare to stop alone in those old rooms when it's getting dark like this," Miss Barkley exclaimed, in conversation with Mrs. Squires at the lodge one evening under circumstances of this kind. "It isn't as if she was a masculine sort of girl. She isn't the least of a tomboy, but she actually likes to be alone in places that would make anybody else nervous with all sorts of foolish fancies."

"Bless your soul, m'm, its all right," put in Mr. Squires from the little garden outside. Long familiarity with the Court, and its clean bill of health in regard to such matters as those Miss Barkley hinted at, made the custodian of the place disinclined to admit that anyone could incur peril there. "There ain't aught to be a-feared of at Kinseyle Court, night time or day."

"Of course I didn't say there was really," replied Miss Barkley, with a little asperity; "only for a girl like Miss Edith one might expect that she would have been timid. And it is getting so late this evening. It's past the time she said she would join me here."

Miss Barkley stepped out into the road and looked up the avenue, but it was already impossible to see far through the thick shade of the trees, and a slight turn in the road concealed the house itself from view from the lodge, though the actual distance

was inconsiderable. No comforting vision of the creamy white dress in which Edith's graceful figure was robed that day was to be discerned, and Miss Barkley had to go back and bring her patience to bear upon the trying situation. Mrs. Squires's gossip was not altogether to be despised by a resident at so quiet a house as Compton Wood, as she commanded news through Thracebridge, whence she drew her supplies, relating to a tract of country which lay beyond the jurisdiction of Wexley, the village with which Miss Barkley's household was in relations. Still, to be five-and-twenty minutes late in keeping an appointment which is only entitled to deal with a total period of half an hour, is to push unpunctuality too far. When Miss Barkley realised that she had been kept waiting so long, she was half indignant and half alarmed.

"What *can* be keeping her so long? It's actually getting dark! *Would* Mr. Squires mind going up to the house and asking her if she isn't coming?"

"I'll go and wait for her, m'm if you like, at the door; but I wouldn't like to go in for to disturb her if she sees fit for to stop," said Squires, after some consideration of the problem. "If you come along, too, m'm, you can go in and see if she's ready."

Miss Barkley hated poking about the old house after dark; and the situation was not made any better that evening by the fact that a full moon was rising.

"Miss Edith asked me to wait for her at the lodge," she answered, suddenly reverting to the theory that Miss Edith's will had to be obeyed to the letter.

Squires could not have analysed the fallacy involved in her position, as coupled with her wish to disturb the young lady vicariously, but was setting out up the drive, when the sudden barking of a black and tan retainer of the lodge household drew attention to two gentlemen who had come along the public road and were now pausing at the gate. Squires turned back and went to interview them.

"This is Kinseyle Court, isn't it?" said the taller of the two, leaning on the low iron gate that swung across the entrance to the drive, and holding out half-a-crown to Squires as he approached. The gardener accepted the peace-offering with easy grace, and

answered with the friendly cheerfulness that seemed due to an acquaintance so pleasantly begun. He opened the smaller side-gate as he spoke, and the visitors came in.

"There's no family living here, I understand?"

"No—o, sir, not for many a long day."

"Ah! We had a fancy to look at the place, which visitors are permitted to see, I believe?"

"Yes, sir; certainly."

"But I'm afraid it's too late this evening. We did not quite know how long it would take us to walk out here from Thracebridge."

The visitors seemed undecided, none the less, and strolled in a few steps beside Mr. Squires.

"Well, it is a bit late sir, to see anything to-night, sir. Any time in the *day* you might be passing——"

"M—yes. By-the-bye, it might be a good thing, perhaps, to rest a little before we return. Now, if you can give us chairs here in your garden for ten minutes, that would be very obliging of you."

The speaker hardly looked like a person who would be prostrate with fatigue as the result of a walk from Thracebridge. He was a young man of eight-and-twenty or thirty, well made, with a vigorous athletic physique, a short-cut, brown beard and moustache—clearly a gentleman by all external signs of dress and manner; and a finer observer than Mr. Squires might have been struck by the fact that his demand for the means of resting was not given out in the manner of a wearied wayfarer, but as if by a sudden happy inspiration. At any rate, the loan of a couple of chairs for ten minutes was well within the credit established by the half-crown, so Squires agreed cordially, and the strangers followed him into the little front-garden of the lodge. Then, for the first time perceiving Mrs. Squires and Miss Barkley, who stood just outside the threshold, they lifted their hats to Miss Barkley, and looked a little discomfited.

"I beg your pardon. I hope we are not in your way. We were going to rest for a little after a short walk—at least, after what I ought to call a long walk, if I feel tired."

Miss Barkley bowed, muttering a few words of vague cour-

tesy; and Mr. Squires bade his wife get the gentlemen chairs. The shorter and slighter of the two—perhaps not the younger, though wearing no hair about his face beyond a slight fringe of light brown moustache; rather colourless as to complexion, but with a small, pale face of great intelligence, made all the more striking by large dark eyes of piercing expression—said nothing, and seemed to be merely following the guidance of his friend. The friend went on talking—rather as though to combat a slight feeling of embarrassment than from having any purpose in what he said, though all the while speaking in a tone that implied finished breeding.

“Stupid of us to have come out so late. We had a wish to see this place, and stopped here on our way north. We ought to have stayed at the inn, and to have come out here in the morning.”

“You are connected with the Kinseyle family, perhaps,” Miss Barkley said.

“No, not at all. My people are from Gloucestershire; but I was particularly asked to look at Kinseyle Court by someone interested in the place. Not that there’s any particular reason for it; it’s only a fancy.”

Miss Barkley’s curiosity was beginning to assert itself about the stranger. Mrs. Squires now came out with the chairs; but the visitors remained standing, the talkative one willingly entering into conversation with Miss Barkley, as she remarked that Kinseyle Court was not much of a show place. It was only interesting for the sake of a few antiquities and for its age and history.

“The people the place belongs to now never come here then?”

“The Miltenhams? No; they live at Deerbury Park. The Court would have to be almost rebuilt, I believe, to suit them.”

“And do not any members of the family come here? I thought I had been told something to that effect—about some of them having a special affection for the house.”

“Oh dear no; they are quite a different kind of people to that. But, Squires, don’t you think you had better be going up to the house to see after Miss Edith? I really am getting uneasy.”

The stranger caught with interest at this remark, as Squires

prepared to do as he was asked, returning first to shut the side-gate into the road.

"Then there are some people staying at the Court at present, do I understand, though not any of the family you mentioned?"

"Not staying there; only my pupil, Miss Kinseyle, has been looking over some books in the library this afternoon, and I am waiting to go home with her." Miss Barkley always liked to give as well as to receive gossip. "Perhaps you are acquainted with Mr. Kinseyle of Compton Wood?"

"I have not that pleasure, though I should value it very highly. Pardon me if I seem very obtrusive and impertinent. My name is Ferrars—George Ferrars—and my sister, Mrs. Malcolm, must be acquainted I fancy, with the young lady you have just spoken of. She especially asked me to go and look at Kinseyle Court, to tell her something about it she was curious to know. And now, I think, as our friend the lodge-keeper seems to be going up to the house, I should like to walk up the avenue with him and glance at the outside, at all events—that may suffice for my purpose."

Hereupon, Miss Barkley declared that she would go also; her instinctive sense of duty as chaperone triumphing over her reluctance to return to the twilight shadows of the Court. As they all went up the avenue, she improved the opportunity for getting at the origin of Mr. Ferrars's curiosity.

"If you tell me what it is you want to know about the Court I might be able to help you. I have lived a long while with Miss Kinseyle, and am often here."

"Ah—then Miss Kinseyle is doubtless the young lady I was referring to, who has an affection for the house, and is in some way specially identified with it. It is very strange."

"Why should it be strange? Miss Kinseyle is in one way the last representative of the old family."

"I beg your pardon again. My questions must seem rather crazy, even if you are good enough to credit me with not being impertinent. How can I explain? Tell me; are you much in the way of hearing about queer coincidences, strange mental impressions, you know—clairvoyance and that sort of thing?"

"Oh, I dislike all that sort of thing *extremely*. I hear a great

deal too much of it from Miss Kinseyle as it is, and I do not believe anything about it."

"But the young lady does, it would seem. That makes the matter all the more curious. Now, I will make a full confession, Miss — at least ; ah, I beg your pardon, I forgot that I had not been properly introduced."

Miss Barkley mentioned her name. Mr. Ferrars had a straightforward, confident manner that she would have been unable to resist even if she had had any motive for so doing.

"You see," he went on, "my sister, Mrs. Malcolm has a good deal to do with that sort of thing I was just speaking of, clairvoyance and what not. Personally, I am like you, you know, I haven't anything to do with it to speak of. But my sister is different. And she has got an impression—I can't tell you how she has got it—that she very much wants to know a young lady who is somehow specially connected with an old house called Kinseyle Court. I had not even got the name quite right till to-day. She spelt it wrong. She did not know the young lady's name, nor where the house was situated, except that it was somewhere about England. I have had a lot of trouble about it with county directories, but now it would seem that I have got upon what she wants to know. And that is all that concerns me. Of course, I should not be impertinent enough to present myself to the young lady, and should have nothing to say to her if I did. But my sister knows everybody in London, and can easily get a proper introduction to anybody she wants to know, when once she knows who it is she wants to know, don't you know. The whole situation seems a little mixed, but it is very simple, really."

Miss Barkley wondered and marvelled over the strange coincidence, and did not know whether it would be necessary to tell Miss Kinseyle anything about it ; but admitted that there could be nothing to prevent Mrs. Malcolm seeking to make the acquaintance of the Kinseyle family through any of the usual channels of society.

When they got up to the house she led the way round the front to the corner in which the library was situated, and called out to her pupil, but without getting any answer. The windows were too high from the ground to be looked into from the outside.

This end of the building was now bathed in the light of the moon, which poured an almost level radiance across an open space that should have been a flower garden, and the twilight—of which, indeed, but little now survived—was entirely overcome by the whiter illumination. The tall lattice windows shone steadily in the moonlight, but no answering voice came from them, nor did any sign of Edith appear there.

“What can she be about?” Miss Barkley exclaimed in much vexation. “I must go in and see. Really, it is the strangest taste that can make her stop here so late.”

“If I can be the slightest use, pray command me. Would you wish me to wait here or to accompany you?”

“Really, I hardly know. Please just come into the hall, and then I will go in search of Miss Kinseyle while you wait there. Goodness! it’s quite dark in here.” They had penetrated to the hall by this time, and Miss Barkley was advancing to the left with a beating heart, and towards the library door, dimly discernible up a few stairs, and beyond a broad landing, lighted, though faintly just then, from above. As Miss Barkley opened the big door light seemed to come freely from the room by reason of the moon shining brilliantly through the large windows at the end.

“Edith!” she cried in the same impatient tone as before, as she opened the door, and then again, “*Edith!*” in a wilder tone of alarm—almost a scream—as she stepped into the room. “What is the matter, in Heaven’s name!”

Her cry of terror overbore the instructions she had given to her escort to remain in the hall. Both young men sprang up the half-dozen stairs in a moment, and followed her into the library.

Edith was half kneeling, half lying prostrate on the floor, her creamy white dress shining as though luminous in the moonbeams, her hands clasped together, stretched before her, and resting on a footstool, and her face turned upwards towards the side door near the window end of the room, which led into the Countess’s Study. She was in no faint, however, as Miss Barkley had supposed at the first glance. As the governess rushed forward towards her she rose on to her knees, motioning Miss Barkley back with her left hand, and then got up entirely, still gazing into the inner room.

"Oh, why did you disturb us?" she said, in a dreamy tone, advancing towards the open door and standing with her right hand upon the side of the entrance.

"What do you mean by 'us' Edith?" Miss Barkley replied piteously, with tears of nervous excitement in her voice. "Is anything the matter? You speak in such a strange way."

"The matter! Oh no!"—though Miss Kinseyle's manner was dreamy it was not sad or oppressed; rapt, rather, and ecstatic. "I feel as if I had been in Heaven. But now she has gone."

She turned towards Miss Barkley, and for the first time saw Ferrars and his companion in the background, standing near the door of the library.

"Who is with you?"

"Only two gentlemen who came to my assistance. I was frightened about you. But you will come away, dear, now, won't you? You're not feeling ill, are you? You didn't faint?"

Miss Kinseyle was too deeply absorbed still by the impressions she had been going through to answer promptly to Miss Barkley's questions. Meanwhile Ferrars began to feel *de trop*.

"I came up the stairs because you cried out and seemed frightened," he said to Miss Barkley. "I will wait for you in the hall, as you told me," and with that he retired.

His companion, however, seemed more reluctant to move, and half turning as if to follow Ferrars, remained in the shadow of the doorway intently watching Miss Kinseyle, who was now seated on the stool she had been leaning across when they came in. Miss Barkley was kneeling beside her.

"Dear B., I'm quite well, only a little excited. A glass of water would be refreshing. Can you get me one, do you think?"

"Yes, dear, I'll try."

Miss Barkley was getting up, when the stranger interposed.

"May I be of service? Pray remain with the young lady, and let me go in search of the water."

"Oh, thank you—but you won't know where to get it."

"The keeper will show me."

He went off quickly on his errand.

"Who is it, B.? He has a pleasant voice."

"They are two gentlemen who came to see the Court. One

of them has been talking to me as we came up the drive. There is something queer about it. I will tell you as we go home; but I'm so flurried and frightened—I don't know why. I do so wish we were back home."

"Poor B.," said Miss Kinseyle in a soothing, protecting tone. "Don't be alarmed; it's an angel I have seen, not a ghost. I feel as if I could hardly tear myself away. Let me first stand a few moments where *she* has been standing," and she went up the two steps, remaining just within the door of the study. "Oh, B. dear, I have had such a glorious vision! The beautiful angel has been here, just where I am standing, talking to me for I don't know how long, filling my mind with such rapture, I can't describe it to you. I feel that still. I have been lifted up out of myself—I can't bear to come down again."

"My dear Edith, perhaps you have been dreaming. But you are not frightened, at any rate, that's one good thing."

"Frightened!" Miss Kinseyle answered, with a dreamy emphasis on the word that implied a wealth of feelings of quite an opposite kind; and then, turning inwards towards the smaller room, she stretched out her hands and murmured in a low voice, as though addressing some invisible presence, "Good-night, dearest—good-bye till I see you again, and may that be soon."

Then she came down into the library, and put her hand on Miss Barkley's arm, feeling her tremble, and divining her nervous agitation.

"My poor B., don't you be frightened. There is nothing to be frightened about, I assure you. Sit down and recover yourself."

"I'm glad we are not quite alone here. It was really most providential those gentlemen coming up just when they did. I don't think there's any doubt about their really being gentlemen. The one I was talking to—the other one—says his people belong to Gloucestershire. His name is Ferrars."

"How dreadfully prosaic; and I suppose the other one has got some stupid name too, and 'people' in another county. I like people to be *themselves*, whoever they are, and not mere family appendages of somebody else."

"I don't know what the other one's name is——" Miss Barkley began, but at that moment he came back with the water.

"I hope this will refresh you," he said, bowing as he presented it.

Now that his hat was off, the most remarkable feature of his face was seen to be a broad high forehead, showing great intellectual power, surmounted by closely-cut and not very thick light brown hair, parted in the middle. As he stood in the full and vivid moonlight, presenting the glass of water, the pallor of his complexion and the depth of his large dark eyes were both intensified; and Miss Kinseyle was conscious of a thrill of excitement she could hardly account for as he looked at her.

"You only feel, as it were, disinclined to move—neither weak nor alarmed?" he said in a tone of confident inquiry.

"That is just it," she replied, "I can't tear myself away, though I suppose I ought."

"Drink a little of the water, and you will feel light and active again."

"You have not put anything in it? I hate brandy and things of that sort."

"It is pure water, with only a little magic in it—for you, at this moment. And it will not be at war with your vision."

Vaguely wondering at the confident tone in which he spoke and seemed to understand her, but impelled to feel very trustful, Miss Kinseyle drank some of the water, looking at him all the while—fascinated, as it were, by the keen look he bent upon her, and emancipated from the formalities of life by the singular conditions of the scene. She got up when she had returned him the glass of water, and they all went out of the library at once, and into the open air, as if that had been previously arranged. She said nothing about feeling stronger, but with animated interest, as they went, asked:

"What do you know about my vision?"

"Nothing concerning it," he said, "which may be private to yourself. Nothing concerning it which is definite at all; but I can see its reflection on your face, and it must have been a beautiful vision, and a noble one, to have left such traces."

"But what do such things mean? Can you tell me anything about them? Do you know?"

"About such things one may know just a little more than one's neighbour, and yet be only overwhelmed with a sense that we only know about their faintest fringes. If I said I knew nothing I should mislead you. If I said I knew much I should seem false to my own consciousness."

They were all standing in the open space before the house. Miss Barkley, feeling the strain of the situation to be relaxing, began to come again under the dominion of her sense of duty as chaperone.

"Squires will see to the hall, dear," she said, "and follow us immediately. I'm sure we have to thank these gentlemen most warmly for coming to our assistance; but now I think of it, we must say good evening, and hurry home."

"Yes, we will walk on. We are all going the same way to the gate," said Miss Kinseyle, with the calm composure ensuing from her inner consciousness that her will, once defined plainly, was never practically disputed. She moved forward with her new friend by her side, and Miss Barkley followed them, closely attended by Mr. Ferrars.

"I dare say," Miss Kinseyle went on, "that what you call very little knowledge would seem a great deal to me. I know nothing. I understand nothing about what I see. I can only gaze and feel enraptured, and long to know more. And none of my people seem to understand me."

"You know more by the light of your own great gifts, evidently, than most of us who study these things can find out in a lifetime. It is so difficult to explain. We, who are students of the occult mysteries of nature—for I may at any rate call myself a student of these—spend our time groping through intricate theories for the means of compassing such visions as those that seem to come to you by nature. If I were privileged to be in any sense your teacher, it would only be in the beginning that I should be able to teach. I could only teach you to understand the priceless value of your own powers, and then it would be my part to learn of and through you."

"But you know I do not have such an experience as that I have had to-day at all often. I never had quite *such* a one before. It is so rare for people to have visions of any sort? It has seemed

to me sometimes as if the people round me must be the exceptional people in *not* seeing things sometimes."

"I understand your feeling; but it is a mistake, though natural to you. There are just enough of the highly endowed creatures of your kind in the world to show us, who are students of Nature's mysteries, that you are dealing with realities, though these may only occasionally be observed. You are certainly not all self-deceived, nor imposing on the rest of the world, to the same effect, without any concert among yourselves."

"I am sure I never exaggerate anything, and yet people don't seem quite to believe what I tell them about impressions I have. It is so strange to feel quite sure you have seen so and so, whatever it may be, and then to have people look incredulous or pretend you were dreaming, when you know quite well you were wide awake."

"That is one of the little penalties of your superiority. But, sooner or later, you will be sure to meet many people who will understand you."

"You seem to be the first I have met yet; and you do not make me understand myself altogether."

"Have patience a little while longer—the rest will come,—a fuller comprehension of yourself, and of a great deal beyond. What is the use of attempting to go into so vast a subject with so little time at my command. I am *sure* you will not have to wait long for the most helpful guidance and instruction you can need."

"Where will it be that I shall meet people who can help me? Will it be with my cousins, the Miltenhams? That is my only outlet into society. Do you know them?"

"No; but that is my fault. I lead a very retired life. It is necessary that I should for many reasons."

"Can I do nothing to seek help? I feel as if you know much more than you say—more even about me, though we are strangers—so far."

He made no immediate reply.

Miss Kinseyle could feel rather than see, in the darkness of the avenue, that he was grave and sad, and in no way responsive to what was almost an invitation on her part to a more intimate acquaintance.

Presently he said, with some flavour of constraint in his voice:

"Later on, if I can be of any use to you, you will have easy means of commanding my services. I hope, for your sake, you will find others at your disposal better worth having. I rarely step outside a very narrow path in life."

The young lady felt a little mortified and rebuffed, and they walked on for awhile in silence.

"My counsel," he resumed, after this interval, and the earnest tone in which he spoke, and its sadness, which now seemed to overshadow its constraint, changed her feeling of annoyance into one of undefined sympathy, "can only be just of transitory service for the moment—pending better. But for the moment I will presume to advise. Do not waste your confidence, as regards your own inner experiences, on people, however good and entitled to your affection in other ways, who take up that attitude you spoke of, of incredulity about them. You, evidently, have gifts which mark you out as one of a select few on this earth. You will assuredly meet your proper companions, as regards your higher spiritual life, as time goes on. Be patient, meanwhile, and watchful; treasuring up your higher experiences, and leading two lives for the moment—one outer, and the other inner; but remembering that the inner is really by far the more important of the two. Do not let the other crush it. For all of us, if we could only realise it, the spiritual life is the more important; but only a few of us have the immense privilege you enjoy of being already able to secure that as a reality. That is the first great lesson for you to learn; but I think you have learned so much already. Forgive me, however, for presuming to preach; your own intuitions will show you all this a thousand times more forcibly than I can."

"But, indeed, I am asking you to preach as you call it. All you say is full of interest, and seems to clear things up for me more than I can tell you. You seem to wake up a consciousness of my own, that I did not rightly understand before. I do lead the double life you speak of, and it has fretted me hitherto; but now I understand the right attitude of mind about it."

They were nearing the gate now, but a sudden thought crossed Edith's fancy.

"How was it we came away from the library so suddenly? I meant to have lingered on."

"You felt fresher and more active after you had drunk the water."

"But now I remember; what did you mean by saying there was a little magic in it?"

"You are very, very sensitive. It was merely my desire to make you feel stronger and better. Your vital energy had been a little impaired by your excitement."

"But how was your desire communicated to me? I do feel strong and energetic. I did not notice it before——"

The others closed up on them now, however, as they came opposite the lodge.

Mr. Squires had overtaken them, and Miss Barkley called to him to accompany them home. She was getting nervous about the prolonged interview with strangers, and anxious to part company, in a way which Mr. Ferrars perceived, not without internal amusement. She would have parted simply with gracious words and thanks and bows; but Edith held out her hand, first to Mr. Ferrars as they all stood together by the gate, and then to her companion. With the queenlike and composed dignity which sat so naturally on her, though so quaintly in contrast with her small slight figure, she said, as she did so:

"I should be glad to know to whom I am indebted for so much interesting conversation?"

"Allow me," said Ferrars, lifting his hat, "to present my friend—'Mr. Sidney Marston.'"

They all bowed, with a sudden access of formality, and the ladies turned up the road, followed by Squires, while the strangers retreated in the opposite direction towards Thracebridge.

THE SCHOOLMASTER CLERIC.

BY THE REV. E. M. GIRLING.

It is perhaps natural that the controversies which rage round the topic of education should be especially bitter and heated in their nature. If, as most of us in these days believe, education is one of the most important things in the whole of life, then it is worth our while to argue about it, and it is natural, if not altogether excusable, that in our heated interest we should overstate the case for one side or the other.

In the November number of *BROAD VIEWS* appeared an article on the Clerical Head Masters, which certainly seemed to be a case in point. With a wealth of picturesque invective Dr. Maguire attacked a class of men who, whatever may be said of their attire, are certainly not quite so black in soul as he has painted them. He asserted that the Upper and Middle Classes of England are ignorant, idle, and inclined to gamble; and he drew from this somewhat sweeping assertion the astonishing inference that the Public School System is the cause of such a state of things, and that Clerical Head Masters are responsible for the rottenness of that system. Far be it from us to defend in its entirety the English Public School System. It is, like many other things in this world, very far from perfect. There is much that is ineffective, much that is out of date, and perhaps even a little that is positively harmful in the present system. At the same

time the English Public Schools have stood the test of time, and to a large extent realise the ideals and traditions of the past; and they will, from the point of view of an all-round education, compare very favourably with the systems of Upper and Middle Class education in vogue in other countries.

More than this, the Public Schools at the present day are not, as Dr. Maguire seems to suppose, content with resting on the glories and endowments of the past. They have long been conscious of some of those faults which Dr. Maguire points out, and have for many years past been making strenuous efforts to overcome them.

Improved methods of teaching modern languages, saner views on the subject of English literature, the discouragement of excessive athleticism, special classes to prepare for special exams, manual training to prepare for Colonial life, preparation for a life of commerce, a competent and well-equipped science department, societies to encourage intellectual interests, such as natural history or architecture—all these are to be found in Public Schools of the present day, and surely head masters, in spite of their cloth, are entitled to some credit for them. And not only are the methods improved, the results, as far as examinations can prove anything, are eminently satisfactory. Each year the number of candidates who pass into the army or navy direct from public schools is increasing. This Dr. Maguire would perhaps attribute to favouritism and the desire for "gentlemanly tone." It is at least as fair to attribute it to the increased efficiency of the modern Public School. The percentage of passes into army or navy obtained by the Special Form of a Public School will often compare very favourably with the lists which certain army tutors publish with such a flourish of trumpets and beating of drums when they are in search of further pupils. Dr. Maguire recommends clerical schoolmasters to go into retreat and get some "ruined Crammer" to instruct them in English literature. The advice is scarcely felicitous, as the said Crammer will probably be able to trace his ruin to the fact that "special class" Public School boys no longer need to be "finished off" by the professed examination grinder. Again, whatever may be said of Army candidates, there can be no doubt that some of the ablest men in

the whole British Empire are those who go into the Indian and Colonial Civil Service. Their education certainly seems to have fitted them to "bear rule" wisely, and to exercise tact and discrimination in dealing with subject races. Yet Dr. Maguire will find, if he looks at the lists published by the *Oxford University Gazette*, that the vast majority of these Empire-builders are Public School and University men.

Judged by their results, the Public Schools of the present day no longer deserve the scathing strictures which Dr. Maguire pours upon them. And, if success in examinations is to be the test of efficiency, it is surely better that boys should be prepared amid healthy surroundings, and should be cut off as little as possible from the ordinary interests and occupations of boy life. At a Public School a boy at least lives a healthy, normal life. The games which are so repugnant to Dr. Maguire do at the very least prepare him to bear the considerable physical strain of a lengthy competitive examination. At their best they form a very important factor in a boy's education. It is not a clerical obscurantist, but one of the greatest living psychologists, Professor W. James, of Harvard, who tells us "The strength of the British Empire lies in the strength of the individual Englishman taken all alone by himself, and that strength I am persuaded is perennially nourished and kept up by nothing so much as by the national worship, in which all classes meet, of athletic outdoor life and sport."

The Public School boy may not get through quite so much work as he might under the eagle eye of a "coach," but his life is likely to be far healthier and saner amid the varied occupations of a large Public School than in London lodgings, where his exercises would be taken in a bar lounge or the "Empire promenade." No! if equally good results are to be obtained from the Public Schools, parents, who after all are not the gullible fools they are represented to be, will inevitably prefer to send their boys to a place where they are certain of some supervision and pastoral care rather than to turn them loose in London with the sole restriction that they spend five or six hours a day at the tutor's.

Now it is not for a moment suggested that the Public Schools of England are only concerned with the successful preparation

of boys for examinations or even for a prosperous after career. The clerical headmasters, like Arnold, and Thring, and Temple, who did so much to make our Public School System what it is, had far higher ideals than this. They wished the Public School boy to learn while he is at school what it is to be a member of a community—a community, moreover, instinct with life, intellectual, social, religious. In school, boys were to learn liberally, they were to become acquainted with the great minds of the past, they were to spend their toil on work which would bring them no immediate profit, but, on the contrary, might fit them only to be poor men for the rest of their lives. Out of school, games were intended to fit them to endure hardness, to practice forbearance and self-sacrifice, to look to the good of their side rather than of themselves.

Finally the Chapel was to be for them a sign and symbol in their midst of the fact that all honest work and honest play—the learning of Greek aorists or the winning of cricket matches—are alike worthy of being dedicated to the service of the Most High, that the whole system of the corporate life of a school is founded upon the bed-rock of faith, that in a school as in a single human soul the great essential is the power of the in-dwelling Christ. “What shall it profit a school if its sons gain the whole world and lose their own souls?”

These are high ideals, and the practice has often fallen short of them. Yet they are ideals which still have their place and power in English Public School life.

And it is because of these ideals—it is because the majority of English parents are still anxious that their sons should be educated in schools governed by a noble tradition and inspired by a great ideal—that clergymen are to be found working as masters in our public schools.

If the work of a school is to be consecrated, it is fitting that some at least of those who carry it on should be in a special sense ordained and set apart for God's service.

For the English Public School boy the church of God is in the first place the school to which he belongs, and his consciousness of this fact is strengthened when he sees masters who are not ashamed to wear the uniform of Christ's ministers.

And is there any real reason which would prevent a con-

scientious man from combining the professions of clergyman and schoolmaster? Dr. Maguire would not perhaps admit that the case is helped by an appeal to history, though it is a simple fact that from the earliest days of Christianity priests have been the great educators of her people, and it is only in recent times that a desire for specialisation has caused the two functions to be separated.

But even Dr. Maguire must admit that it is absurd to demand that a clergyman should do no secular work at all. The most conscientious parish clergyman (in these days of committees and the like) is bound to get through a considerable amount of secular work every day of his life. And so far from being prejudicial to his spiritual work, he will find, if he approaches his secular work in the right spirit, that it will help him in his chief endeavour to gain souls for Christ. For it will bring him into touch with human interests, he will be better able to speak as a man to men, he will do all in his power to bridge over the gulf which is always ready to open between the priesthood and the laity.

Moreover, he will have the highest authority for thus combining secular with spiritual work. The Apostle to the Gentiles did not consider that he was forsaking his high calling when he worked at the secular trade of a tent maker. On the contrary, he rejoiced to think that he need be burdensome to no man, but rather give his spiritual services without money and without price. And to take a still higher example, the Founder of the Christian Faith Himself was content to spend the greater part of His short human life in the secular work and atmosphere of the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. If He could do this without injuring in the least the dignity of His Priestly Office, without sullyng the purity of his sinless life, surely the Minister of God who spends some portion of his life in, what is to him, the divine office of teaching, need not be branded as a reprobate and traitor to his vows. For it is not true that the only sphere for a clergyman's activity is the parish. In some ways the work of a clerical schoolmaster is even more important for the good of the Church and of religion generally. He is dealing with human beings at the most hopeful time in their lives. They have not had time to crystallize into those cold and reserved, perhaps even hard and repellent characters with whom

the parish priest has to deal. And, further, by his presence in a school the clerical schoolmaster can get into intimate relations with a section of the population whom the parish clergyman, owing to their prolonged absence from home, can seldom even see. Dr. Maguire's arguments drawn from the Ordination Service are specious enough, but they are in reality only examples of that tendency in modern times to try and divorce religion from daily life, to put our religion and our practice in separate water-tight compartments. Dr. Maguire may have other ends in view, but as a rule those who say to the parson, "Don't come outside your church," are actuated by the comforting thought that, if he follows their advice, they will be troubled by him no more.

But, according to our critic, the schoolmaster cleric is guilty of a further sin. Not only is he guilty of devoting a certain portion of his time to secular work, he even at times becomes a headmaster, and is then comparatively well paid.

Now, it would be quite fair to urge that when any man, layman or cleric, assumes the very considerable responsibility of a headmastership—usually at a time when he is already past middle-age—it is right that he should at length receive an adequate salary. Especially is this so when, as Dr. Maguire says, he has long been "disgracefully underpaid and sweated" as an assistant master. But as a matter of fact, the enormous salaries of headmasters largely exist in the popular imagination alone. There are not more than about thirty schools in England where the headmaster receives more than a thousand a-year, and a very fair proportion of these have lay headmasters. The calls upon the purse of a headmaster for the support of school institutions and the like are scarcely less insistent than those which make so many of our bishops poor men, and the lay house-masters of a Public School are in almost all cases considerably better off than their clerical head.

Moreover, if there is to be religion in a school, if the teaching is to be definitely founded upon faith, it is undoubtedly right and logical that the two ideals should be united in the person of the headmaster. The alternative system of a lay headmaster to control the secular work of a school, and a chaplain to direct its spiritual life, has been found in practice to bring about

that division of a house against itself which inevitably leads to ruin.

It may safely be asserted, then, that to the unprejudiced Christian the spectacle of clerical masters, whether as assistants or heads, presents none of those *à priori* difficulties which Dr. Maguire sets forth.

On the contrary we, who believe in the teaching office of the priesthood, may go so far as to assert that if a clergyman is fitted by training and intellectual attainments, if he has real love of teaching and an interest in boy life, he is distinctly failing in his duty if he does not embrace the opportunities of serving God worthily which are offered him as a Master in our English Public Schools.

But to turn from *à priori* reasoning to the actual results of Public School Education. We have already touched upon the question of intellectual efficiency in speaking of the Special Classes and the more thorough scientific teaching, and we need only add here that a most striking testimony to the value of a classical education even for the commercial man was given when Cecil Rhodes, a successful man of business if ever there was one, thought that the best use of his money was to found scholarships to help Colonials to gain the advantages of that Oxford education which had been his own preparation for the work of life.

But apart from the actual work of the school, Dr. Maguire asserts that the ordinary product of English Public Schools is ignorant and lacking in intellectual interests. Now, even if it were true that the average Englishmen of the middle and upper classes is the unregenerate Philistine he is represented as being, and even if it could be proved that this was the direct result of his Public School education, it would still be pertinent to point out that laymen are in the vast majority among Public School masters, and ought therefore to bear at least a share of the blame. But, as a matter of fact, neither of these statements is capable of proof. They are both instances of an argument proceeding at one bound from the particular to the general. There are, of course, and there always have been, members of English society who have no interests beyond their dog or their bottle, or the latest "risky" story. But, to condemn the general intellectual standard of

English society on their account is futile and illogical. What standard of comparison is Dr. Maguire using? Is he comparing English society of to-day with that which was to be found before the existence of Public Schools in the modern sense of the term? Will he venture to assert that the four-bottle men of the past were more intellectual than their more temperate descendants? Or, if he is comparing the educated classes of England with those of other countries, will he venture to assert that the average Public School man has fewer human interests than the anæmic prodigy reared in a French *lycée*, or the ponderous product of a German Real-schule.

It is quite true that the Englishman will not as a rule be willing to enter into an "intellectual" conversation with every casual stranger he may happen to meet. It may even be that, when Dr. Maguire was lecturing for various political and patriotic associations, it was simple courtesy which prevented his hosts from boring him with "shop" when his hours of toil were over. But though the Englishman is slow to start a serious intellectual conversation, preferring in mixed company the neutral ground of some common interest such as sport, yet surely Dr. Maguire must have found that even the average Englishman, when once he is on intimate terms with you, will sit up till all hours of the morning discussing the most abstruse points of politics, literature, or even theology.

As to the questions of Religion and Morality it is necessary in the first place to make a strong protest against the plan of making the schoolmaster responsible, not only for the conduct and morals of a boy at school, but also for his whole after life.

A boy may be thoroughly good and honourable at school, and yet fall under the temptations set before him in the unsettled period, when perhaps he is attending the classes of some crack "coach" or being kept at home by unwise parents for a lengthened holiday before starting the serious work of life. It is grossly unfair, therefore, to credit a certain small portion of the staff of a Public School with all the failures, when those failures are often entirely unconnected with the work and training of the school. Moreover, the percentage of failures in Public School men is very

small indeed. It is a simple thing to condemn a whole class as being sordid and debased. It would be difficult to find enough individual cases to *prove* that even a quarter of the class in question really deserve those epithets. It is fatally easy to be misled by the impression of the moment. One man sins, and because he sins glaringly and openly, the whole class is condemned. No doubt in some ways the tone of Society has changed in the last fifty years, and in some ways not for the better. Certainly attendance at Divine Worship has decreased, and it would seem that the Divorce Court is no longer the thing of shame that once it was. On the other hand, there have been many improvements. The claims of charity are more largely recognised, most landlords are beginning to recognise that they have duties as well as privileges, and those who gather to worship in our churches may be fewer in numbers but their worship is more real and more intelligent. The plaint of the growth of irreligion is no new one. From Piers Plowman to Milton, and from Milton to Dr. Maguire, men have always been ready to bewail the growing wickedness of their own age. But never has the charge been more unjust than at the present time. Indifference to the forms of religion, aversion to dogma, there may be, but never have men been more ready to practise the spirit of Christianity. Never before has such a favourable hearing been given to the claims of temperance, humanity, and moral order.

And even among the careless, pleasure-loving section of the upper classes (by no means the largest section) it will often be found that any higher ideas of love and honour and duty which individuals may still possess were instilled, not by their parish priest, but by the schoolmasters, clerical and lay, of their Public Schools. Too often the parish priest, in an entirely well-meaning but utterly tactless way will do something which breaks off relations with the upper classes of his parishioners. The fault may be his or may be theirs, but for them the outward forms of religion practically cease to exist, and the only check upon their lives, the only thing which keeps them from complete moral ruin, is the memory of a certain large-hearted clergyman at school who never gave in to their weaknesses, but at the same time managed to make his "godly admonitions" palatable,

combining the "wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove."

No! Certain sections of Society may be as decadent as Dr. Maguire represents (though there are certainly no signs of general decay), but Public Schools and the few clerical masters of those Schools are not responsible for it.

The Public School system is far too deeply rooted to be upset by generalities. And that system requires for its proper development the existence of clerical masters. As soon as Dr. Maguire can propose a sufficient substitute for Public Schools (his criticism so far has been entirely of the destructive and male-dictory order), and as soon as he can persuade the British parent that the ideals of Arnold and his followers were all wrong, then it will be time for clerical schoolmasters to take their departure.

But it will be a bad day for the nation and a bad day for the Church of God when the education of the upper and middle classes in England is thus definitely secularised. For the present we do not suppose that many of those, who feel themselves called to the high office of the Teaching Priesthood, will be turned aside from their purpose by the criticisms of Dr. Maguire.

E. M. GIRLING.

DR. MAGUIRE'S REPLY.

THE REV. E. W. GIRLING ignores the fact that in my essay on that national danger, the clerical schoolmaster and his system, I was quoting the testimony of the Akers Douglas Commission, Lord Roberts, the Indian Headquarter Staff, Sir W. Butler and General Hutchinson, not only about the failures for the Army and direct commission officers, but also about the ignorance of the candidates who pass into Woolwich and Sandhurst from Public Schools, since public education was degraded to meet their curriculum. I was also quoting as to the intelligence of their pupils, Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Benson, Dr. Gray, Bishop Perceval, Professor Perry, Professor Dewar, and many others. As to fitness for Commerce, I was quoting very able writers in the public press, whose views are at least as likely to be sound as those of any one of the American

authority quoted by Mr. Girling. Indeed, the Moseley Commission, of which apparently Mr. Girling has not heard, quite agrees with the *Times* and the *Morning Post* that our University and our secondary education, as managed by "clerks" or priests, is a serious danger to our State, and that in zeal for knowledge the English are almost at the bottom of all civilised races, far beneath Americans.

Mr. Girling refers me to the success of the special coaching classes, at which some public school lads, only a limited number of the whole body, are carefully prepared for public examinations. Is special preparation for examination, then, to be the test of school efficiency? I should have thought that as all the boys pay fees they should all be well taught. The instruction of the great majority has been proved to be contemptible, and Mr. Rouse in the *Times* denounces the Army classes as "cramming" institutions of the lowest kind from which even the study of English literature is excluded.

What would be thought of the "anæmic products of French lycées" if they know nothing about History or French literature, and could not compose twenty lines of intelligible French? By the way, are the French upper or middle classes, and the French officers, anæmic? I thought the French regiments could outmarch ours with ease, and that their artillery at present could blow ours off the face of the earth. If the French are anæmic, what is the use of the *entente cordiale*? But I fear the French are passing the English rapidly.

The neglect of morality and religion at public schools has been proved beyond dispute at the Church Congress, and at a public meeting pressing for a religious crusade amongst the victims of their training, which has been started by Lord Hugh Cecil and others, clergymen included. The worthlessness of the moral and religious training at Eton and Harrow has been specially mentioned by clergymen in statements published in the press quite recently. Sir G. Marshall, the distinguished artillery officer, stated at the United Service Institute in December, that the English richer and upper classes lacked patriotism, and his statement was accepted with acclamation by a very large audience. As to the chapels and other worship, both at the Universities and at the richer and

fashionable schools, the consensus of opinion is that, so far from being centres of sacred aspirations, the tone of the worshippers under compulsion is either lamentably frivolous and contemptuous or absolutely blasphemous. There is more devotion at a Connemara "pattern" or a Welsh Methodist prayer meeting than in any "college" chapel.

Mr. Girling refers to the splendid Indian and Colonial services. I have made tabular lists of the early education of "Makers of the Empire;" the vast majority came from Irish and Scotch day schools and English private establishments. For the last decade, it is true, residence in Oxford and Cambridge has been practically compulsory, and the result is a marked deterioration in the fitness for their posts of the new type of "Competition Wallah," as compared with the civil servants between 1858 and 1900, or, indeed, with the servants of the East India Company. Moreover, the Balliol men sent to South Africa, and scandalously foisted into posts of trust and profit, have been ghastly failures; they are despised alike by soldiers, loyalists, and Boers. Fashionable instruction, therefore, as there is no pretence of real education under clerical "heads," means degeneracy.

None of our Empire makers, and few of our great lawyers or merchants, such as are described by Smiles in "Self Help," had the disadvantages of English clerical boarding school training.

Mr. Girling should consult the National Dictionary of Biography and "Who's Who," rather than the recent announcements of that model of silliness, *The Oxford University Gazette*, with its one line of knowledge to ten lines about play. If Professor W. James, of Harvard, says that the strength of the English Empire is due to clerical schoolmasters and to Oxford dons, and to games and to athleticism, then he knows nothing about English athletics, which are a national curse at present, and he also knows nothing about British History. As a rule Oxford and Eton and Harrow men did nothing for our Empire except when, as Governors or other highly placed figure heads, they drew salaries, which other folk earned for them. Who built the Canadian Pacific Railway? Who made the Indian Empire? Who opened up the original thirteen American colonies? Who established our manufactories? Who founded our Australian Empire? Who

won the Empire of the seas ? Why, I challenge any contradiction of my contention that the fashionable universities and rich schools had scarcely any part nor lot in these splendid enterprises, and less than the homes of Scotch Presbyterian ministers or Irish farmers. How many of our admirals, "Sepoy" generals, captains of industry, artists, or leading orators or authors owed their greatness to English clerical teachers ?

Mr. Girling seems to think that there is no alternative between devotion to silly games of ball and devotion to " Empire bars." It seems to me that there are plenty of alternatives. The Duke of Wellington, and Ruskin, Lord Roberts, Lord Armstrong, and Lord Wolseley, Lord Kitchener, Lord Strathcona, Mr. Carnegie, Lord Cairns and Mr. Treves, and Admirals Lord C. Beresford, and Fisher, found the alternatives and eschewed the cult games after the age of sixteen. And every ambitious youth of my acquaintance can find alternatives. As he refers to my profession, I can only say that not one of my young friends spends his time, or any part thereof, at such places as Empire bars. No really great or good man ever cared much for games. I saw football and hockey teams at dinner at public restaurants recently; the members certainly were not drunk, but I never saw Scotch labourers, when full of whiskey, conduct themselves half as disgracefully. They threw bread about, their other proceedings were an outrage on all the other customers present, they were more like yahoos than gentlemen, and the waiters called them disgusting beasts.

I certainly would prefer to be governed, if I must make the choice, by " three bottle " men like Pitt and other worthies of the last two centuries, than by game players like Mr. Balfour and Mr. Lyttleton, and by sportsmen like Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Brodrick. A " Three Bottle " man might be a man of genius. A devotee of sports and games from 30 to 55 old is a mere degenerate. But manhood, brains, courage, eloquence, knowledge would fit a cripple for rule. As Ruskin said : " I prefer even sword play to ball play." Games and sports are absurd preparations for efficiency in middle age. Manly exercise has nothing to do with the cult of games. Are the Japanese not brave, are the Germans not brave ? Yet they despise " play " games. They

practice manly arts and exercises. Thus Mr. Girling has not produced a particle of evidence to upset my arguments and quotations.

I certainly would radically reform the big boarding schools or close them. As it is, the best men at the English universities do not come from English boarding schools; as Mr. F. Walker, of St. Paul's school, says, "the boarding school boys are pass graduates, while the day school boys are honour graduates." Thus the more the clergy have to do with the lives of English boys the worse these are. The same remarks apply to some extent to France, where clerical schools do much harm; in Germany education is no longer on a mediæval basis. Things are changed since the "clerks" were the only scholars, they are now as a rule very inferior scholars, and Bishops complain that able and earnest men of brains do not join the Church.

But in his opening passages Mr. Girling gives his case away. He admits that the clerical heads have been terribly inefficient in his first fifty lines, indeed, he admits wholesale inefficiency. Surely if this is all that the Arnolds and Thrings and Temples did for education, they have not done half as much in half a century as the London School Board did in ten years, or as the Japanese did in eight years, or as the Germans, with one tenth the resources at their disposal, have done in recent times.

Mr. Girling speaks of the "ponderous product of a German *raale schule*." This ponderous product is a far better gentleman and scholar, much more courteous, knows more about the British Empire, is far fitter to be trusted with any business, and is much more popular as an assistant among British merchants than the average English game players, and General Ian Hamilton declares that he is physically far superior to richer public school products. He is an intelligent, efficient man to whatever business he turns; if he also happens to be a nobleman or a rich man, he is a cultivated gentleman, incomparably superior in mind and body and tone to the average English peer or M.P. I speak what I know, I have met very many Germans of all classes. Ask the secretaries of the Navy League and similar institutions, or of the Irish Unionist Alliance, what is their experience of the patriotism and knowledge of the English upper classes? Mr. Arnold-Foster, at the Royal Academy

dinner, ascribed the backwardness of the English boys to the incompetence of dons and head masters, especially the men who have sworn to devote themselves solely to the salvation of souls and he requested Sir Oliver Lodge to try and reform them.

I have dealt shortly with the points made by Mr. Girling. There is not the least reason why, if the clerical "heads" of English schools were superseded by men like German, Japanese, or American professors, laymen of course, the English should not be as fit for business and for intelligent existence, and be as patriotic and generous as are Germans, Scotchmen, and Americans. As a clerical head master is obviously a hypocrite or untrue to his orders, he is *pessimi exempli* for boys.

A word about Mr. Rhodes and his Oxford benefaction. He left £300 a year to poor young colonists and Americans to turn them into snobs at Oxford. In common with the majority of the members of the Colonial Institute, who heard Dr. Parkin lecturing on the most deplorable and demoralising details of his experiences in connection with selecting candidates, I can only say that Mr. Rhodes would have done much better if his last will and testament forbad his pensionaries to go to Oxford or Cambridge, and had given them £80 to £100 a year at the very most to go to Edinburgh, or Glasgow, Belfast or Dublin, or Birmingham. Oxford will do them nothing but harm, and they will do their native lands no good. The inefficiency and incompetence of the English upper classes and richer middle classes, and their low ideals and coarse tastes are now subjects of universal comment. The material was excellent, but the public schools have ruined it. It is really sad to think that our colonial youth should be tempted by what appears to them opulence into consociation with idleness and degeneracy for even one of the best years of their lives.

A JUDGE'S VIEW OF JUSTICE.

MOST of the newspapers and reviews concerned in any way with current literature have been pouring enthusiastic praise upon a fairly readable book of recent publication, the autobiography of Mr. Justice Hawkins. The record in regard both to the facts it relates, and the spirit in which it is written, is so absolutely in harmony with the conventional sentiment of our time, that its cordial reception cannot be a matter of the least surprise. Sir Henry Hawkins, so much better known by that name than by the title acquired in his later life, has represented in perfection a great number of the characteristics which the least cultured of our countrymen, naturally those in the enormous majority, admire with the most genuine sincerity. Sir Henry, from his earliest manhood, was an all-round sportsman, to the extent, in the beginning, of being even an enthusiastic devotee of a sport which has latterly fallen rather into disrepute—that carried on within the prize-ring. On the racecourse he has always been as conspicuous a figure as in the Law Courts, and the customs and pleasures of the period have always for him been the best imaginable in this, the best country of the best of all possible worlds. He has sailed through life borne on the flowing tide of a prosperous destiny, and rejoicing, as good fortune carried him from one phase of success to another, in the consciousness he never questioned, of his own abounding merit. The volumes before us continually emphasise the idea that every achievement of his life has been due to his

own courage and ability ; never from the beginning to a penny-worth of help from any other human being, but invariably the fruit of his own first-rate qualifications and indefatigable industry.

Nor is it important in connection with certain more important criticisms that the autobiography may suggest, to contest the theory that Sir Henry's great prosperity was the natural reward of his merit. Of course, in passing, it may be worth while to remark that all reasoning of this kind depends for its value on the suppression of a theory of life which, as an abstract creed, is held by most metaphysicians. Without, in its gloomy theological sense, accepting the theory of predestination, most thinkers who are concerned with such lines of thought at all, are disposed to regard the drift of events in life as the product of pre-existing causes even when these are sought for no further in the past than during the period of early mental training, nor associated with other external forces except those of individual environment. With increasing conviction, a considerable body of modern thinkers, indeed, are inclined to look further back in search of the influences which make for success or failure in life, and for those who once realise that all of us have lived former lives on earth, the certainty that the conditions of success or failure attending our exertions in any current life are traceable to causes lying in that remote past, is one which is borne in to the understanding with irresistible force. The *naïveté* with which very successful men are fond, as in Sir Henry's case, of attributing their own triumphs entirely to their own sagacity and vigour, is extremely amusing to the more philosophic bystander, whose wider and calmer observation constrains him to recognise that very often failure and misfortune may dog the footsteps even of the most careful and conscientious candidate for success. Confidence in the justice with which the world is governed may render us sure that, in the long run, extending over more than the one life only, in which those qualities are exhibited, success of one kind or another will assuredly be the reward of genuine merit. But to suppose that within such narrow limits as those which the conventional observer bestows upon human life, the good and industrious apprentice always becomes Lord Mayor, while his idle and vicious contemporary is guided by the justice of destiny to the

gallows, is one of those crude conceptions entirely in harmony with Sir Henry Hawkins' views of life, but entertaining in no trifling degree to lookers on of a more thoughtful type.

But now, passing from the parenthetical criticism just hinted at, let us deal with a more immediate and practical reflection arising from the cheery, genial, and light-hearted narrative in which our highly honoured judge reviews the course of his pleasure-full progress through life. As the autobiography of a *bon viveur* the book is naturally stuffed with anecdotes supposed for the most part to be humorous. In most cases their points are rather blunt, or perhaps it may be that the humour of one period can rarely appeal with success to the taste of another,—that humour itself in its essence is something which changes with the growth of civilisation and refinement of thought, so that the jokes of his youth remembered by a man in advanced life can rarely be flavoured with quite the same charm that gave them currency in the beginning. But for those who still enjoy Sir Henry's bar stories, let them by all means be welcome to their pleasure. The idea we wish to emphasise has nothing to do with the question whether the stories told are good or bad of their kind. But it is a deeply significant fact that in almost all cases these fine old crusted jokes of Sir Henry's circuit recollections turn, when closely examined, on the comicality of injustice. They almost all exhibit the cleverness of some barrister in disguising the truth, in bamboozling a jury or confusing a witness, and thus, in one way or another, circumventing justice. We are invited to enjoy illustrations of Sir Henry's own cleverness in securing the acquittal of guilty clients, and are left with a more or less uncomfortable impression that in some cases the same kind of cleverness may have been directed to "securing convictions" without much regard to the question whether the victims thereof were innocent or guilty. The arts of cross-examination are those on which our distinguished judge prided himself during his career at the Bar in a pre-eminent degree. His anecdotes continually show us how effective these arts may be in deflecting the decisions of a Court from the course it would normally have pursued. And the moral in all cases to be deduced from these stories, a moral which is frankly emphasised in so many words, is that the result

of legal proceedings, whether these have to do with criminal prosecutions, or with civil law suits, depends entirely on the cleverness of the rival counsel. The critical reader is left wondering how it is possible for a lawyer of experience to continue to regard a Court of Law, if in his innermost thinking he ever does so, as a Court of Justice.

From the mere point of view of the barrister accepting the conditions of legal life by which we are surrounded, we can understand the attitude of mind Sir Henry's bar stories represent. If the barrister did not regard himself as an important factor in the determination of a legal enquiry, he would be unable to play the part which the system at present assigns to him. But the surprising feature of the present situation is, that even after our genial sportsman is raised, in the progress of his triumphal career, above the level of the arena in which the gladiators of the Bar are engaged, he should fail to see that if in the retrospect he is justified in attributing so much importance as he assigns to his own cleverness as a barrister, he is in so doing framing a very formidable indictment against the justice of the Courts over which he and his brethren preside. No doubt the conventional answer readily forthcoming from those who are always contented with a prevailing system, will be that the rivalry of counsel considered in conjunction with the impartiality of the judge, gives rise on the whole, and as a general rule, to the best sort of justice which human fallibility can fairly expect to attain. But this contentment with the prevailing approximation has at all stages of civilisation been the retarding force that has impeded every kind of improvement. Unconsciously the volumes before us illustrate the idea very vividly. Sir Henry's early recollections of the law carry him back to the period when men and women were hanged for trifling offences that now would scarcely be thought worth more than a week's imprisonment, and, of course, he looks back on this past condition of things as very shocking. But was it shocking to the barristers of that age? His anecdotes show us how far that was from being the case, and show us, moreover, what some of us may feel to be a little surprising, that even now the lawyers of our own time can look back without disgust, almost with a sense of enjoyment, at the humour

exemplified by the brutal mockery with which the judges in the earlier half of the last century were capable, not infrequently, of addressing the wretched victims of the law whom they were consigning to the gallows.

It seems to be an unhappy rule of human life that the impulse to amend the barbarities or the blundering of the past springs scarcely, if ever, from amidst the professional class associated with the conditions that need amendment. The independent philanthropist is the man who at last impels so powerful a force of indignation against some legal abuse that even the lawyers cease to defend it, just as the gradual advance of intelligence forced upon the theologian is practically never the outcome of impulses arising within the ring-fence of the ecclesiastical system. It may not be easy for any external observer to set down a complete code of clearly cut reforms which would bring the operation of Law Courts better into harmony with the ideal principles of justice ; but, at all events, such a book as the autobiography before us, however little it was designed with that purpose, embodies an earnest appeal to the intelligence of the world at large, to design improvements in the machinery of our Law Courts which shall lift them above the disgrace which really attaches to them, however little they are conscious of it as yet, while they are the playground in which rival sophisters are perennially engaged in the time-dishonoured task of making "the worse appear the better reason."

A MIDLAND MUSE.

BY GEORGE STRONACH, M.A.

"SHE was only a student at the Mason College, Birmingham, but she wrote verses worthy to be placed beside those of Mrs. Browning, Christina Rossetti, Adelaide Procter, Jean Ingelow, and Emily Brontë," so said an eminent critic.

Constance Naden was born in Birmingham in 1858. At the Mason College she completed a full course of science and philosophy, and for a brilliant essay on "Induction and Deduction" she gained the Hyslop Gold Medal, the highest prize that has ever been offered to the past and present pupils of Mason College. Of her scientific powers Herbert Spencer wrote: "I can think of no woman save 'George Eliot' in whom there has been this union of high philosophical capacity with extensive acquisition." The poet, the philosopher, and the scientist seldom meet in one human being, but in Constance Naden they were fused into one powerful whole.

But it is as a poetess that she will be held in remembrance, although she never regarded poetry as the serious business of her life. With all her love for poetry, as being the noblest form of literature, and the highest medium for the expression of the emotions; her natural clear-sightedness, and the scientific set of her mind led her to accord to it only a secondary place. Her great aim was to become, not a poet, but a student in philosophy, a teacher of ethics.

During her short life—she died in 1889 at the age of thirty-

one—Miss Naden published two small volumes of verse: in 1881, "Songs and Sonnets of Springtime"; and in 1887, "A Modern Apostle, The Elixir of Life, The Story of Clarice, and Other Poems." It is strange how so much excellent verse attracted so little notice from the press and public, although Mr. Gladstone called attention to its merits in the second number of *The Speaker*. The former volume opens with a charming little "Dedication" to her grandparents, with whom she lived after her mother's death:—

"Ye who received me, when your hearts were sore,
 With double welcome, since I came in lieu
 Of one whose fond embrace I never knew—
 Your child, my mother, dear for evermore—
 Who scarce had time to greet the babe she bore,
 But dying in her spring, bequeathed to you,
 Her father and her mother, guardians true,
 One little life, to tend when hers was o'er.

Ye who have watched me from my infant days
 With tenderest love and care, who treasure yet
 Quaint sayings, sketches rude, and childish lays;
 Accept this wreath, entwined in April hours:
 Yours was the garden where the seed was set,
 To you I dedicate the opening flowers."

I doubt if the English language possesses a more beautiful memorial than this of filial gratitude. The nearest approach to it in form or tenderness which I can recollect is Stevenson's dedication of "A Child's Garden of Verse" to his old nurse. But Miss Naden's came first in point of time, and it is perfect.

This little volume has none of the greenness of the usual "spring songs" with which the editorial mind is painfully familiar. It is evident that from the very first Miss Naden's brain was engaged with the deep problems of life. In her first poem, "The Astronomer," we read:—

"Now has the breath of God my being thrilled;
 Within, around, His word I hear:
 For all the universe my heart is filled
 With love that casts out fear.

In one deep gaze to concentrate the whole
 Of that which was, is now, shall be,
 To feel it like the thought of mine own soul,
 Such power is given to me."

We catch the peculiar rhythm of her poetry in the following verses from "The Pilgrim":—

"There was a land where all men lived in dreams,
Where heaven was hid by vapours gray or gold;
Yet real seemed their life as our life seems,
And lovers wooed, and merchants bought and sold;
But e'en mid feast and song and soft caress
Each heart was sore with utter weariness.

And some were rich, some miserably poor,
And each for other felt a dull contempt;
And some were fools of loftiest wisdom sure,
And some seemed wise, but no man knew he dreamt;
If any woke, man shrank with angry fear,
Or smiling said, 'What doth this dreamer here?'"

Here, again, of "Twilight" she sings:—

"The radiant colours in the west are paling,
Fast fades the gold, and green, and crimson light,
And softly comes, each trivial object veiling,
The all-enobling mystery of night."

"Moonlight and Gas" is written in quite another vein. This is the first verse:—

"The poet in theory worships the moon,
But how can he linger to gaze on her light
With proof-sheets and copy the table is strewn,
A poem lies there, to be finished to-night.
He silently watches the green of the sky,
But orbs more prosaic must dawn for him soon—
The gas must be lighted; he turns with a sigh,
Lets down his venetians and shuts out the moon."

The last line is thoroughly Gilbertian in flavour.

The following from "Scientific Wooing" is a specimen of the verse in which Miss Naden was, perhaps, seen at her best:—

"I was a youth of studious mind,
Fair Science was my mistress kind,
And held me with attraction chemic.
No germs of Love attacked my heart,
Secured as by Pasteurian art
Against that fatal epidemic.

For when my daily task was o'er
I dreamed of H_2SO_4
While stealing through my slumbers placid,
Came Iodine, with violet fumes,
And Sulphur, with its yellow blooms
And whiffs of Hydrochloric Acid.
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My Mary! be a solar sphere!
 Envy no comet's mad career,
 No arid, airless lunar crescent!
 Oh, for a spectroscope to show
 That in thy gentle eyes doth glow
 Love's vapour, pure and incandescent!

Bright fancy! can I fail to please
 If with similitudes like these
 I lure the maid to sweet communion.
 My suit, with Optics well begun,
 By Magnetism shall be won,
 And closed at last in Chemic union!

At this I'll aim, for this I'll toil,
 And this I'll reach—I will, by Boyle,
 By Avogadro, and by Davy!
 When every science lends a trope
 To feed my love, to fire my hope,
 Her maiden pride must cry "*Peccavi!*"

I'll sing a deep Darwinian lay
 Of little birds with plumage gay,
 Who solved by courtship life's enigma;
 I'll teach her how the wild-flowers love,
 And why the trembling stamens move,
 And how the anthers kiss the stigma.

Or Mathematically true
 With vigorous logic will I woo,
 And not a word I'll say at random;
 Till urged by Syllogistic stress,
 She falter forth a tearful "yes,"
 A sweet '*Quod erat demonstrandum!*'"

Was there ever more delightful poetical fooling than this, or
 the following from "Love *versus* Learning?"

"He promised to love me for ever,
 He pleaded, and what could I say?
 I thought he must surely be clever,
 For he is an Oxford M.A.

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My logic he sets at defiance,
 Declares that my Latin's no use,
 And when I begin to talk Science,
 He calls me a dear little goose.

.

Yet sometimes 'tis very confusing,
 This conflict of love and of lore.
 But hark! I must cease from my musing,
 For that is his knock at the door!"

Once more her humour bubbles over in "The Lady Doctor:"—

"A doctor she—her sole delight
To order draughts as black as night,
Powders and pills and lotions;
Her very glance might cast a spell
Transmuting sherry and Moselle
To chill and acrid potions.

Yet if some rash presumptuous man
Her early life should dare to scan,
Strange things he might discover,
For in the bloom of sweet seventeen
She wander'd through the meadows green
To meet her youthful lover.

.

And now she looks so grim and stern,
We wonder any heart could burn
For one so uninviting;
No gentle sympathy she shows;
She seems a man in woman's clothes,
All female graces slighting.

Yet blame her not, for she has known
The woe of living all alone,
In friendless dreary sadness;
She longs for what she once disdain'd,
And sighs to think she might have gain'd
A home of love and gladness."

Two brilliant pieces of pure fun are entitled "Solomon Redivivus" and "Lament of the Cork-Cell." The former, which illustrates the development of the Darwinian Theory, commences:—

"What am I? Ah, you know it,
I am the modern Sage,
Seer, savant, merchant, poet—
I am, in brief, the Age.

Look not upon my glory
Of gold and sandal-wood,
But sit and hear a story
From Darwin and from Buddh.

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We were a soft Amœba
In ages past and gone,
Ere you were Queen of Sheba
And I King Solomon.

Unorganed, undivided,
 We lived in happy sloth,
 And all that you did I did,
 One dinner nourished both.

Till you incurred the odium
 Of fission and divorce—
 A severed pseudopodium
 You strayed your lonely course.

Till, anthropoid and wary,
 Appeared the parent ape,
 And soon we grew less hairy,
 And soon began to drape.

So, from that soft Amœba,
 In ages past and gone,
 You've grown the Queen of Sheba,
 And I, King Solomon."

No better satire on the Darwinian theory has been penned. It shows how capable Miss Naden was of handling some of the most recondite speculations of modern philosophy in a sprightly and satirical, yet thoughtful, vein. We must go to Oliver Wendell Holmes if we want similar expositions of the marvellous blending of science with poetry.

In the "Lament of the Cork-Cell."

"They tell me I have helped the trunk to grow,
 The roots to suck the earth, the boughs to fork,
 The fruits to ripen. Well, it may be so;
 But I am dying, and shall soon be cork."

says the cell immediately beneath the epidermis of the young shoot.

"Oh, had I sunk to inorganic slumber,
 And left the atoms to their gaseous glee!
 The greatest pleasure of the greatest number
 My life may serve—but what is that to me?"

asks this discontented cell. The rest of the poem is full of this delicious scientific nonsense.

In the volume published in 1887, one can see the intellectual progress made by Miss Naden since the publication of her first verses. There is a bolder, a more masculine tone about the verses, and they abound in brilliant passages, displaying original thought and a perfect mastery of science and philosophy. There is a Byronic touch in the description of "The Modern Apostle."—

"He was the prophet of a little sect,
Which deemed itself a plot of favoured ground,
A nursery-garden for the Lord's elect,
Rich-soiled, high-walled, and sentinelled around.

By angel-bands so keenly circumspect
They challenged every wind of dubious sound
And quarantined the sunbeams, lest afloat
In any ray should lurk some poison-mote.

The minister is traced through his period of philosophic doubt:—

"Carlyle he conned, and—guilt of dye intenser!
Dallied with Darwin and with Herbert Spencer."

In a powerful poem "The Elixir of Life," there is this fine description of Italy:—

"I sought the motherland of many hopes.
Land of the sun, whose summer rays illumine
Blue lakes, engarlanded by golden slopes,
And valleys dim with amethystine bloom.
The wondrous land of scholars, painters, Popes,
The Church's cradle, and the Empire's tomb;
Dear land, my promised Canaan of delights,
Peopled, alas, by soft-tongued Canaanites."

The sonnet on "The Nebular Theory" is characterised by a lofty grandeur worthy of the theme:—

"This is the genesis of Heaven and Earth,
In the beginning was a formless mist
Of atoms isolate, void of life; none wist
Aught of its neighbour atom, nor any mirth,
Nor woe, save its own vibrant pang of dearth;
Until a cosmic motion breathed and hissed
And blazed through the black silence; atoms kissed,
Clinging and clustering, with fierce throbs of birth,
And raptures of keen torment, such as stings
Demons who wed in Tophet; the night swarmed
With ringed fiery clouds, in glowing gyves
Rotating: æons passed: the encircling rings
Split into satellites: the central fires
Froze into suns: and thus the world was formed."

These lines have a true Miltonian ring about them.

In a delicate little poem, in the style of Locker and Praed, entitled "Changed"—a poem on that unpleasant period when a "nice child" blossoms into an ordinary young lady—the first and last verses read:—

"They told me she was still the same
 In form, and mind, and heart;
 With freshly dawning joy I came,
 And now in grief depart.

.

My dream is past, I loved a child,
 The woman I resign;
 The world and she are reconciled,
 And now she is not mine."

"The Pantheist's Song of Immortality," showing clearly the mental condition of its writer, and described by Mr. Gladstone as "a short but singularly powerful production," contains some remarkable passages, notably:—

"Yes, thou shalt die; but these almighty forces,
 That meet to form thee, live for evermore;
 They hold the suns in their eternal courses,
 And shape the tiny sand-grains on the shore.

Be calmly glad, thine own true kindred seeing
 In fire and storm, in flowers with dew impearled;
 Rejoice in thine imperishable being,
 One with the essence of the boundless world."

One of Miss Naden's last poems has this significant passage—

"Tell me no more I must not fear to die:
 Ye waste your words; not death but life I dread;
 Oh, to be numbered with the tranquil dead!
 For I am tired. I do not crave to lie
 Under the turf: only for rest I cry."

I have quoted enough to justify the high estimate Mr. Gladstone formed of Miss Naden's poetry. The death at the early age of thirty-one of a lady who combined with her accomplishments as a poet so profound a scientific knowledge as Miss Naden displayed in her posthumous volume of "Essays," besides a love for all that is good and true, was a great loss to the world, but is only another illustration of the truth that "the fruit which ripens the quickest is the soonest to fall." It is worthy of notice that both "George Eliot" and Constance Naden were natives of Warwickshire—Shakespeare's county. A comparison between the two women is scarcely possible—the former died at the mature

age of sixty-one, having completed her work—the latter at the early age of thirty-one, having scarcely begun it. One fact it is very interesting to record, however—the early evangelical training of both “George Eliot” and Constance Naden was somewhat similar, and they both subsequently exchanged the old for the new stand-point in literature.

PASSING EVENTS.

ALL statements on the subject of Russian finance emanating just now from Paris or St. Petersburg are entitled to profound distrust. In preparation for further appeals to trustful investors, Russian sympathisers are guided to put forth statements concerning future loans, coloured with the idea that a favour is conferred upon the country in which these may be placed. One French writer is led to boast that Russia means to give France the first opportunity of subscribing for the next loan, so that Germany, in spite of its supposed readiness to look favourably on such proposals, will have to be content with "the leavings of France."

Bombast of this kind is curiously in contrast with the information bearing on the financial prospects of Russia contained in the latest volume representing independent enquiry, "The Downfall of Russia," by Hugo Ganz, the well-known Viennese journalist. The title of the volume anticipates the future with perhaps excessive confidence, but its contents afford abundant evidence to show that a great catastrophe in the country concerned may not be far off in the future. On the financial question, confining our attention to that for the moment, Mr. Ganz records various conversations carried on at St. Petersburg during his recent visit, persons of exalted dignity, addressed as "Your Highness," and "Your Excellency," being concerned, although for obvious reasons their names are not actually given. These point with engaging frankness to the probability of an early Russian bankruptcy. "Can there be any change in the fatal policy that is ruining the country?" Mr. Ganz asks in one case. "Not before a great general catastrophe," is the reply. "When we shall be compelled for the first time to repudiate our debts, and that may happen sooner than we now believe, and when, being no longer able to pay our old debts with new ones, we shall no longer be able to conceal our internal bankruptcy from foreign countries and from the Emperor, steps will be taken, perhaps, towards a general convention, no sooner." In another case, a banker analysed the whole financial situation with great command of detail. He thinks that another great Russian loan will be successful because the terms offered to the banks in

foreign countries are so magnificent as to be tainted almost with the flavour of bribery. Where Prussia would pay $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. as commission Russia is prepared to pay 6 per cent., that means, that supposing a loan for a milliard (a thousand million) roubles should be floated, 60 million roubles would stick to the fingers of the foreign bankers through whom the loan was issued. It would be worth while to make great efforts to secure the success of so tempting an operation. But what about the enormous cash reserve equal to a milliard of roubles, Mr. Ganz asks, that Russia was supposed to possess? In three months, the banker replied, and the date of the conversation is now far back in the past, there will not be a kopeck left of that milliard supposing it to have existed. Every month of the war, he estimated, costs Russia a hundred million roubles. From this conversation, as from the other, we are left to derive an impression that ultimately a financial crash is inevitable, even though hitherto the Russian Government has been acutely alive to the importance of keeping up its credit abroad by paying the interest on its old debts with the resources derived from new ones.

BOTH from Mr. Ganz's banker and from his titled friends, he derives the impression that, to a very large extent, the most far-seeing and patriotic of the Russian people are, so to speak, praying for defeat at the hands of Japan. Only by virtue of the internal convulsions which such a condition of things may bring about, will it be possible to overturn the hideous tyranny under which the country at present groans—not that of the well-meaning though weak ruler at the apex, but the tyranny of the chinovic class, as a whole, maintained by, and in turn maintaining, that system of government by police of which the polity of Russia affords a unique example. Mr. Ganz shows more clearly than any previous writer how powerless the small middle-class of Russia—the cultivated intellectual few—must always remain in presence of the brutal force controlled by the horrible “third section.” To quite a bewildering and even a lamentable degree the representatives of this small minority, men and women alike, are ready to endure martyrdom at the hands of the bureaucracy, even with no better hope than the delivery before the world of an empty protest. The

volume before us gives a very impressive picture of a funeral service held in honour of a certain Mickhailovski, known and greatly honoured by the "intelligentia" as an editor of a monthly review. A great concourse of people gathered together in the cemetery, and the speeches very freely interspersed with the Russian word equivalent to "liberty." But dangerous as such demonstrations may be for the persons individually concerned, it is easy to see that they are no more effective against the bureaucratic system, than so many pebbles thrown against a fortress. Nothing can change the existing system but a colossal upheaval from below, a wild outburst of peasant fury, the consequences of which for a time cannot but be frightful, but which none the less is looked forward to by the aspirants for Russian emancipation as the only hope of the future, the only force strong enough to sweep away the organised machinery of oppression which no energies within the control of the educated aspirants for liberty can seriously challenge.

FROM the point of view of people content to take a cynical view of public affairs, the proceedings of the law courts are often very entertaining. At the close of a protracted trial in the Divorce Court the other day, the jury, after a prolonged absence, came back declaring that it was impossible for them to agree. The President admonished them with earnest solemnity. Their disagreement would involve another trial and a terrible expenditure on fresh commissions. "Disagreements of this kind almost make trial by jury impossible." The foreman endeavoured to explain. "Some of the jury have only a presumption,"—but he was interrupted. "You cannot have eye-witnesses in these cases," declared the judge; "I do not know on which side the minority is, but they ought to give way to the majority, especially if they consider that the majority are probably right." On the face of things it would appear that they thought the majority wrong, but if there is any glimmering of sense in the regulations of our jury system, it resides in the idea that by insisting on unanimity we are guarded as far as possible from that hideous result which no precautions can completely ward off, the treatment of innocent people as though they were guilty. And if the Divorce Court

judge really thinks that minorities ought to give way to majorities he condemns, in so thinking, the very essence of that system of trial by jury which in the favourite, idiotic formula of the period, is regarded as "the paladium of our liberties." In a certain sense an action in the Divorce Court of the usual kind is one in which the issue to be decided turns on the guilt or innocence of an accused wife. To declare in such a case that, simply to spare further expense, her guilt should be taken for granted, even though some among those appointed to determine it, believe her to be innocent, is a view that one could recognise as in harmony as with the humour of a barristers' mess, but scarcely illustrative of the spirit that ought to govern a grave judicial utterance.

WE are in the midst of revivals. In Wales a young collier, Evan Roberts by name, has been galvanising his comrades of the mine into such an extraordinary state of religious excitement that services and prayer meetings are held in the bowels of the earth, and all-night prayer meetings at some of the mining villages. Concurrently with these proceedings the business of the police-court contracts to zero. Of course results of that kind are attended with incidents that invite ribald criticism, but at the same time the main result is very beautiful. Colliers here and there may roll about on the ground and get themselves converted in a grotesque fashion, but the most rhapsodical convert is a great improvement on the habitual drunkard of normal conditions. And so with the thousands who may attend the huge gatherings collected at Liverpool, in a hall specially built for the purpose and capable of holding 12,000 people. A movement here has been organised by two American revivalists who have been actively engaged in various parts of the world, and have now set to work on the conversion of the British people. In the spring they intend to inaugurate a new campaign in London, and propose to hold daily meetings at the Albert Hall. Multitudes meanwhile throng their services, and flocks of penitents at the conclusion of each, rush forward with wild excitement to secure salvation or "get right with God." Meanwhile another representative of American zeal, a certain Mr. Kent White, of Colorado, has invaded Camberwell with a troupe of extraordinary enthusiasts, who call themselves

"The Pentecostal Dancers." "We are full of the fire of the Holy Ghost," one of these active little women explained, "and that is why we dance." The sect to which they belong claims parentage from the Methodists, although their methods may be traced to a much earlier beginning amongst the dancing Dervishes of the East. They represent only one among what are called "Freak Religions" in America, where various hysterical forms of theology are represented also by "Jerkers," "Jumpers," "Angel Dancers," and "Holy Rollers," the enthusiasts adopting the last designation having apparently earned the name by their habit of rolling on the ground during religious ecstasy.

All extravagant folly of this kind is, of course, intensely offensive to people of cultured taste, but is very imperfectly criticised when we have said so much. The proceedings of such people as the "Holy Rollers" may be deplorably out of tune with the orderly religious sentiment, such as it is, that expresses itself in the dignified demeanour of respectable English Church goers, it is impossible, however, to deny that it represents strong feeling soaring, however blindly or stupidly, in the direction of ideals outside the mere physical enjoyments of life. People like Evan Roberts, the Welsh revivalist, do much more than excite their followers for the moment. However crude and even offensive in the light of philosophical culture their religious creeds may be, they somehow succeed in touching the hearts of the uncultured people they address, and in actually investing them with the moral strength that enables them to reform their lives and suppress their more brutal instincts. That should be the purpose of all religious teaching, and it is the purpose which the dignified and decorous exhortations of the Established Church absolutely fail to accomplish. The argument does not lead to the inference that clergymen of the Church of England would be more successful if they took to "holy rolling," but it points out a few broad principles from the recognition of which it is conceivable that in the long run important results might ensue. The Church fails to make the people at large religious or well-behaved. Its enormous resources in men and money are applied to the deplorable conditions of the world around us, without producing any visible change. When the situation is especially deplorable, when the

existing machinery of bishops, churches, and curates proves to be ineffective in purifying the manners of the people, the claim of those who represent the religion of decorum points simply to the need for more bishops, more churches, and more curates. Or the failure of the existing machinery is explained by assuming that the masses are hopelessly without religious feeling. Then some wild and irregular enthusiast comes along, and suddenly it appears that, in response to the right note, religious enthusiasm breaks out throughout this apparently apathetic mass, as fire will spread over a dry heath.

We cannot readily deduce from these phenomena conclusions that point to any definite course of action, but food for reflection ought to be found by those who are responsible for guiding the activities of the orthodox church in the wonderfully significant evidence concerning the latent possibilities of religious feeling in the people which these revival movements supply when taken in conjunction with the other obvious fact, that in the highest strata of intellectual culture the creeds of orthodoxy are hardly more acceptable than among the miners of Glamorganshire, or by the crowds that assemble in the great hall of Liverpool.

AN amusing illustration of one among the innumerable absurdities associated with the working of the Divorce Court has been supplied within recent weeks by a young lady, Miss Phyllis Meares, who has had sufficient courage and activity to set at nought the orders concerning her which were passed by the judge who decreed the divorce of her father and mother. She was assigned to the custody of her father, owing to the circumstance that for technical reasons, into the merits of which it is unnecessary here to enter, the mother in this case was regarded by the Court as the guilty party. But Miss Meares, having attained the mature age of seventeen, followed the dictates of her better judgment, and set at nought the ruling of the Divorce Court. She insisted on putting herself in the custody of her mother, and would have nothing to do with the guardian appointed for her by law. That a girl who loved one of her parents and abhorred the other, should be constrained by a court of law to live with the one she abhorred, is so monstrously ridiculous an arrangement on the face of things, that

one need not go into the details of the family quarrel surrounding it in order to arrive at the conclusion that the young lady and not the judge is entitled to the respect of the observer.

FEW social problems are more impressive than those provided for us by the present condition of the unemployed. Plenty of money is forthcoming in response to various appeals that have been put forward. The usual stream of charity is flowing into the hands of the Lord Mayor. But no former experience leads us to expect very confidently that the terrible strain will be greatly relieved by any remediable measures that can be designed along those lines. Meanwhile two views have lately been put forward in the papers as to what ought to be done, each representing anxiety to do good, animated by conceptions that are directly in antagonism with each other. Mr. Crooks, M.P., the Labour Representative, in an interview with a journalist, would solve the problem by providing work for the unemployed in the country. He would establish three huge farms in every county in England. To the one he would send the worst class, which he calls the "unemployables," and *make* them work. To the second, families willing to adopt that kind of life; to the third, young men capable of acquiring the arts of scientific agriculture. With such a system in operation the streets and parks of London could be swept night after night, and the homeless vagrants hunted off to the country with or without their consent. Mr. Crook's scheme is associated with some miscellaneous denunciations of landlords and the need for a Court of Fair Rents; but all this is the mere decoration of his main idea.

Sir Hiram Maxim pays Mr. Crooks the compliment of seriously reviewing his proposals. Passing from the cost of carrying them out, and dealing but lightly with their economical fallacies, Sir Hiram goes on to assign the whole trouble before us to the manner in which trades' unionism, supported by laws designed for the protection of labour, have paralysed the productive value of British factories, and thus reduced their number. But for the restrictions that have been imposed upon factory owners, we should have had three in England now for every one that exists. England would still have kept the lead as a

manufacturing country instead of having surrendered her former primacy to Germany and the United States. Putting his argument concisely at the close of his essay, he declares that for the last twenty years mob law has been the determining factor in nearly all labour disputes.

Tariff reformers will be amused to observe that neither Mr. Crooks nor Sir Hiram Maxim appear to appreciate the obvious fact that the evils they respectively denounce are in both cases the direct product of the commercial system which has so long been sapping the prosperity Great Britain once enjoyed. Mr. Crooks' farms would be ineffective in providing work for the unemployed so long as the conditions still prevailed which makes agriculture itself in this country unprofitable. The childishness of supposing that the whole problem would be solved by simply driving the town population on to fields that have been neglected by those whose proper task it is to turn them to account, by reason of finding that the labour which costs a pound will only produce goods to the value of fifteen shillings, is so obvious to anyone in the habit of thinking clearly on a subject of this kind, that one cannot readily understand how even a labour representative can be the victim of such a delusion. On the other hand, Sir Hiram is hardly more penetrating in his thought, when he assigns the decline of English manufactures to petty causes operative within the walls of the factory, ignoring those which forbid the owners to send their goods abroad any longer at a profit.

The unemployed can only be permanently maintained on the land to which they might be sent back by Mr. Crooks' organisation, if the British public generally would consent to pay a little more for their corn in order that it might be raised at home instead of being imported from abroad. The prosperity of factories could only be set permanently on foot if their energies were directed to the production of goods, for which there would be a sure market at home, rather than to the futile attempt to compete with foreign manufacturers in markets from which they are denied access by hostile tariffs. The Free Trader, who is content with the narrowest view of his subject, asks, with the impression that he is really putting forward a serious argument, how the unprosperous British factory will be helped by arrangements which simply constrain us

to pay more for goods imported from abroad. They will not be helped by any such method to sell their own products in a foreign market, when they have to deduct the amount of the foreign tariff from their profits, but they would be guided by degrees into a course of really profitable industry. They would be taught to work for their own countrymen instead of for the foreigner. But the problems presented by the terrible condition of the unemployed need not, for the moment, involve us in the necessity of reproducing the whole argument for tariff reform.

The interesting point to observe in connection with the two views above referred to, is to be discerned in the labour representative's unconscious admission that you cannot secure the well-being of the labouring class except by subjecting them to the stern discipline of compulsion. The master manufacturer, on the other hand, becomes, as unconsciously, the representative of the principle of freedom. There need be no unemployed amongst us, there need be no extreme suffering in the working class, if it were possible to enlist all working men in vast armies of industry, disciplined as rigorously as those designed for war, and employed in the interests of the national welfare with as little regard for the freedom of the individual. On the other hand, the principle of perfect freedom pays best from the point of view of the factory owner, provided always that other conditions under which he carries on his business are in accordance with sound economic principles. But freedom forgoes all claim on the State for food, while the private soldier is not asked where he would like to go, or what particular enemy he would like to avoid. In these matters, he is directed by his superiors, but as far as his rations and clothes are concerned, he is freed from personal anxiety, and knows that they will be provided for. Poverty and starvation are the prices paid for industrial freedom; food and lodging could be provided for all if the authority providing it were itself provided with the whip that could enforce obedience. When Mr. Crooks would say to the loafer in the parks, or on the Embankment, "Get you gone to my farm in the country," how would he enforce his order if the loafer declined to go? The radical enthusiast on behalf of *ateliers nationaux*, will never honestly face that all important question.

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THE MORALS OF SPORT.

I.

A MODERN JUGGERNAUT.

THOSE who enjoy it, and those who suffer from it, will equally admit that sport, in one form or another, absorbs the attention of our people in a pre-eminent degree, and costs more in a year than would suffice to build many battleships, or pay for some not insignificant war. A French writer in the *Rèvue de Paris* has grouped his reflections on this subject under the title "L'Emotion Sportive," and, though he has nothing to say of sport that is not on the whole sympathetic, its treatment as an emotion is certainly suggestive of the manner in which it governs the multitudes, in England at least, admittedly beneath its sway. M. Boulenger has not misapplied his term. Sport is an emotion that absorbs the interests of the British nation, and extracts money from it as nothing else can. From the highest to the lowest class, all are paying heavily in proportion to their means, and sometimes out of proportion to them, to obtain this pleasure. Sport, as understood by M. Boulenger, comprises horse-racing, of course, and all manner of games besides the pursuits to which the term is more specially applicable—shooting, fishing and hunting. And the contemplation of the subject in this comprehensive way has a tendency to revive, for some of us, the memory of an old phrase, "Woe unto the land whose king is a child." The "king" referred to is, of course, *not* the wearer of

the crown, but the prevailing sentiment of the people, who certainly in England are eager above all things for holidays in which to disport themselves or watch other people play. When we and our neighbours across the channel were governed by religion, that other "emotion," we were better ruled; but M. Boulenger's vision of the future, inspired by admiration for the early Greeks, shows him a France peopled by noble heroes six feet in height and vast in muscle, traversing the grey and chilly plains from one Olympian game to another, and, in their turn, producing a race of mighty forms. He wishes his readers to appreciate the "rapid and well-ordered violence of a football match," the "furious bend" of the motor-cycle at the Velodrome. From these spectacles the looker-on will bring away a memory of "animated beauty," "the last"—as he adds pathetically—"that is left to France now that the forests are falling beneath the axe, the parks divided into lots, the churches soon to be sold, the campaniles and castles crumbling into ruin." There is, indeed, not much in the France of to-day to cause a thoughtful Frenchman to rejoice. If such a one can find a flickering consolation in reflections concerning "L'emotion Sportive" let him be welcome to it; and may he not remember that such excitements, according to all history and precedent, have sometimes attended the last steps on the downhill road that leads to the extinction of a nation.

The frenzied pursuit of sport passes from stage to stage in the history of mankind to the inevitable end. First, all humanity is given up to physical exercises. That is the age of the athlete. Then, wearied or, like most athletes, worn out, there follows for man the age of the paid performer. We sit in Nero's circus and watch the gladiator die. The world knows the end of that story, and can see another in progress around it every day. The naive admiration of a foreigner for "*Les grands athlètes Américains, Anglais, Italiens et Grecs*" will not blind us to the truth when we look round at home. We, who have been at this sort of play for centuries, how do we stand? What result has it had upon our modern youth? Is he, like the ancient Greek, hardy and a disc thrower? or are we, too, approaching the end, the old age of nations when, stunted and withered, a man sits by and lets another gird him? There is little or no hardship involved for the

individual in our modern way of conducting sport. Our rulers, the lower classes, for ever demand holidays, only work under compulsion, and always have leisure to attend cricket or football matches, or to visit race meetings and squander their wages in betting. Not the least of the evils attendant upon the abuse of sport is the growth of gambling, but the morals of that practice lie in a region of morality with which we need not for the moment be concerned.

Nor, indeed, is the mere degenerate spectator of the humble class, whose gambling instincts are stimulated by the cricket and football matches he frequents, the worst exponent of the emotion that our French critic is inclined to admire. The cruelties of sport belong to the kind that can only be cultivated by those in a position to spend money freely on the indulgence of the tastes they inherit from the ages of barbarism. Setting aside the slaughter of animals for food, to be discussed in connexion with questions that have nothing to do with sport,—even disregarding for the moment those who pretend that the healthy exercise of sport is its leading charm, we have to consider the moral condition of the sportsmen who kill for pleasure only, surrounding themselves with luxury the while. In the immense and needless suffering thus inflicted upon the animal creation, our ruling classes find a cold and sinister delight. The sportsmen are driven to the butts, and are followed in due course by servants bearing hot luncheons and champagne. Thousands of birds are shot down in a few days, and the ground, covered with dead and wounded, is like a field of battle, but a field different from those of men in that the victims here are innocent and harmless. In contemplating the tortures inflicted by the sportsman on the higher animals we enter a region of thought in which the disgust of the more enlightened observer must be even deeper. Few sights are more pathetic than the spectacle of a wounded stag. When it drags a broken limb, it dies of starvation, when shot through the lungs it bleeds to death. There are other wounds of which the termination is as lingering. The sportsman's only regret is that he has lost a fine head. Does he never think how he has added to the load of suffering already in the world? When he permits the wounded creature to crawl for an hour in pain with stiffening

limbs, and refuses to put it out of its agony because it is walking to a more convenient position for the road, along which its body has to be carted home, has he reverted to or eclipsed the brutality of his savage ancestors? or has he revived the spirit if not the details of Nero's circus, of cold and sensual cruelty, of delight in the torture of the innocent without any corresponding trouble or hardship to oneself?

Why, it is sometimes asked, when a nation has reached a certain stage of civilisation, is it almost invariably wiped out, a few records barely remaining, and the world of man begins anew to plod slowly up the same old thorny roads? May not one of the causes of these strange destructions be that man in those nations has advanced in luxury, in comfort, in knowledge, but in his moral character he has remained the savage, without the ignorance or necessities of the savage, without his excuses, because without his needs, but with a callous refinement of useless cruelty, which is impervious to further progress, and therefore intolerable to the Guiding Power, who waits His time and then destroys the cruel drones in His hive?

Civilised man, who has reached a high pitch of knowledge, hushes the dawning voice of pity, of tenderness, which must accompany any moral advancement, and this stilled—first toward the animal creation—the result inevitably follows that all tender feeling for his fellow man withers too. The sportsman is, as a rule, a hard husband, a hard father, a hard master. The world of animals surrounds him, each invisibly bearing the emblem of sorrow given by his hands, as the stag in the old legend came to the hunter with the Cross standing between its antlers. Men and women, also, must be thrust aside should they interfere with his amusement or require any mitigation of its expense. As a constant indulgence in pleasure enervates the mind, so the pleasure of sport, luxuriously pursued, now-a-days, confers no counterbalancing hardening on men's frames, no Grecian beauty of form, but a hard and coarse spirit shut within the stunted body of the savage, and a cold, ignorant mind, concerned with no art, no literature, no thought that does not directly bear on the slaughter of animals or on the games of children. We are not advancing, as the Frenchman fondly hopes, towards an exquisite Olympiad, a happy land

where all is in just proportion, work to play, sorrow to joy, but rather are turning back towards the down-hill road trodden by the feet of by-gone nations, the road that leads to retribution, swift and sudden, the wiping out of races, perhaps, by some yellow people, who will destroy even their records and leave them no name in the land.

The Juggernaut of Sport crushes its way over the frustrated lives of men and women, and over the sufferings of the animal creation. All in such a country is neglected, all government, religion and labour, nothing is maintained except the sacrificial altars of the God of Sports. "Woe unto the land whose king is a child," for there is another King, He of the strong hand, who gave for just needs, but who takes away for abuses, and whose mills, though they wait long, grind to powder at the end,

OMBRA.

II.

THE FASCINATION OF FIELD SPORT.

SPORT plays so prominent a part in the life of the average well-to-do Englishman that it is hard to imagine its absence. From the earliest times this has been the case; and the ancient forest laws show us how jealously the king and his nobles guarded their sporting rights, the unlawful slaying of a deer being looked upon as a much more heinous offence than the slaying of a man. Happily for the modern poacher ideas have changed considerably during the last eight hundred years, but the love of sport remains the same; indeed, no trait in our national character can strike a foreigner more forcibly, so deeply imbued with it are we, from the highest to the lowest.

Everyone knows the story of the Englishman who, on a fine morning, went out of doors and immediately exclaimed: "What a grand day, let's go and kill something!" This, though somewhat of a parody, is, on the whole, very typical. There may be differences of opinion as to what are and what are not sports, whilst certain occupations and pastimes which will appeal to some as sports, certainly will not to others; but as a nation we are full

of it. It appears in everything we do. Our everyday language even is so full of sporting slang that to a non-sportsman it may be quite unintelligible. Our public schools pay more attention to games than to intellectual studies; sport is looked on as of paramount importance, while everything else comes second. This is not a discourse on moral philosophy, and I leave it to others to decide whether the prominent part which games play in the modern system of education is injurious or the reverse. There certainly must be some sort of outlet for superfluous energy, and if the safety valve be not sport it may very well be something much worse, as is proved by a comparison with certain continental amusements.

Simply taking the case of games as apart from the higher forms of sport, in excess they may be and often are very harmful; in moderation they train and develop qualities which would otherwise lie dormant for a long while, and perhaps never see the light at all. The oft-quoted remark that Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton has lost none of its truth from reiteration. A football match or a prize-fight may not strike the casual observer as particularly edifying sights, but they both have their higher side if you take the trouble to look for it. The same is true of horse-racing. The crowd of sharpers and blacklegs who hang around its outskirts have given it a bad reputation amongst certain classes, but in itself it contains much that is good.

Sport in reality is a school in which success depends mainly on the natural instincts of the pupil, and in every form of sport there is some good, although at first sight it may not be apparent. There can be no question that it develops a man physically; yet any good healthy outdoor exercise does that. Sport does more. It shows us that great book of nature which has been lying open ever since the dim prehistoric days of which we find but few records, and in that book is more to puzzle over and instruct than all the classics and learned treatises that ever were written.

The idea of the old Greek philosophy was "to live according to nature." Nowadays, when this rule is quoted, it is too often alleged as an excuse for any bestial act which the excuser may

wish to condone. When it is used in its proper sense—according to the highest part of our nature, it is a rule which will lead us to much that is good. Take any well-known sportsmen. Have not their lives as a rule been characterised by a simple, straightforward wholesomeness, which has endeared them to everyone with whom they may have come in contact. Of course, as in everything else, those exceptions occur which prove the rule, but they are happily in a minority where sportsmen are concerned.

Or take any book written by a lover of nature and a sportsman. Do not its pages breathe a freshness and cleanness which is too often lacking nowadays? Here at least one can escape from the problem play or the “advanced” novel!

For sports develop one mentally as well as physically. Imagine two men in the same station of life, but one brought up as a tradesman, the other as a gamekeeper. In which do you expect to find the highest qualities? The tradesman's life has probably been spent in a large city, amid surroundings which certainly do not tend to elevate. His companions are as narrow-minded as himself. The book lies open, but he has never had a chance of reading it. The keeper on the other hand spends his life in the open air. He may not be well read (though some keepers in Scotland are a long way ahead of their masters in this respect), but his finer qualities will be much more highly developed than those of the unfortunate people who spend their lives in a town.

However much we may be open to the charge as a nation, that our talk is of animals and such like, there is much in their characters which we can imitate without doing any harm to our own. I am not advocating the substitution of games and sport for more intellectual pursuits. There is far too much of that already. In many instances a love of nature is used as an excuse for shirking a duty which at the time may be a wearisome bore. A man cannot really enjoy his play if he has no work; but the study of nature is the best use which he can make of his spare time.

It is unnecessary here, and would indeed be merely tedious to detail at length the various forms of British sport. Certain of them, which were formerly included in classifications and encyclopædias on the subject, have now happily dropped out, and their

name is but rarely heard. Among these may be mentioned bear ragging, badger baiting, cock fighting, dog fighting (this last the worst of the whole lot), which are simply disgusting and degrading forms of animal torture. It is the very essence of true sport that it does not degrade. On the contrary, it should elevate.

It brings out these qualities which go far towards ensuring success and the making of a fine character. Patience, energy, unselfishness, perseverance, good temper, pluck, are all called into play, and many more might be added to the list.

Lastly, although to the non-sportsman it may sound absurd, it fosters a love for animals in a way which nothing else does. "If it creates a love for animals," I hear someone say, "what pleasure can there be in killing them?" The question is a difficult one to answer satisfactorily. Men are contrary creatures at the best of times, and the fascination of hunting, shooting, what you will, must have been felt to be appreciated.

Mountain climbing in Switzerland has always struck me as being a more or less senseless amusement. I am not in the least qualified to discuss the subject as I have never done any mountaineering in my life, but it must have a great fascination of its own, otherwise paragraphs would not occur annually describing shocking Alpine disasters.

Sportsmen as a rule are most kind hearted. The man who is the first to triumph over the death of a fox will also be the first to cry out if he sees a dumb animal being needlessly hurt.

One of the keenest sportsmen and kindest men that I ever met was also the man who, seeing the driver of a cart flogging his worn-out horse, jumped up beside him and then and there gave him a good thrashing in the streets of the town.

That sport has a cruel side cannot, unfortunately, be altogether denied. Birds and animals do sometimes go away wounded, to die later in some lonely thicket; but this does not happen nearly so often as some people try to make out, and it is hard to see in what way it could be guarded against. The late Mr. Bromley Davenport in his excellent volume on "Sport"—and no better book on the subject was ever written—suggests that before anyone was allowed out shooting, it should be made compulsory for him to pass a standard examination, and doubtless if his idea

could be carried out in practice it would be a good one. The true sportsman, like the poet, is born, not made. There are plenty of imitations, sometimes so good that you cannot tell the difference till, by some chance word or action, the real character of the man stands revealed. Many men shoot, hunt, keep a yacht, take a deer forest, and go in for various other sports not because they really enjoy them, but because it is the right thing to do and a necessary adjunct of the social position which they desire to occupy. It is, of course, very deplorable when looked at from the sporting point of view, the only advantage in it being that these men spend their money in a way which benefits a large number of deserving people.

It is hard,—leaving games entirely out of the question,—to find a satisfactory definition of sport, that is one which will embrace all the higher forms. Perhaps one which I saw the other day is as good as any. It is this: The pursuit of an animal on which no restrictions are imposed, living amidst its natural surroundings, and where the chances are equally in favour of the hunter and the hunted. It is true that many sports do not fall within this definition, but in England, at any rate, the conditions of modern living are so artificial that compliance with it is well nigh an impossibility.

According to the above definition big game shooting comes easily first, covert-shooting and driving last. Big game shooting is an amusement that we cannot all indulge in: it requires time and money. That it does hold a very high place is proved by the numbers of men who year after year spend hundreds of pounds and travel thousands of miles for the sake of procuring specimens of animals which are hard to obtain in an exceptional degree. No doubt too another reason is supplied by that element of danger which, in the eyes of the Anglo-Saxon lends a charm to any amusement or enterprise which he undertakes.

Deerstalking comes nearer to this definition than any other British sport. True the deer cannot get away altogether, which is one of the few consolations where you miss; but in one way success is less assured than in big game shooting, for deer are more accustomed to the presence of man and dread him accordingly. Indeed I have met men who, having done both, preferred

the former. It is certainly the most exclusive sport in the British Isles. A man of moderate means can enjoy other forms of shooting, but you require an income well into four figures before you can rent a big deer forest. Few men, and this minority if there be one, would hesitate to admit it, kill for the mere sake of killing. At all events the true sportsman does not, and those high rents are not paid for the pleasure of seeing a stated number of beautiful animals lying dead.

The greater the difficulties and discomforts to be undergone for the attainment of an object, the greater will be the value attached to that object and the more will it be prized when secured. It may be taken for granted that if deer required no stalking, no circumventing, and were as easily killed as, say cattle, a number of men who are now very well off would find themselves reduced to a state of comparative poverty. And this because the mere lust for killing is not the sole object of such sport, as some people would have you believe. Men do not hunt primarily for the sake of seeing a fox killed. Ostensibly indeed they do, but the odds are they will have a good run and an enjoyable day's sport whether Reynard dies or no.

It is true that with deer-stalking and, indeed, shooting of all kinds, the point of view is altered.

In the case of hunting, the individual is merely one of a crowd. The day's sport does not at all depend on any efforts of his, and the rest of the field can have just as good a day whether he is present or absent. In the highest forms of shooting (and especially when stalking alone) everything depends on the individual from start to finish, and even if the luck is against you there is always something to be learnt.

Whatever is reduced to a certainty ceases to charm, and it is this element of risk which casts a glamour over most sports. It is the very essence of fishing. In shooting, a good shot (over ground he knows) can approximately guess at his bag; but a good fisherman may go out and not land a fish all day, while a duffer who has never thrown a line before will come back with three or four salmon. Doubtless, in the long run, the former will kill the most fish, but it is a grand sport for a novice.

And if there were no disappointments and discomforts to put

up with, no chances to contend against, sport would lose its great charm. There would be no pleasure in going out shooting if you never missed a shot, nor embarking on any undertaking in which success was assured from the beginning. It may sound somewhat of a paradox, but looking back on it afterwards, it is the discomforts which make the sport enjoyable. Perhaps Froissart was right when he wrote "They took their pleasure sadly, after the manner of their nation." It is no particular fun lying in a wet bog with burnt heather roots finding out all the tenderest parts of your anatomy, "while the head of heads is feeding out of range!" nor in flogging a stream all day with never a sign of a fish, until back and arms ache, and one feels inclined to say with Whyte Melville, "This may be sport, but I'm d—d if it's pleasure!" Yet these are the moments which throw a golden halo on a real good day when it does come, and make one look at it afterwards through rose-coloured glasses.

No, unless there was something better in sport than the mere killing men would not pay these heavy rents. It is for the clean, healthy open air life which is so hard to find in these days of strenuous money-grubbing; for the pleasure of seeing the light and shade chasing each other across the hillside; of circumventing in his own land a beast, the majority of whose senses are so infinitely superior to a mere man's; of feeling that you are a human being and not a mere automaton that so much money is spent on sport.

These are not the amusements to degrade and cause a man to deteriorate, as I have heard it said that sport does. It makes him a better and more wholesome individual, more able to bear patiently the petty troubles and annoyances which meet him in his daily life.

Sports are doubtless more artificial than they used to be, but this of necessity must be the case. We live in an age of artificiality and commercialism, and sport suffers like everything else. Driving is an artificial form of shooting, but one that is almost universally adopted now-a-days where it is practicable. It increases the stock of birds, and so far as the actual shot goes, it is infinitely harder than the old method of walking your birds up with a dog. The latter has a charm of its own that is hard to

equal. You get plenty of healthy exercise, admire the beautiful way in which your setter quarters the ground, and take perhaps a more personal interest in the sport. All this is lost in the case of driving, but it is absurd to apply some of the arguments which have been used against it. It is a perfectly legitimate form of sport, albeit, a more or less modern one. If then some of our sport is artificial it is the natural result of the times in which we live; but its influence on the whole is beneficial.

As I have endeavoured to show, it benefits the individual morally as well as physically, and so indirectly the community at large. It is a great leveller; for by doing away with class distinctions it provides a common ground on which people of otherwise totally different ideas can fraternise, thus giving rise to that brotherhood amongst sportsmen which is not found existing to the same degree in any other walk in life. Its advantages to the country cannot be readily calculated. In Scotland alone over £400,000 are spent annually by shooting tenants, nor does this estimate include the additional expenses, such as transit, living, &c., necessarily involved by so large an outlay. By what means can those who advocate the total abolition of sport guarantee a similar expenditure should their schemes succeed?

And the distribution of wealth through the medium of other sports is also very great. I have illustrated my remarks in this paper largely by reference to shooting, as it is one of the most general sports, and the one with which I am personally best acquainted.

The question of taxation must also be taken into account. Sport yearly adds a very large sum to the Treasury, both through the sportsman himself and others connected with his amusements. If this sum was not derived from sportsmen it would have to come from a class probably not nearly so well able to bear heavy taxation.

The advantages, too, of international sport are undoubted. They have created a spirit of friendly rivalry more beneficial to the country than many treaties and conferences. Yachting, rowing, and other sports have cemented our friendship with America; cricket has brought the colonies into closer touch with the mother country than almost anything else, and many more instances could be mentioned.

Very closely akin, too, to this spirit of sport is another spirit which has done much for our country in the past. It is the explorers and adventurers who have extended our empire, laid the foundations of our colonies and pushed far into the hidden corners of the earth; for it seems that we possess in the highest degree that spirit of adventure which has raised the Anglo-Saxon race to the position it now occupies among the nations of the world.

FRANK WALLACE.

III.

A SUPER-PHYSICAL VIEW.

KNOWLEDGE concerning the laws of Nature that really govern evolution will constantly be found to throw new light upon most of the moral problems by which human intelligence can be confronted. Of course, it illuminates all the questions that arise when the morals of Sport come up for discussion. Indeed, when almost any questions of right and wrong are concerned, the difference between the Occultist and the representative of mere ordinary culture is fairly symbolised by the respective positions, in a maze, of the people entangled in the paths which they pursue almost at random, and the man high up on the ladder, who can see exactly which avenues are blocked by impassable obstacles, and which lead safely to the interior goal. No mere speculation along lines of thought pointed out by the limited vision that deals with the physical plane manifestation of Nature alone, can possibly help the ordinary thinker, however intelligent, to comprehend the extra-physical consequences of his action in life. Such a comprehension may be essentially necessary to the development of accurate conceptions concerning right and wrong, but it may be desirable to preface such information as the present writer knows himself in a position to give with reference to the subject of this paper, by a word or two in reference to the right

and wrong of conduct in the case of people not yet illuminated by the higher knowledge.

There is a great gulf of difference between the moral significance of an act, according to whether it is measured against an eternal standard of right and wrong, or against the conventional standards operative in any given place and time. The Redskin savage who tortures his enemy in the sincere belief that torture is the right treatment for enemies,—and would, of course, be his share if his enemies had got the better of him,—is performing an act which is no more conducive to after-death punishment (to put the idea simply) than the act of the English sportsman who shoots a pheasant, sincerely believing that shooting is the right treatment for pheasants.

The recognition of this idea is important from the point of view of all who wish to discourage some of the existing customs connected with sport. If these are assailed by a front attack in terms suggesting the idea that the assailants regard the sportsman as more or less of a criminal, great irritation of feeling is created, and the sportsman, knowing quite well that he is nothing of the kind, is apt to regard his assailant with contempt as a fanatic. The sound position to take up, in advance of that which involves subtle considerations connected with super-physical planes of Nature and the ulterior purposes of human evolution,—is one embodying a large measure of tolerance for customs which have grown out of a condition of things in the past which seems to have been quite in harmony with the natural design in the beginning, and with the stage of evolution, as regards moral ideas, which had been reached at an early period of human growth. When man was hardly emerging from the savage state, he was fully entitled to point to the examples of nature, “red in tooth and claw,” as justifying him in all the varied pursuits of the chase. Moreover, as nature seemed to establish the general principle that the natural food of one animal was the flesh of another, the early hunter was simply obeying the law of his existence in slaughtering his furred and feathered fellow-creatures as his foremost duty to his family. Nor, having never dreamed of questioning his right to do so, was it in the least degree unreasonable on his part that he should find a pleasure in the

pursuit. And, in truth, the ethics of the savage are so little as yet out of date that precisely the same arguments we can imagine as operative with him, are still put in the front of most essays in defence of modern sport.

But we are, at all events, on the threshold of a new regime in regard to all matters of this kind, and the sportsman himself, even while under the sway of the earlier tradition as regards his own pleasure, will often be deeply tinged with the modern spirit which frowns on the idea of cruelty even in connection with the lower kingdoms of animal life. The growing detestation of cruelty is of course, a recent invention in morals. Going back only within the limits of the past century, we come to a period when it hardly seems to have been entertained. The brutalities of the law as applied to offending human creatures, were for us, looking back, almost inconceivably disgusting. Instead of societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, society at large was concerned in organising schemes for their torment as a popular amusement ; while now, except for the crimes of pseudo-scientists at the hospitals, no organised cruelty is tolerated, and even from the pursuits of sportsmen it has been eliminated to a considerable degree. Nor need we even assume that the idea of killing enters into the pleasure of modern sport. The skill it calls forth is its charm, and the contention frequently put forward in its defence is to the effect that the enjoyment consists in pitting the cunning of the sportsman against that of the quarry. The claim is not effective, as a human being is hardly entitled to be proud of his mental superiority to a woodcock. Nor even when the devotee of the river is enchanted to think that he has triumphed in a contest of intellect with a fish, does the victory from the point of view of the bystander strike one as impressive.

Pleas in defence of sport which make much of skill are transparently inapplicable really though often put forward with sincere conviction. In many games where no animal life is lost, opportunities for skill are provided in unlimited abundance. The trick shooting of American circus riders where nothing more sensitive than a glass ball is sacrificed, involves much greater skill than is required for bringing down a pheasant. The sportsman may be unconscious of the fact that in preferring a living

target for his gun, he is simply giving play to an instinct inherited from savage ancestry.

It is needless here to emphasise the idea that much of modern sport, where the magnitude of the "bag" is the first consideration, comes hardly within the range of those excuses which depend for their value on the personal qualities evoked in the sportsman. But the schemes of massacre by which the records of modern sport are so often disgraced, even from the zealous sportsman's point of view, need hardly come within the range of such thinking as we are now concerned with. *A fortiori* they will be discredited if the more subtle contention is successfully maintained. And that contention rests first of all upon the idea that the impulse assigned to the average Englishman by the familiar epigram, "it is a fine day; let us go out and kill something," represents a very low order of intelligence. Secondly, that although modern shooting at its best involves but little of the cruelty associated with bear-baiting or the Spanish bull-fight, it does bring about a considerable volume of animal suffering in the case of creatures not instantly killed; and, thirdly, that there is something painfully contemptible in the spectacle of a human being armed with all the resources of offence provided by the advanced intelligence of his age, devoting them to so poor a purpose as the slaughter of birds and small furry animals. Those to whom such pursuits appear contemptible are not necessarily fanatics of the old Puritan type, to whose fanaticism pleasure as such is repugnant. No word of this essay need be at war with any of the sports that engage the attention of athletes at large. Whether it is good for a nation to be quite as deeply engrossed as the English people are with racing, football and cricket, is a question to be considered on its own merits. Not even where risk and some painful consequences to man and beast occasionally ensue, need sport be denounced because of its danger. A steeplechase is not always a pretty spectacle for the looker-on, but, at all events, it belongs to the order of those pursuits which call forth and give abundant scope for personal courage. Only against those safe, pitiless and purely selfish forms of sport, where the death of some humble fellow-creature is necessarily the focus of attainment, are these present protests directed.

And now, quitting the mere idea that such kinds of sport are beneath the dignity of a race at all events approaching the higher civilisation, let us listen to the message that comes from the higher planes of consciousness, where those who are qualified to look behind the scenes of Nature can realise at once the ultimate purposes she has in view, and the immediate consequences of blundering on the physical plane of existence. All enlightened thinkers of our time profess to recognise the great principle of evolution as gradually bringing consciousness upwards from the lowlier levels of animal manifestation to those on which, from the human level, infinitely loftier possibilities come gradually into sight. But how is it supposed that this evolution is accomplished? Do the powers of Nature move the puppets on her stage by springs and wires like those of a marionette? The earliest gleams of the truth show us that invariably the *consciousness* of Nature's puppets is the force through which her designs are gradually realised. And although, at the earlier stages of the great world drama, the time had not come for animal consciousness to approach the threshold of that which we now regard as human, the first brilliant gleam of light thrown upon the whole design by knowledge gathered from higher planes, enables us to realise that as animal life itself becomes exalted and infused with new streaks of intelligence, its relationship with the intelligence of the great human family next above it becomes a supremely important factor in its further progress. In other words,—stating the true fact plainly, although such a statement must necessarily embody ideas that are unfamiliar as yet even to the majority of ordinary thinkers,—the spiritual energy manifested in the higher animals can only attain individuality, can only realise the purpose of its gradual progress through the lower kingdoms, when something like love for a being higher in the scale of creation than itself thrills for the first time, one by one, through its physical manifestations. Until that thrill asserts itself, the animal is the participator in a great volume of animal consciousness, spreading over many varieties of animal form. To state the matter in the technical language evolved by those to whom these deeply interesting aspects of Nature have become as manifest as the facts of the physical world, animal consciousness is evolved by the experi-

ence gathered by great volumes of spiritual energy described as "group souls." An animal group-soul grows under the influence of, or is coloured by, the experiences collected by its numerous physical manifestations. And in proportion as such experiences draw it nearer towards the threshold of affectionate relations with beings higher in the scheme of things than itself, so is the purpose of its existence vindicated. As its experiences of physical life inspire it with shrinking detestation instead of attraction for a kingdom of nature above itself, to that extent its progress and the Divine possibilities it represents, are impeded.

Now, it is a simple fact that just in proportion to the extent that animals belonging to any group-soul are taught by their experiences to fear and shun humanity, to that extent their evolution is retarded. It may be that as yet this influence is not in the way of the world's progress to any extent that can be regarded as really dangerous to its destinies. The rougher work of animal evolution, at early periods of the world's history, was quite compatible with the prevalence of brutality on the human level. The hunters and fishers of primæval races were playing their part in the great drama as nature had designed it. But now, as the higher faculties of mankind are beginning to awaken, the time has come when habits that were in tune with an earlier period must give way before the teachings of a loftier wisdom. No such changes can be effected between to-day and to-morrow. For all the processes of her great design, Nature assigns an ample range of time and opportunity. But those who can see a little more deeply than their fellows into the character of the whole design she is working out, will feel as certain that all pursuits that have to do with the destruction of animal life for pleasure, will fall in time into a disgraced disuetude as certainly as the years of our calendar will be multiplied through the centuries lying in advance. Civilisation has still many of its ways to amend. Perhaps some of its prevailing habits are quite as worthy of detestation as those with which these suggestive hints have been concerned. But although a few thousand years hence it will seem to have mattered little whether Englishmen of our time grew ashamed of pheasant-shooting, or left that shame to arise in the superior intelligence of their great-grand-children, some con-

siderable difference will ultimately be discernible in the individual destinies of those who, at this extremely important period of the world's history,—a much more important period than the ordinary thinker suspects,—get their conduct at once into harmony with loftier teachings, now for the first time coming to be available, or whether they merely drift with the stream of tradition, and set their feeble strength, such as it is, against the Will which is gradually pressing in the direction of universal good.

AN OCCULT STUDENT.

THE NEXT WORLD.

STUDENTS of those mysteries of nature which are generally still called "occult," because they are as yet only half revealed, are continually either amused or irritated, according to their individual temperament, by the way in which representatives of ordinary culture imagine that nothing can be known definitely outside the limits of the very narrow knowledge they themselves possess. Of course, the intelligent world at the present day is fermenting with the consciousness that many rents have been made in what is figuratively called "the Veil of Isis,"—that many glimpses are possible for us now, in connection with future conditions of human existence lying beyond the physical period of our lives. But still the representatives of the stolid ignorance which prevailed before these glimpses were discerned—and they are still the great majority at this early stage of the transitional period—continue to exhibit the comical conceit which so often accompanies ignorance, by assigning the character of superstition to all statements of experience belonging to the newer order of things. The characteristic in question is illustrated in a peculiarly amusing fashion by a short letter in the *Times* on the subject of what is called "water-finding" or "dowsing," by a self-satisfied ignoramus whom it is unnecessary to name. He ridicules the proofs concerning the reality of this curious faculty brought forward by Professor Barrett and others who have really studied the subject, by arguing that if such evidence constituted valid proof, we should have to assume that witchcraft in the 17th Century was also true, as well as

"astrology, crystal-gazing, and the new superstition of telepathy." Our amusing ignoramus, who is careful in parenthesis to explain to his readers that he is "Reverend," is perfectly right in one way. Evidence of the same kind as that which proves the reality of "water-finding," that is to say, the abundant experience of those who investigate the subject, establishes on a solid foundation of certainty some broad principles connected with each of the subjects referred to in the above quotation. And the new "superstition of telepathy," as all well informed people are aware, has now been established by such evidence on the same level of certainty as any other new discovery in recent science—like those, for example, connected with radium, or the etheric vibrations which have to do with the still imperfectly understood phenomena of wireless telegraphy."

But while, of course, the treatment of new facts in unfamiliar branches of science as though they belonged to the region of superstition, is so to speak, a *reductio ad absurdum* of the commonplace mental attitude, the same kind of mistake is more widely made, and with somewhat better excuse, in reference to much more important subjects of occult investigation. Large numbers of people who may be quite reasonable enough accept and appreciate the evidence connected with such abnormal phenomena as water-finding and crystal-gazing, may still imagine that whatever *hope* may be entertained concerning the continuity of human life beyond the bodily period, definite knowledge on that subject is,—for inscrutable motives governing the providential design,—hidden permanently from incarnate human understanding. The mistake which such an attitude of mind represents is no less absolutely at variance with the facts, than the more comical blunder illustrated by the letter in the *Times*. Investigation concerning the conditions of existence attending the human soul in that which may truly be called "the next world" has been accumulated in such abundance that not much mystery is left in regard to that particular phase of future experience. This claim, however, does not really mean so much as it might at the first glance be supposed to imply. All researches into the mysteries of nature, however successful they may be in penetrating regions which at first seemed involved in obscurity, introduce us to new horizons be-

yond which observation cannot penetrate. Putting the idea concisely, actual research shows us that the *next* world does lie within the range of our observation, but that worlds *ad infinitum* beyond that, or states of existence transcending those into which the soul immediately passes after death, range into infinities with which human understanding at our present stage of development is ill-qualified to grapple.

In the childhood of the human race, represented for that matter still by the attitude of mind, taken up by the majority of those who vainly imagine themselves to be spiritual teachers,—the next world was supposed to be a condition that might vaguely be described as one of uniformity and omniscience. The soul, if saved, was supposed to be exalted into a state of divine beatitude and perfection, or, to be disposed of in other ways with equal finality, if the saving process had missed fire. But a perception of the truth of things, illuminated by some facilities for observation extending beyond this physical plane of life, soon showed students of occult mystery that the processes of spiritual development in the after life were as gradual and varied as those which belong to the evolution of bodily forms on this earth. And so it came to pass that for many devotees of the higher knowledge the conditions of existence actually appertaining to what may truly be called the “next world,” ceased to have much more importance than those associated with the transitory experiences of this. Aspiration pointed with impassioned eagerness in the direction of loftier spiritual conditions vaguely apprehended as lying beyond. And while for one great section of humanity representing commonplace culture, nothing is supposed to be knowable in connection with the destinies of the soul, beyond the moment when it quits the body, for the most advanced students of occultism, that which is actually the next world, ceases to have any interest by the time its conditions come to be fully comprehended. In its turn it was seen to constitute merely a stage on the great journey, one which had indeed, its transitory aspects of welfare or the reverse, but could hardly be regarded as worth claiming the serious attention of those bent upon true spiritual progress.

Nor, indeed, for those who can catch sight of loftier possibilities, is it reasonable to suppose that the relatively unimportant

distractions of a temporary, even though superphysical, period need engage their present interest with any degree of intensity. But the truth certainly is that for a large proportion of humanity at its present stage of evolution, the next world, although in one sense but the avenue of approach to loftier spiritual levels, will play so important a part in after-death experiences that it is more than worth their while to study its conditions with attention. Indeed, no phrase that can be used with that significance can be otherwise than weak and inexpressive in view of its inner meaning. The vague, indistinct anticipation of a future life which faintly envelopes the understanding of those who have been brought up under the influence of conventional religious teaching, is in itself only one degree in advance of the agnostic distrust in the possibilities of any future at all. A hope rather than a belief that somehow in perfectly unknown ways their consciousness will be maintained, is all that has been left in the minds of those who, while in sympathy with religious ideas, are untouched by the definite acquisitions of occult research.

How can such research be carried out?—is the first question asked by those unfamiliar with the work. First of all, by the now old-fashioned methods of spiritualism. The fascinating interest of enquiry concerning the condition of those who have “passed on,” gives rise to a great volume of imposture with which any new enquirer probably comes into contact before he reaches the inner nucleus of genuine work; so the multitude of common-place lookers on carelessly suppose that no genuine experiences lie behind this unattractive barrier. But without laborious effort, anyone who has the patience to explore the great library of spiritualistic literature, which by this time has accumulated on our hands, will see abundant reason to feel sure that real communications emanating from people already established in the next world, are available all around us in almost infinite abundance. For reasons which more scientific research has now made clear, a large proportion of these, it is true, seem untinged by any intellectual value. In some cases, however, they are pervaded by a much clearer intelligence, and referring to the records of my own experience, I have been for the last twelve months and still am, in frequent communication with a former acquaintance of this

life, who, since his death, has been passing rather rapidly through processes of development on the other side, and is now enabled to describe what may be called his present life, from a point of view in sympathy, so to speak, with my own desire for information. His story coincides with many of the more important records embodied in spiritualistic literature, and also vindicates occult information concerning the next world (more technically described as "the Astral Plane,") in a very interesting way.

The scientific view of the astral plane, with which, as I say, my friend's information corresponds, is derived by the development on the part of some people still embodied in the flesh, of a possibility attaching to human nature but little understood as yet by most of us. At "death," as we commonly call it, the true consciousness passes away from the body and exists, on the astral plane, in an appropriate vehicle of consciousness consisting of highly refined matter such as that of which the whole astral plane is built. But in order so to pass away and to experience existence on the astral plane, it is by no means necessary to go through the whole process of death. Those who know how,—and the acquisition of that knowledge lies at the threshold of all genuine occult inquiry,—can pass out from the physical body in the astral vehicle already available for such excursions, during life. Truth to tell, all human beings of the ordinary type even, do, in this way, pass out of the body during sleep. But in ordinary cases the subtle body so made use of is not sufficiently advanced in its evolution to be available for intelligent activity. When it returns to the physical body on waking the vaguest recollections of its ultra-physical experiences are all that it contrives to bring back, and, indeed, these experiences, by the hypothesis, are themselves but vague and incoherent. But it is a simple solid fact of nature familiar to the experience of large numbers,—although those numbers are a small percentage of the whole population,—that where astral evolution has been adequately advanced, and where certain other characteristics inhere in the bodily organism, it is possible during life to investigate in advance the next world through which it is the destiny of all human beings eventually to pass, and to bring back clearer and more definite recollections concerning its nature than are gener-

ally to be obtained by the methods of spiritualism from those who, having finally quitted this plane of existence, lose touch, as it were, with our methods of formulating information.

In this way occult research, as the abundant literature to which it has given rise during the last twenty years will show, has enabled us to realise the variegated structure of the next world, which, be it remembered, must not be thought of as a vague spiritual condition out of touch with the phenomena of time and space. It is an outer sphere, or series of spheres, surrounding this earth, belonging to its life and plan, and without which it would be a mere dead mass of physical matter. For the convenience of description, this vast astral envelope must be thought of as consisting of a series of concentric spheres or planes, inhabited, to put the idea crudely, by human beings at different stages of moral and intellectual advancement. The multitudes who pass on from lives of coarse degradation ascend through these varied envelopes but slowly. Those whose physical life has already attuned their consciousness to loftier conditions of being slip through the lower regions unconsciously, and awake to the after-life on higher levels appropriate to their condition. And to embrace in this first glance loftier possibilities still, those whose moral and spiritual nature even during life is exalted to a very high degree of perfection scarcely have *any* experience, after the death of the body, of this astral region, though it may be fairly described as the "next world" for the majority. For them, still loftier planes of existence beyond, become almost immediately accessible, but for the moment, in fulfilment of our present purpose, it is needless to speak of these. After all, for the vast majority of human beings at this period of evolution, consciousness, for considerable periods, must be focussed on some level or other of the astral plane, and the conditions attending life in this region are therefore those which have predominant interest for ordinary people.

The embarrassment one first encounters in attempting to describe the astral region, has to do with the way in which,—although its various sub-planes may roughly be thought of as concentric, the higher actually in space above the lower,—they are not partitioned off one from another in the formal matter which

applies to the stories of a house. From the higher levels, all below are readily accessible. Those above become accessible as individual evolution advances. But, holding this fact in reserve for the moment, it must be recognised that the lowest levels, which by the very obvious fact that they are the lowest are most nearly in touch with the physical planes of this world, are inhabited in a predominant degree by what may be described as the dregs of our population. And because people of this kind are still looking back with lingering regret to the physical existence from which they have been torn, they are very apt to avail themselves of such opportunities as spiritual mediumship affords for getting in touch once more with the plane of life they regret. From higher sub-planes, however, inhabited by those who have already shaken off the bequest of earthly affinities,—operative perhaps even with them at first, after their entrance into the next world,—it is equally possible to make use of the opportunities afforded by what is called spiritual mediumship, and thus to enter into communication with friends who have been left behind. And when strong ties of affection bind persons on the astral plane to some of these whom they have left behind, even without the opportunities of mediumship, they may, and much more frequently than is commonly supposed, do, take note of all that passes in connection with the life of their beloved ones here below, bringing what influence they can to bear sometimes upon their welfare or their consolation in distress.

From the commonplace point of view, it may be asked how, in such cases, can the after life be one of happiness if associated with the observation of suffering incurred by persons beloved by the one who has passed on. The answer is, firstly, that the condition of human life in this immediately next world is not necessarily one of undiluted happiness. It is a transitional period during which very varied states of consciousness are possible. There does lie beyond a region in which existence cannot but be associated with unblemished happiness, but that is held in reserve for a later progress. But again from the point of view of the next world, suffering undergone in this life is so manifestly of a transitory character, that, although evoking sympathetic sorrow, it is tinged with something more than a hope concerning its ter-

mination,—it is qualified by the definite perception and certainty that it is only of a temporary kind, to be followed at no distant date, even in the *next* world, by conditions of relatively pure and untroubled happiness. So the one who has passed on, assuming that he belongs already to one of the higher levels of the astral region, is waiting with patience for those whom he watches over with affectionate care, foreseeing that the period for which he will have to wait will not, for him, be of very long duration. His observation of distress below is not very greatly different from that feeling with which a grown person looks on at the transitory griefs of childhood, foreseeing, with confidence, the brighter prospect of a near future.

And now,—to attempt, as far as we are able, some realisation in advance of the actual conditions under which people who have passed on find themselves in the next world,—the clear perception of natural truth available for those who can survey it in advance, shows us neither the ecstatic beatitude attached by theological conceptions to the idea of heaven nor the horrors supposed to belong to the nether worlds of ordinary superstition. The ecstatic bliss, be it remembered, may be attained eventually; and there is, as a matter of fact, a dark possibility in reserve for the spiritual consciousness of those who are wedded to evil in a manner that is unnecessary for the moment to discuss, simply because such terrible conditions are wholly beyond the reach even of those who lead the most abominable lives which commonplace capacities at this stage of human evolution render possible. But still the experiences immediately following disincarnation for a person of deplorably degraded life, of *merely* sensual desire, of utter criminal selfishness, are eminently disagreeable while they last. They are disagreeable, not because such conditions are the penalty appointed by nature for the offences of such a person as we imagine. Those penalties, or rather consequences of the causes such a person has set in activity, await him on his return to physical life at a much later period under the infallible law of reincarnation when he finds himself once again on that stage of existence to which his activities have so far alone belonged, and where alone consequences appropriate to his misguided life can be realised. But still such a being has, by the hypothesis, so little within his consciousness to establish affinities

with super-physical conditions of existence of anything approaching an elevated or dignified kind, that he can but slowly disentangle himself from the bequest of his earthly life. His consciousness is often for a long time torpid and all but obscured. But even he must have, latent in his nature, some smouldering spark, as it were, of the divine influence which necessarily permeates in varying degrees the whole of humanity, and so will eventually ascend not merely through the higher regions of astral experience, but even to those which may truly be described as the heaven worlds beyond. Not, indeed, to exercise there any full capacity for vivid spiritual happiness, only possible in the case of those who have advanced far beyond his level of evolution. But a little taper may shine in its own way in the same region illuminated by the dazzling blaze of an electric arc. In neither case is the effect due to the surrounding atmosphere, but to the interior qualities of the light which shines. So the Heaven world means a very different state of consciousness for those whose expanded capacities can embrace a great volume of its possibilities as compared with those who can absorb but some of its fainter influences. But still for them, as far as the capacities of their being go, they are filled when there with such influence, and so, as I say, even for the humbler representatives of humanity, there is a period between two lives of incarnation in which the maximum felicity their nature can assimilate falls to their portion.

Nor would such humbler entities be correctly imagined as reaching towards this destiny by a regular series of promotions up through the varying sub-planes of the astral or next world. The situation is far more complicated than that conception would suggest. Let us take, to illustrate the idea, the case of a human being of harmless, gentle life, affectionate and kind within a narrow sphere of opportunity, but little endowed so far, with those attributes we associate with the idea of intellectual development. Side by side with the destiny of such a person, let us consider that of a man advanced in a very high degree as regards intellectual development not necessarily tainted with any of the grosser vices possible for humanity, but touched in hardly an appreciable degree by any of the loftier emotions distinctly appropriate, in their ultimate expansion to the loftiest and most blissful conditions of spiritual

existence, for which, truth to tell, the development in no considerable degree of the love principle is a *sine qua non*. The amiable but undeveloped soul will, so to speak, slip unconsciously through the lower planes of astral discomfort, will spend some relatively brief interval on intermediate planes where no very vivid consciousness will be awakened, and will then sink into a restful condition of unconsciousness from which the immediate awakening will be on the lofty levels of the truly spiritual plane, where of course, to be candid, such a person will be incapable of assimilating more than a few of the possibilities of that exalted level, but within the limits of his or her evolution will enjoy unblemished happiness. The other entity conceived will equally slip unharmed through the lower astral planes with which he has no particular affinity. His high intellectual development enables him to disentangle himself very quickly from the mere habits of physical life, which have never absorbed his thinking energy. He finds abundant scope for the exercise of intelligence on the highest levels of the astral plane, but includes within his consciousness very little, by the hypothesis, of that radiating love principle which belongs especially to spiritual existence. On the high levels of astral consciousness, he will find nothing to interfere with or impair the intellectual enjoyments of the kind to which he has been used. Those of us who are enabled while in life to explore all regions of the astral world, tell us of their recognition, on such of its higher levels, of some men who have been distinguished during life in connection with the exercise of high intellectual gifts. They find an extreme delight in the continued exercise of these in presence of new conditions, which give rise to ranges of thought far in advance of those with which they were familiar during life. Thus, a mathematician on the higher levels of the next world finds new avenues of mathematical thought opening before him, which the limited observation of nature from this point of view had never previously suggested. In his way, he is eminently contented with the life in which he finds himself, and his very contentment precludes him for a long while from touching anything better.

And though the idea is so difficult to handle from our present point of view, on those levels of existence to which he has been

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translated he finds books and instruments of research available for his use as readily, or perhaps much more readily, than at his earlier stage of development when in touch with the libraries and laboratories of the physical plane. How can this be in regions inaccessible to earthly vision,—in spheres wherein matter as studied in the laboratories does not exist? So far a vivid scientific imagination is necessary before we can realise matter which is still matter although perceptible only to senses which differ entirely from those we are using now. Let me try and illuminate the thought by an anecdote which may be more suggestive than abstract reasoning. A friend, mainly concerned with scientific pursuits, but not without some of the faculties which have to do with the phenomena of other planes, had been—whimsically and perversely—arguing in conversation one evening along the lines of conventional scientific scepticism. At the back of his mind of course, there lay a state of consciousness which was the answer to his own sophistical pretence of reasoning. That night it seemed to him that he awoke, and a dignified presence in his room drew him away on an excursion. He found himself in a garden glowing with flowers, and his conductor asked him if he knew one in particular which was pointed out. He did not. He was asked to pluck it and examine it in detail. He did so, with the skill of one familiar with scientific methods. He confessed that the flower was a strange one to him, striking as its appearance was. “But it is a real flower, is it not?” said his conductor. “You have its bright petals lying in your hand.” “Of course it is a real flower” said my friend, “what else can it be.” “Then,” replied his companion, “go back and do not again let me hear you talking such nonsense as I heard you talking last night.”

And such experiences, be it remembered, rare perhaps, and accidental as it seems for those who are imperfectly equipped with psychic faculties, lie within the grasp at any time of such occult students as those to whose researches we are mainly indebted for the knowledge we possess concerning the next world.

But though this paper has already extended to proportions I am reluctant to expand, it has not yet embodied by any means the whole story I set out to tell, so the rest must be reserved for another opportunity.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.

CHAPTER III.

A ONE-SIDED ENGAGEMENT.

MARSTON, on whose slight physique the double walk, or some other influences, had told more than on his companion, went to his room to lie down with a book and a pipe soon after the apology for a dinner with which the village inn they were staying at supplied them; and Ferrars spent the evening writing to his sister a report of his proceedings, infused with much eulogy of the skill he had shown in following up her very inadequate clue.

"You tell me," he wrote, "that somewhere about England there is a young lady you want me to find for you, and you do not know her name, nor appearance, nor who she belongs to. You say, you fancy she must live at a place called Kinsale Court, probably situated in the British Islands. There isn't any such place in existence, and there is no young lady living there; but all the same, I have found you the young lady you want, and her name is Edith Kinseyle, and she is the daughter of a man named Ferron Kinseyle, who lives at Compton Wood, in Midhamptonshire. She must be your young lady, for she haunts the old house of her family, Kinseyle—not Kinsale—Court, and is evidently given to having ecstatic visions, quite in your line. How have I found her out? By the exercise of superlative genius. How am I rewarded for my devotion to your behests? By spending the evening in a den of a village inn—poor dear Sidney Marston, who came with me to bear me company, being seedy, and having gone

to bed—writing, with a bad pen, on worse paper, by the light of a wretched couple of candles, on an absurd bedroom dressing-table; when, if I had not come here, to serve a tyrannical sister, I should have been actually sitting at dinner, at this moment, beside Terra Fildare at Oatfield.

“Perhaps that would not necessarily have been heaven for me, you will argue—and I freely grant that it might have been an arrangement with a spice of the other place, if Terra had been in a bad mood. But even if I have not finally conquered my Queen yet, I must be vigorously prosecuting the war, or life is unendurable. You resent the notion, do you not, that even a Terra Fildare should play fast and loose with your excellent brother. But it does not seem to me strange that such a princess should deliberate awhile before surrendering so grand a prize as herself to the first man who comes along and says, ‘Please come and be my property for the rest of your life.’ The oddity of the situation is merely in the confidence there is between you and me; but then we are not like other brothers and sisters. We are all in all to each other, and it is merely a mystery of love that I can be filled in every pore with passionate enthusiasm for Terra, and yet be entirely devoted to you, as I always have been since life gave me any memory of my emotions, and always must be to the end. And you are so penetrating in your comprehension of this, that you can love Terra with me, and only reserve yourself the right of hating her if she decides to do without me.

“There is the only mistake you make—though so pardonable in you. She will be quite within her right either way, and I shall love her either way—to my sorrow or my joy, as she may settle things; and I do not see how it is conceivable that, in that way, I can ever love another woman. In talking over this with you we are apt to get desultory, so I think I have not wasted this evening altogether in putting the idea into accurate words.”

Ferrars posted his letter the following morning on his way to the railway station, where the two friends parted, Mr. Marston returning to London, Ferrars going on North. Mr. Squires was thus disappointed of the other half-crown he counted on from the gentlemen who had been so eager to see Kinseyle Court. It had not occurred to Ferrars the previous evening to explain that

having achieved success in the final purpose with which he had come to see the Court, it would be unnecessary for him to return the next day. So Squires looked out for him and even mentioned that he was still expecting the two gentlemen, when Edith and Miss Barkley came across, the day after the young lady's vision in the library. This midday visit was a sort of compromise. Miss Kinseyle had proposed that they should again go after dinner, but Miss Barkley had suffered much over the prospect. Did Edith wish to drive herself mad, or sell herself to the Evil One, or give a handle to superstition, by letting herself fancy she had made acquaintance with a ghost, when everybody knew perfectly well that Kinseyle Court was quite free of any nuisance of the kind, so far? It would be Edith who would be responsible for spoiling the character of the house, if she went about deliberately encouraging ghosts to come there; and would it not be only right at all events to discuss the whole subject with her father? On that point Miss Barkley scored. Edith could not deny that this would be a proper course to pursue, but there was no hurry. She would like to make quite sure of some things first before talking to Papa.

"My dear Edith, what things?" Miss Barkley apprehended that the young lady contemplated some fresh reference to the ghost.

"Some things about the history of the family, I mean. I can't remember everything *She* said to me. I can't remember a quarter of it, and I am longing to see her again. But for the moment what I want is to look up something in the Kinseyle Annals."

"We need not not wait till the gray of the evening for that, at all events," Miss Barkley pointed out. "Why not go over this morning?"

On reflection Edith agreed, and it was only when she remarked later, as they were walking across the fields, that very likely Mr. Ferrars and Mr. Marston would be at the Court during the morning, that Miss Barkley perceived she had swayed over from Scylla to Charybdis. To avoid the ghost she had steered her pupil into the companionship of strange gentlemen of a somewhat obtrusive temperament—possibly undesirable admirers in disguise. But, as already stated, the anxiety she felt on this

subject was thrown away. Neither Mr. Ferrars nor his friend turned up at all, and—without avowing it to herself even, still less to Miss Barkley—Edith perhaps shared, for different reasons, the regret and disapproval Mr. Squires frankly expressed.

“I don’t see what call he had to make out he was in such a hurry to see the Court. I don’t understand that chap,” said the lodge-keeper, vaguely suspicious, when the ladies bade him good-bye in the afternoon.

Ferrars, meanwhile, was speeding on his way North towards the country house near the Lakes, at which he was looking forward to meeting the lady, of whom he had written to his sister. Oatfield was the pleasant seat of a county magnate, who in his time had represented his Sovereign abroad on one or two ornamental occasions—Sir James Margreave. Ferrars—himself in the early stages of the diplomatic career—had served under Sir James, and had been his guest at Oatfield since then, on two or three occasions, when at home on leave. Terra Fildare was a niece of the baronet, daughter of a colonel in the service of the Government of India, who had married his sister, since dead. She had no money to speak of, but a splendid physique—the head and bust of a Roman Empress—tawny hair, cut short, for a whim of the wearer, but massive and abundant and curling low over her forehead; a glowing complexion, a majestic figure—the poses of which, however, were quite unstudied, for her nature was impulsive and her vitality too vigorous to be compatible with any queenly languor—and an almost unruly love of outdoor activity in all the forms accessible to her as a girl. A hankering after some that were thus inaccessible made her sometimes impatient of her sex. She had spent some years of early girlhood with her father in India; had shot a tiger from an elephant’s howdah—an exploit organized for her by a Spanish Count, who had been travelling through the North-west Provinces at the time, and the fame of which spread far too widely for her pleasure and comfort or her father’s approval; and had soon after this been sent home, for fear she should fall a victim in her turn to some one or other of a crowd of young officers at the station where Colonel Fildare found himself fixed for a year or two at least. Lady Margreave had given her a long invitation, privately promising the Colonel to

dispose of the young lady to better advantage than amongst the enamoured subalterns at Chuckapore.

Lady Margreave was the one other person besides his sister to whom Ferrars had confided the fact that he had invested his prospects of happiness in the uncertain issue of the siege he had laid to Terra Fildare's heart. She had neither favoured nor opposed his views. At first she had counted on a rather brilliant settlement for her splendid niece. Her own family of sons left her ambition as a matchmaker free to concentrate itself on Terra. But acute observation soon showed her that Terra was more admired than sought after. Her haughty and imperious temper was perhaps more on the surface than in the inner nature of the girl, but it operated to frighten off men who would not have been insensible to her charms if these had been softened by a gentler manner. Terra was not the "hit" in society that her aunt had at first expected her to prove. Lady Margreave diagnosed the situation quite correctly, and endeavoured to suggest a remedy. But Terra grew savage with unspent energy, when her aunt tried to keep down her physical activity, and vented her fretful moods on the gentlemen she was set to dance with, or dine beside. She loved as well as obeyed Lady Margreave, so the elder lady had no ground or inclination to be angry with her. The question was simply, whether for her own sake she could be cured of her faults; and when she divined the purpose with which Lady Margreave was trying to cure her, she pleaded for mercy in an agony of protest.

"My own dearest Aunt Mary!" she cried, throwing herself on the ground beside Lady Margreave's chair: the conversation had taken place in Park Street where the Margreaves lived when in town, and the morning after a ball. "Make me a dairymaid at Oatfield, if you like; send me back to poor Papa at that miserable hole where he is stationed; or leave me to live on my own income, my own way, instead of spending it in gloves; but don't set me to mince and simper for the sake of captivating a husband. Oh, Heavens! the notion of marrying a man who could be caught that way. Besides, I don't want to be married, I hate the idea of getting married; I don't like men as such. They make me angry and not tender. I can be friends with them up to a certain

point, if they don't want to be tender to me; but then I simply turn furious."

"And show it, my dear Terra, so plainly, that anyone who knows you, can perceive it across two rooms."

"That's wrong of me, as a question of good taste, but justifiable considering the provocation. I love *you*, Aunt, and Victoria Maxwell; and when you get tired of me I shall know it in my nerves, and shall softly and silently vanish away like the baker in 'Hunting the Snark.' But, till then, let me love you in peace."

She had been sitting on the ground with her arm across Lady Margreave's knees, and now, swinging into a new attitude with the easy grace of a leopard, she leaned her head back on her aunt's lap and held up both hands towards her, clasping them round her neck as she leaned forward to bestow the caress thus invited.

Lady Margreave, who had an eye for female beauty, felt very strongly that Terra was mismanaging her life, though she could hardly rebuke her for not putting herself up to auction in a calculating spirit. She saw that it would be best to wait for events to develop themselves, and so the first season of Terra's association with the Margreave household passed without leading to any results.

It was in the course of the second that she met George Ferrars. She had seen him ride in a steeplechase, and ride the winner. This was at a country meeting during Easter. Ten days afterwards at the Margreave's, in town, he was appointed to take Terra down to dinner. Something happened to his heart-strings during the ceremony—as he afterwards explained to Mrs. Malcolm—and whether it was foolish or whether it was the *coup d'œil* of genius, he knew when he rose at the end of the feast and drew back Terra's chair for her, that he should propose for her at the first opportunity. Terra, for her part, was well disposed to him to begin with. Circumstances had not yet advanced far enough for him to be tender in his manner. Their conversation had been bright and unembarrassed. She started with good first impressions, as she knew at any rate that he was no milk-sop. But they fell into a talk of books and some social movements and

the duties of different people in life—drawing-room metaphysics generally—that interested her and made her forgetful of personalities—of her own especially.

“And here, we have never said a word about the Briceborough Cup;” she remarked within a few minutes of the time the ladies were drawn off.

“And it is quite the best that no words should be said about it. My reputation as an *attaché* would be ruined with Lord Maxborough, if he thought I was infected with horsiness, which I am not. I rode to oblige a friend.”

“And what has Lord Maxborough got to do with it?”

“He is my chief, my ambassador, the architect, let us trust, of my future fortunes.” Then he added, as the thought crossed his mind that he would be on firm ground, such as it was with Miss Fildare from the first, and surprise her into no concessions which she might make on the assumption that he was a greater man in the world than was really the case. “There are diplomatists, like our host you know, who are careless of the loaves and fishes, and there are other diplomatists, who are constrained to care about them very much, like me.”

Miss Fildare was a hundred leagues from divining the purpose of this speech, but it made Ferrars rather more interesting than before in her sight, as a combatant on the world's stage. In truth it overshot the mark, as regards the sense in which she took the words, for Ferrars, though no heir of large fortune, had some moderate means of his own independently of his ornamental profession. Without this he would hardly have formed the resolution, spoken of already, as crossing his mind when he drew back Terra Fildare's chair.

The opportunity for putting this resolution in practice occurred almost within a week of their first meeting. Chance had favoured him in furnishing two or three further opportunities of talking with Miss Fildare, but in none of these had he hinted at any deep feelings, or made love in veiled phrases. He had been simple, straightforward, and natural, talking to her about things, places, and people—her own tastes; and even rather disparaging some of these, for he was too serious in his purpose with her to be insincere, even in trifles.

"I enjoy sport thoroughly," he said, "to put the matter in a paradoxical way, as long as I have a sub-consciousness of the fact that I don't really care about it. If I came to suspect that I did, I think I should turn away from it in disgust. I once heard a friend of mine say amongst a lot of men talking about smoke and drink, and that sort of thing, 'If I found myself with a habit I could not break, I should break myself of it next day.' That puts the whole thing far more neatly and rightly, than if one were to spread out the idea in a formal logical sentence."

"You're a man, and you always do what you like, so you never fret for anything. It is only not getting a thing one wants, that makes one want it specially."

"That depends on the thing. About one class of things, what you say is quite true, and the fact that that is so, condemns them really as things not worth wanting. Another class of things—the more you get them the more you want them."

"Money?"

"No, I don't mean money. In a bad sense what I have just said is true, perhaps, of money; but it is still truer in regard to having your life fairly well filled with interests that you can respect yourself for being interested in. And it is true, I think, of yet another kind of thing."

The conversation was taking place in Park Street. Ferrars had met the Margreave party at a concert, and had gone home with them by invitation for afternoon tea. Lady Margreave was talking to another visitor in the principal drawing-room. Ferrars and Terra had gone into a smaller room, opening out of this at one corner—a kind of boudoir looking over the Park, to inspect a small picture lately added to its art treasures, and there had remained talking.

"And your other kind of thing, whatever it is, will again be found, I am sure, to be accessible to men only. Women have a poor fate at the best; but as compared with dress and driving about town, I think grouse shooting is a better sort of interest, not to speak of tigers."

"My other kind of thing is not inaccessible to women; and I may as well tell you what it is, Miss Fildare, now, as later."

Terra was standing by the window, Ferrars leaning on the

top of a low-seated, tall-backed chair close by, but he did not move from this position, and calmly went on:

"All the other interests of my life have now come to be subordinate to one. Don't be startled at what I am going to say, though I put it very abruptly. I can even explain why I am so abrupt if you listen quietly."

Terra turned round from the window to look full at him, with open eyes, as he spoke across the chair that divided them.

"My supreme purpose in life now, Miss Fildare, has come to be to get you to share it with me. Let us consider why that is so afterwards. First, I want you to know—because I like to be honest and straightforward—what I mean in seeking your society—what I am hoping to persuade you to do in the end."

Miss Fildare was taken too much by surprise to say anything for the moment, beyond a half articulate exclamation of wonder. She leaned back against the embrasure of the window, still looking Ferrars straight in the eyes, but whether with the expression of a hunted animal at bay, or with the exhilaration of a sudden excitement that was not disagreeable, it might have been difficult to determine.

"You are too splendidly honest a creature, Miss Fildare, to tolerate cunning manœuvres designed to win you by degrees. I have loved you altogether, unreservedly, from the first day I met you, and if I did not tell you so, I should be acting a false part every time I come near you. But do not suppose I expect you to come down off your throne, and give yourself to me all at once. Only let me argue the matter with you reasonably, and not be beating about the bush."

"I've always hated the idea of getting married," said Terra, slowly and intensely.

"I don't see why you should hate the idea of being the embodied sunshine of a true man's life; but I divined that feeling in you that you speak of, and I only hope to show you by degrees that it is a mistaken feeling. But first of all I want you to take one resolution, which surely must be a wise one. Do not decide this matter against my wishes hastily. I will be patient on my side. You can see, of course, that I would rather take you in my arms now, than do any other earthly thing——"

"Don't, I tell you, I hate all that——"

"I won't," said Ferrars, still without moving from his first attitude. "That's what I mean—I tell you plainly, I love you utterly and finally, with passion as well as with fixity of purpose. But I do not see that that gives me any rights over you, unless you choose to accept my love."

"I suppose I'm differently made in some way from other women? Most girls they say, like to be made love to; but it drives me mad, and it is only because you talk so reasonably in one way, that I can bear it now as I do. Goodness knows it isn't reasonable on your part to want to make love to me. Surely you don't want to marry a girl because you think her handsome, merely, and what is there to recommend me but the outside? I'm a hard, fretful, discontented creature, and I believe I ought to have been a man."

"You don't understand yourself in the least little bit. You might as well show me your hand with a glove on it, and say that is the shape of the glove and not of the hand. Your real inner nature must correspond to the glorious outside you talk about."

"I never said it was glorious."

"No; that's what I think——"

Lady Margreave came into the smaller room at this juncture to show her visitor the picture. There was nothing odd about the grouping of the young people to suggest that they had been interrupted. Terra left the room while the picture was under examination. Then the visitor went, and then Ferrars explained the situation to Lady Margreave.

Thus was established the order of things referred to in the letter Ferrars wrote to his sister from the village inn. Terra Fildare was not engaged: that had to be formally recognized by all parties concerned, at intervals, and she would point out with great emphasis that the situation was most unfair and trying to Mr. Ferrars—as he himself would grant in regard to its being a trial; while pointing out in his turn that his case would not in any way be alleviated if on the ground that it was hard to begin with, it should be made a great deal worse by the destruction of the hopes with which, at all events so far, it was associated. Then, although Terra declared herself simply unable to recognize

that she was honestly in love in return, without which the notion of engaging herself to be married would be unendurable, there were comparatively sunny gleams during the strange courtship to which she found herself subject, when Ferrars' vows of total abstinence in regard to the usual demonstrations of a lover's feeling were a little broken into. There had been, for example, a somewhat greater expansion of sentiment than usual when Ferrars bade her good-bye, before going abroad to his appointment for a few weeks, before the visit to Oatfield, in the course of which he took Kinseyle Court *en route*.

"My darling, that may be," he said, when the parting embrace took place; "and, my only love, in any case, you are free as air, though I do carry away these sweet recollections of you. Nothing will impair that freedom but your own deliberate choice and spoken word. So do not be afraid that I shall misunderstand a moment's kind impulse when I am going away."

And with this recognition of her irresponsibility, Terra suffered herself to be magnetised for the moment by her lover's enthusiasm, and to be so far responsive as to tremble for a while on the verge of an unconditional surrender. If Ferrars had been less faithful to the promises and principles of his courtship, he might, perhaps, have carried all before him in that critical instant, and later events might have fallen out differently; but he loyally tore himself away from her without attempting to snatch an advantage from a transitory weakness of hers, and long bore in his recollection the parting look of tenderness that suffused her glowing beauty, and the moisture that glittered in her eyes.

CHAPTER IV.

UNPROMISING SYMPTOMS.

OATFIELD, though bearing that unpretending name, was a stately edifice of historical interest, with a central painted hall for a dining-room, high enough to be dominated by a broad gallery at one end on a level with the bedroom floor, covered by a vaulted and carven roof and lighted with stained-glass windows. A long picture gallery, with two gigantic fireplaces—themselves elaborate works of sculpture—ran along the front of one side of the house

on the ground level, and this, enlarging at the further end into an L-shaped morning-room, and that again opening into the largest conservatory of the establishment, constituted the favourite haunt of the family when no special ceremonial claimed the use of the great drawing-room beyond the dining-hall.

"In the gallery, Sir!" Ferrars was told he would find her ladyship, on his arrival about six. And he passed up the room, hearing voices at the further end, though he neither saw nor was seen till he reached the corner where the L turned. Then he came on a group of people with the remains of tea on a low table in their midst, gathered round the entrance to the conservatory. Lady Margreave was knitting in a low armchair. A dark-haired, bright, beady-eyed, high complexioned girl of middle stature was seated at the tea-table, looking up laughing at Terra Fildare, who was standing just within the conservatory. Terra was dressed in a severe, dark-green braided costume—short for walking—with a small round hat of the same colour and cloth fastened on her wavy mass of red gold hair, and in her right hand she held by the barrels—the butt resting on the pavement—a gun. Within the room was a man in country walking costume—dark brown clothes and lighter brown gaiters; tall, slender, with a close black beard and moustache covering his mouth and chin, and a long, but not prominent nose that gave an impassive, rather saturnine, expression to his otherwise undoubtedly handsome face. The two had evidently come in from the grounds. A footman was standing near Miss Fildare, having apparently been summoned to take charge of the gun.

The greetings incidental to Ferrars' arrival gave a new turn to the conversation. The gun was given up to the footman, and taken away. The young lady herself shook hands with Ferrars with a certain formality, ensuing perhaps, from a sense of having been surprised in the display of that instinct in her nature with which he was least sympathetic; and then Lady Margreave presented him to the two members of the party with whom he was unacquainted: Miss Maxwell and Count Garciola.

A meeting with Terra under these conditions was a painful contrast for Ferrars, with his recollections of their last parting, but he could only sit down, accept tea, and join in the talk going

on. Terra was taciturn, and, grandly beautiful though she could not help being at all times, was in one of her least amiable moods.

"I planned to have you with us yesterday," said Lady Margreave, kindly disposed to make things as pleasant as possible for her guest, whose constraint and annoyance at having no opportunity of greeting Terra more freely, she readily divined: "The Morrisons came over to dine, and we had some nice music in the evening."

"It was very good of you. I should have been here yesterday, but for a mission I had to fulfil for my sister. Life is full of contrarities. I spent the evening all by myself at a village inn, when I might have been so much better employed."

Miss Maxwell, turning to the Count, detached herself from the dialogue thus set on foot, and picked up the thread of what they had been talking about before Ferrars joined them.

"I think it must have been your story of the bull-fight that made Terra so blood-thirsty this morning, months before any respectably brought up birds are ready for slaughter. If you had us in Spain, Count Garciola, we should all be wearing stilettoes and using them on one another in a fortnight, I believe."

"You ladies are armed with stilettoes by nature, Miss Maxwell," said the Count, speaking slowly in a deep, melodious voice, with the least imaginable foreign accent, "and your eyelids are their sheaths. But you do not use them most on one another."

"We have got weapons for one another," said Terra, "but they are not our eyes. Some of us find our tongues more deadly."

Ferrars, only half engrossed with answering Lady Margreave's questions about his adventures *en route*, caught the general flavour of this badinage with a sense of discomfort.

"That," said the Count, "is no doubt why you can dispense with the weapons of our beautiful barbarians in Spain. To carry the dagger, also, would be indeed superfluous."

"I deny that we have any weapons," said Miss Maxwell. "Leave us our northern meekness as our only shield. But it is nice to talk about your southern ferocities. When is it etiquette for Spanish ladies to stab people?"

"When their lovers are untrue, mademoiselle; but there are ways of keeping lovers true, more certain than the fear of steel—more deadly, as Miss Fildare tells us."

Terra was generally so impatient of sentimental talk, that Ferrars expected her to manifest some kind of contempt for this empty frivolity. But this time she merely answered lightly :

"I would like the steel best. You must send to Madrid and get me a trustworthy poniard."

"What nonsense you children are talking!" said Lady Margreave. "I don't believe Spanish ladies ever use any sharper instrument than a fan. But how did you know where to go, Mr. Ferrars, if your sister merely sent you in search of a young lady without giving you her name or address?"

"She gave me something like the name of the house she belonged to, and I found it out with the help of Burke and the County Directories; and then I, or rather we, for I had a friend with me to share my adventures, came on the young lady, as it happened, in a deserted old house all by herself, in a trance or a fit. It was quite a romantic incident, I assure you."

"What on earth do you mean. Was she a female hermit, or a Lady of Shalott?"

"By no means; there was a governess in waiting and a gamekeeper. The young lady came to of her own accord, and went away."

"But does she live all by herself in the deserted house with the governess and the gamekeeper? You have made friends with a very extraordinary family!"

"And why did you let her go away?" asked lively Miss Maxwell, joining in the talk. "Wasn't she pretty? or wasn't she so young as she had been?"

"She was a charming girl about eighteen or nineteen, I suppose; and yet I came on north next morning," said Ferrars, "and did not try to find out any more about her than just her name and address, which I sent to Mrs. Malcolm. Then my business was over."

"I do not understand the situation in the least," said Lady Margreave. "But diplomatists are nothing if they are not mysterious."

"And when they don't understand situations themselves," Ferrars replied, "then their solemnity gets most impressive. The mystery of the young lady is so far unfathomable. Why she

haunts the deserted house in the dusk of the evening; why her governess is frightened to go near the place; why my friend and I find ourselves waiting in an unknown hall for two ladies whom we don't know; why we hear piercing shrieks and rush up to their assistance, and are then told that there is nothing the matter and get no further explanation, I am wholly unable to say."

"Good gracious!" said Miss Maxwell; "this is the first we hear of the piercing shrieks."

"But who shrieked? and why?" asked Lady Margreave.

"I haven't the least conception," said Ferrars, purposely entangling his narrative for the sake of humouring the position. "I think now it must have been the ghost."

"Is there a lunatic asylum at hand, dear Lady Margreave," asked Miss Maxwell, "in case any of us go crazy?"

"Oatfield will be one by the time Mr. Ferrars has finished his story. But pray tell us more about the ghost. What was he like?"

"I did not see the ghost. I only heard the scream. Then the ladies came away, and I made myself agreeable to the governess, while my friend talked to the young lady, and the house was locked up."

"And the ladies locked out?" said Miss Maxwell. "Then where do they sleep?—on the roads?"

"I don't know; but it is easy to understand that the ghost may prefer to be left alone at night. And, besides, the house does not belong to the ladies at all. The keeper sees them safely home when they have finished screaming."

"I can quite understand that they want a keeper," said Miss Maxwell. "Does she look dangerous, the Lady of Shalott, or only melancholy?"

"Not melancholy, at any rate—but bright and beautiful in quite a remarkable degree."

"We must try and elicit the truth from him by degrees," said Lady Margreave, "when he is off his guard. You must never ask a diplomatist a straightforward question. But meanwhile let us have a little fresh air. Will you come to the garden, Terra, and let us gather some roses?"

Miss Maxwell tripped off to get Lady Margreave a hat. The

rest went out into the conservatory. and stood about looking at the plants for a little while, then round the outer door; but when the hat was brought, Terra declared that she had been walking about enough, and would go to her room to be lazy till dinner.

"I will do execution on the roses to-morrow, Aunt Mary," she said, "and make a clean sweep of the old ones all through the house."

Ferrars only had the opportunity, as they moved about the conservatory, of exchanging half a dozen words with her.

"You got my letter from the Hague?"

"Yes: I had no need to answer, as I knew you were coming here. Besides, I had nothing fresh to tell you. I like being in the country, you know, and I've merely been enjoying myself."

"I hope you may do that always, wherever you are."

Lady Margreave and Ferrars went out into the grounds by themselves after all, as Terra commanded Miss Maxwell's attendance on herself, and the Count said he was promised half an hour with Sir James.

"He's hooked on to the Spanish embassy, is he not?" said Ferrars.

"Yes; something to do with commercial treaties. He's a great traveller. He knew Terra and her father in India. Spent some time with them, apparently, when they were at Allahabad."

"He was the hero of the tiger episode in India then, I suppose?"

"Yes; Terra has a desperate penchant for excitement of that kind. She is young, and strong, and full of vitality, and will tone down in time, I hope; but for the present I do not think it would be wise to put too heavy a restraint upon her. That is why I humoured her whim this afternoon, when she got excited with the thought of going out with Count Garciola in search of rabbits. You must not suppose that she has been making a practice of that sort of thing."

"I haven't any right to complain in any case. Whatever she does, lies between her and you."

"It is a trying position for you, Mr. Ferrars, but the way you behave in the matter wins my sympathy, at all events. I hope Terra will learn to be quite responsive in the end, and there is no

reason that I can see why she should not. She certainly does not care about anybody else; but perhaps her overabundant vitality prevents her heart from speaking for the moment. At all events, there is nothing petty or unreliable about her. If she does say anything, she is so utterly sincere that you may trust her then altogether."

For the time being, however, Miss Fildare seemed in no mood for discussing any of the questions Ferrars had chiefly at heart. The evening furnished no opportunities for this. They only met again in the drawing-room shortly before dinner, and though Ferrars was directed to take the young lady in, Count Garciola, whose arm had been taken by Lady Margreave, sat on the other side, and the conversation at that end of the table was mixed. During the rest of the evening, after dinner, Terra kept her friend, Miss Maxwell, by her side. There were other guests in the house; some music went on, some whist, and then there was an adjournment to the billiard-room, whence the ladies took their departure to bed finally, while Ferrars was engaged in the uninteresting duties of a four-handed game.

Next morning, Ferrars snatched an opportunity, as people were breaking up from the breakfast-table, to ask Terra to stroll "round the lake"—a small tarn lying within the grounds behind the house, and encircled by a shrubbery. She wavered a little, then agreed; but last of all a certain Mrs. Appleby, an elderly lady of the party who had not heard the arrangement made, was found to be setting out in search of morning air and gentle exercise in the same direction, and went with them, wholly unconscious at first, at any rate, of being in any way *de trop*. The morning would have been fruitless, from Ferrar's point of view, had not they met Lady Margreave at the further side of the lake. She had come round the contrary way with one of her children, and drew off Mrs. Appleby, making a suggestion at the same [time that Terra and Ferrars should go on and give certain directions from her to the housekeeper at Marton Grange. This was an old house half a mile off, belonging to Sir James, and generally let, though for the moment it was untenanted. The walk through a small plantation and across a couple of fields was no great ordeal in itself on a lovely summer morning; still Terra

made excuses. Miss Maxwell was waiting to give her a painting lesson—she had merely come out for a turn round the lake, and had promised to be back directly; so the proposed walk was not carried out, though, as they returned to the house, the two elder ladies went on in front, and Terra found herself alone with Ferrars for a short time in the rear. The opportunity was not altogether a favourable one, for entering on serious conversation.

“I have a hundred things to say to you,” Ferrars began, after a few of the precious moments had been wasted in silence; “but I must wait to say them till you can give me a longer hearing. I am glad to be near you again, but I must hope to find you more at leisure some time to explain to you how glad.”

“I hate to be driven,” said Miss Fildare. “It was such a glaring thing for Aunt Mary to want to send us off that way to Marton.”

“It was meant very kindly to me, and I am grateful for the intention.”

Miss Fildare had merely prepared herself for the walk by putting on a broad-brimmed straw hat, and the light-coloured dress of a pliant, woollen fabric that she wore, though loosely made, could not disguise the opulent curves of her magnificent figure. Her firmly moulded features, richly tinted complexion, and large steely-blue eyes, of the kind that have their intensity heightened by a darker shade of colour round the outer rim of the iris, with brows and lashes a shade or two darker than the tawny masses of her hair, drew Ferrars’ earnest gaze upon her as they walked along; but she looked up with no answering smile, and her lover’s recollection of the all-but-decisive tenderness of her look when they last parted, gave a peculiar poignancy to the disappointment he felt at finding her thus out of reach again and more unconquered than ever.

“Nothing of that kind can be wisely done, at all events,” she said in return. “Mr. Ferrars,” looking up at him fearlessly and frankly—almost fiercely, “I can see you are of the same mind about me as before. I don’t want to be affected about it, but I do want you to leave me alone to choose the time when I will have a serious talk with you during the next few days. It may be stupid

of me, but if I feel hunted I can't help turning to bay, as it were. How long are you going to stop there ? ”

“That depends ! but I will stop until I have had that serious talk with you—or, rather, let me correct that. I am not hunting you ; I am not going to manœuvre to catch you alone ; I will not try to bind you, even by fixing a time for my stay, to give me the serious talk you promise, against your inclination in the end, perhaps. I *am* of the same mind about you as before. Let that be clearly understood ; and understand, also, what in your utter freedom from affectation and self-consciousness you may hardly realise always that I am longing for your companionship—not merely for one talk, but for you altogether—with an intensity that is sometimes almost maddening. But my pride with you—my only pride that is personal to myself in my dealing with you—is that I offer you my great love to take or to leave, and that whatever way you settle the matter, I will hold you in my sight, and in that of the only two people who know of my love for you, entirely in the right and blameless.”

“Your behaviour to me is perfect ; unless for what was, perhaps, the original mistake of ever noticing me at all. As for me, after all, though the situation may be trying for you, I cannot see that I *am* to blame in any way.”

“You are *not*. I do not mean that I will hold you blameless in the sense of screening you from anybody's disapproval ; I only mean that I will have the truth in that matter clearly appear and fully acknowledge it myself, if there ever comes a time when there could conceivably be a discussion of the matter.”

“I do not know whether that will be or not. That is what makes me angry with myself. Other girls, I fancy, know when men propose to them, whether they want to say ‘Yes’ or ‘No.’ Perhaps I ought to have said ‘No’ at once, merely because I was not at once impelled to say ‘Yes.’”

“That would neither have been fair nor wise. For you may find it possible to say ‘Yes,’ Terra, and you may find that beyond such a ‘Yes’ lies happiness. I do not value myself at any extraordinary rate, and yet—and I have thought over this for hours together, and days—I do not see how you could be unhappy with me, once fairly started with me. I know the reality of my love

for you—the singleness of intention in my own character, and its steadfastness in some things.”

“I do feel you are honest and true; but——”

They had come back now round the lake to a little rustic bridge leading back on to the lawn before the principal face of the house. The two elder ladies had already crossed this. Terra paused on the bridge and leaned on the balustrade, as though looking at the water, so as not to bring their conversation to an abrupt close by entering the house.

“But what?”

“I do not think what you say quite follows.”

“That was not what you had on your tongue to say a moment ago.”

“It’s quite to the point, at any rate. Suppose it is not in me to be galvanised, even by your feeling for me, into any emotion worth speaking about in return. Supposing I want something in life”—again she paused and hesitated—“something different from love, some other form of excitement—but if I go on talking of vague fancies you will misunderstand me.”

“It might clear up your own mind to talk. It is so important to you that you should understand things and yourself rightly just now.”

“Well, I can’t go on talking now, at all events; though I feel in a way as if it did me good to be with you. I’m a strange mixture—we all are, I suppose, one way or another.”

She put her hand lying on the bridge-rail over towards him as she spoke. They were too much in view for him to do more than take it for a moment.

“It seems as if I were saying good-bye to you, though we are staying under the same roof. But you must do, my Queen, about this glorious gift of yourself *as* you think fit—when and how you think fit.”

“Thanks; you are so loyal! But I don’t mean that we shall not talk together sometimes, only you must not hunt me.”

She looked up with a brighter smile than she had given him since his arrival the previous day as she said this; and then they went up the lawn and into the house.

(To be continued).

DISSOLVING VIEWS OF ARMY REFORM.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER, K.C.B.

THE Army Order and pamphlet, which have just been issued by the War Office by command of the Army Council, cannot fail to call to the mind of all who have attempted to follow the curious history of so-called Army Reform since the Duke of Cambridge left the post of Commander-in-Chief in October, 1895, the flourish of trumpets with which the Order in Council of November 21st, 1895, and the Army Order of March 4th, 1902, were introduced to the public. The first was destined, under an all-powerful War Minister, to provide a perfect and permanent system of administration for the army at the War Office; by the second the Army Corps system was explained and brought authoritatively into being. Both of these systems have now disappeared at the hands of the Government, of the same political party responsible for their creation, and out of their ashes have been evolved others, fated also, no doubt, to enjoy an equally transient and ephemeral existence. The Government appeared especially to pride itself on the Army Corps system, which was vigorously opposed in the House of Commons, for the Prime Minister stated that this was the scheme of the Government for Army Reform, and by it the Ministry would stand or fall. The scheme has gone but the Government still stands! Whether it proposes to stand or fall by the very elaborate and remarkable system now enunciated, has not been stated, and judging from the more than scanty enthusiasm with which it has been received by the Press throughout the country, it hardly seems

probable that our present rulers will commit themselves to any such rash undertaking.

The system of Army Administration under which Lord Lansdowne was the first War Minister, cannot fairly be pronounced to have been a failure, and it might have been a complete success. As the *Times* wrote on November 25th, 1895, "the more carefully the scheme is considered the more clearly does it appear that the benefits derivable from it to the army must depend upon the spirit in which it is administered and the ability with which the intentions of the Government are seized and carried out." The leading journal prophesied with absolute accuracy, for it is unfortunately notorious that friction, the most severe, arose, that relations became intensely strained, where, to secure the success of the measures and for the good of the country, perfect union and harmony should have prevailed. The same result may be safely predicted in case of the present scheme, with regard to which, by a curious coincidence, the *Times* concluded its leading article on the subject on January 6th with these words: "In this, as in most other questions of organisation, everything will depend on the spirit in which the new system is worked." *Absit omen!*

As Pope wrote :

"For forms of Government let fools contest ;
That which is best administered is best."

The present scheme, which in some ways resembles that of Mr. Brodrick, with certain cardinal points of difference, which cause the former to be much more destructive, and infinitely more calculated to produce friction, would not, perhaps, be doomed to absolute failure, if such a Utopian state of things could be realized, that everyone who has in greater or a less share in working it in the War Office, would determine "to make the best of a bad job."

The Army Corps Scheme was the natural outcome of the Imperialism of the present Government, in accordance with which it has recently been suggested that *we should think* ; and which has caused our responsibilities to far outrun both our armed strength and our income ; if, however, it had been carried out in its entirety, it would have given us a force of six hybrid Army Corps, which seems a large army, according to our ideas, but is as

nothing compared to those of the great military Powers, each of whom possesses over twenty real and not nominal Army Corps, and who can mobilize men by millions. I use the word "hybrid," not in any sense of detraction, but because the term "Corps" is a misnomer in regard to an army, a great part of whose units are abroad, and can never be reckoned upon for any length of time to remain within the same framework. In a foreign army, such as that of Germany and France, the Army Corps divisions and brigades are always composed of the same battalions, squadrons and batteries, and the corps commander is a commander-in-chief of a small homogenous army for which, in every respect, he is solely and entirely responsible. There is no shadow of dual control; and, moreover, the twenty-three Army Corps of Germany, for instance, are practically exactly alike, composed and trained, the whole of the recruits coming to their corps the same day, and the trained soldiers passing into the reserve in like manner. It is palpable that a system such as this, which is perfection from a military point of view, can only be produced by compulsory service; and if Imperialism is to be persisted in, and if we are to pose as a great Military, as well as the greatest Naval Power, there is nothing for it but to accept conscription, and turn this country into a huge training ground for troops. What the cost of this would be, directly and indirectly, scared imagination itself fails to grasp. Mr. Arnold Forster has asserted, that even the limited form of compulsory service suggested by the Duke of Norfolk's Commission, would add £25,900,000 annually to the cost of the Army.

Shortly before the Army Corps Scheme was issued, the writer of this article said to a very capable official at the War Office, who was engaged in the task of carrying out the new organization: "Surely you are not going to call these bodies Army Corps, for they have little analogy with such formations in other armies." "Oh yes," he replied, "there is not much in a name, and this one will catch on to the ear of the Public":—Poor, patient, hoodwinked, long suffering, overtaxed public!

Though the Army Corps system of Mr. Brodrick was stifled in the birth, it was due to no fault of his. With the limited means at his disposal, and in pursuance of the policy of his Cabinet,

he did his best to make a frog swell to the dimensions of a bull. His scheme was, as we know, absolutely approved of by the Prime Minister; he had indeed to make bricks without straw; he was given no chance of maturing his plans, at which he worked with all the earnestness and thoroughness which are so characteristic of him, and if he failed, the onus can only be laid at his door, as one of the Ministry, which thoroughly approved of his scheme in 1902, only to throw him over, and to adopt other proposals in 1904.

On one occasion, in the House of Commons on Thursday July 14th, 1904, the present War Minister spoke generously and exactly to the point about the Army Corps system, and his words are well worth recording in full. In the course of his speech, in which he introduced to the House of Commons his proposals, some of which appear to be so excellent, while others are so dangerously destructive, that their inclusion discredits the whole scheme, Mr. Arnold Forster said:—"Hon. members have frequently, and I think with perhaps more zeal than discretion, attacked the Army Corps system of my right hon. friend (Mr. Brodrick). I think it is really extraordinary how much zeal and energy they have displayed in attacking a matter which really had very slight importance indeed. (Opposition laughter.) It is perfectly true, though one would not think so. Hon. gentlemen have been attacking this as if it was a matter of substance and essence. My right hon. friend divided the United Kingdom into a certain number of divisions, and he called these divisions Army Corps divisions. (Opposition laughter.) It does not matter two straws what these divisions are called, whether they are called Sunday school districts or Army Corps districts. (Opposition laughter.) As far as I can make out the whole fury and zeal of hon. members opposite has been directed purely against that name. (Ministerial cheers.) I should have had a great deal more respect for their attacks if they had directed them to what I believe to be the underlying matter or essence, because there is an underlying essence which I have never heard mentioned by one single member. An Army Corps is an accepted expression which connotes in ordinary parlance a certain particular proportion of troops. My right hon. friend hoped that

that proportion might be attributed to each of these divisions. Up to the present time it has not been attributed to all of them. (Opposition laughter.) Hon. members laugh, but I never heard that point of view raised before. (Opposition cries of 'Oh.') I have heard the point of the attack on the name. But we propose now to follow the recommendations of the Esher Commission, and divide the country into commands, which, though they correspond almost exactly with the territorial extension recommended by my right hon. friend, will not be subject to the anathemas of hon. gentlemen opposite, because they will be described by another name. (Ministerial cheers and Opposition laughter.) I think if hon. members can draw any consolation from that fact they are fully entitled to do so. I think it is desirable to harmonise the name with its customary signification. (Opposition laughter.) ”

Thus it will be perceived that there may be a great deal in a name, and that the adoption of that of Army Corps caught on to the ear of the public in the inverse sense to that which its authors intended!

The present army scheme provides, that in place of six Army Corps, seven divisions are to be created in so many areas into which the United Kingdom is to be divided in a military sense; exclusive of the London or Home District, which is again, very rightly, to be made independent. This arrangement necessitates the creation of seven instead of six staffs for the generals commanding areas, and seven staffs for the administrative major-generals. The plan of the Army Council for creating an equal number of both the above appointments in co-extensive districts, is far better than that proposed by the Esher Committee, namely that there should be five commands and eight administrative districts, in which case the major-generals commanding the latter would, in matters of principle and policy have been under more than one chief. Their position will be beset with difficulties as it is; if the proposal of the Esher Committee were carried out, it would be, impossible. In any case the dual command thus introduced is the worst feature of the scheme, which thus condemns itself, for the major-general or brigadier, who will be entrusted with the administrative services of the command is, it appears to be, independent of the so-called Commander in Chief of the Division,

except in matters of "principle or policy;" on all others he is to correspond direct with Head Quarters. Any one, with even a moderate experience of the army, will perceive that no plan, more pregnant with probabilities of friction, could have been devised. Such a scheme may be applicable to the navy, it certainly is not so to the army. By the Army Corps System, it was intended that the general commanding and his staff, should in case of war, proceed to it, with the same troops he commanded in peace, as in Germany and all other armies of any account; this is manifestly a perfectly sound axiom. It does not appear that the administrative generals are to go to war, and as, if I read aright, they are to be responsible for the coast defences, which are not included in the seven commands, it seems to be intended that they shall remain at their posts in case of hostilities, which cause the departure of the troops of their division, the commander of which will then for the first time, be called upon to undertake the whole of its administration, of which hitherto the only portion which has fallen to his share, has been that which involved questions of principal and policy. Thus on the outbreak of war, the machinery, instead of being fully prepared for war in time of peace, will lose some of its most active component parts, and new ones must be supplied, which, like new wine poured into old bottles, can only produce one result.

The separation of the coast defences from the area commands is the best feature of the scheme, as their inclusion in the Army Corps command was the most faulty of that system. Nothing would be more anomalous than that, for instance, the fortress of Portsmouth should have been placed under the general commanding the 2nd Army Corps at Salisbury. This question some time back formed the subject of enquiry by a Committee, which strongly recommended the separation, which has, as usual, after much unnecessary delay at last been determined upon.

With regard to the areas and distribution, there is little to criticise, except that the amount of troops in them is very unequal. This, perhaps, can hardly be avoided, but as in all cases the number of staff officers appears to be out of all proportion with the work to be done, this will be acutely and prominently emphasized as regards some of the commands. In fact, the very

large number of generals and staff officers required under the scheme lead one to fear that far from reducing the colossal sums spent upon our army, its cost will sensibly rise.

As to the latter, Mr. T. Gibson Bowles, who in his knowledge of finance is equalled by few, and surpassed by none, has lately published a most deeply interesting pamphlet, entitled "National Finance, an imminent peril"; in which he shows by actual figures, how of late the national expenditure has been extravagantly and recklessly increased, and how outrageously large the indebtedness of the public has been made. His object is to call attention to the downward and dangerous course which is being taken with regard to the country's finances; and to "sound an alarm" which the public, if it has any regard to its own interests will do well to take into the most serious consideration. He shows that the national accounts are kept in an unsystematic and complicated manner, and are so presented as to conceal and even to falsify facts; the figures he gives are all quoted from official documents, and are startling in the extreme.

STATE REVENUE.			
	1903-4.	1893-4.	INCREASE.
1. Revenue paid into Exchequer	£141,500,000	£91,100,000	£50,400,000
2. Receipts from borrowed money including Treasury balances (net).....	12,700,000	1,000,000	11,700,000
3. Receipts intercepted	22,700,000	14,500,000	8,200,000
State Revenue	£176,900,000	£106,602,387	£70,300,000

No. 1 includes all that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has to deal with, and include in his budget, and the vast proportion of the public believe that this is the total revenue of the State.

Mr. Gibson Bowles shows us how far this is from being the case.

With regard to the cost of the army and navy he gives the following statistics:—

ARMY.

	1893-4.	1903-4.
Army and Ordnance Factories, voted in supply by the House of Commons	£17,940,000	£36,675,999
Appropriations in aid, intercepted and not voted in supply	2,948,982	6,804,489
Issues under Barracks and Military Works Acts	680,000	2,950,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	£21,568,982	£46,430,488

Or an increase of £24,861,506.

NAVY.

	1893-4.	1903-4.
Navy voted in Supply by the House of Commons	£14,048,006	£35,476,000
Appropriations in aid, intercepted and not voted in supply	990,878	1,417,341
Issues under Imperial Defence and Naval Works Acts	37,004	3,318,000
	<hr/>	<hr/>
Total	£15,075,878	£40,211,341

Total Army and Navy £36,644,860 £86,641,729

Finally he shows the increase of the nation's liabilities to have increased from £1,003,100,000 on 31st March, 1894, to £1,417,820,000 on 31st March, 1904, an increase of £414,700,000 in ten years.*

A careful study of this pamphlet is strongly urged upon all who are interested with the mighty question of the solvency of this country.

With regard to the Army, the estimate for 1903-4 was including a supplementary estimate £36,675,999 but £46,430,488 was spent; the estimates for 1904-5 amount to £28,830,000, and this is the sum that Government and official speakers contend

* National Finance. An imminent peril. By Thomas Gibson Bowles, M.P. price 6d. Published by T. Fisher Unwin, 11, Paternoster Buildings, London, E.C. 1904.

must be reduced; not a word is said of the enormous sums *not included in the budget*, which will doubtless be expended, and of which the general public know nothing. The above figures have been publicly quoted by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Winston Churchill and others, and not a word of explanation or contradiction has been uttered.

To return to the scheme. With regard to the Auxiliary Forces, it appears to be as bad as it could possibly be. The Duke of Norfolk's Commission held 82 sittings and examined 134 witnesses. Its members were men of high capacity and experience, specially selected by the Government from all branches of the army. It strongly recommended that the Volunteer Force should be organised in war formations of brigades and divisions, that commanders and staffs should be appointed to these bodies, and that these commanders should be responsible at all times for the training, instruction, and inspection of their commands for their mobilisation and leading in war. This recommendation has the full approval of all who understand and appreciate the Volunteer Force, and of the Volunteers themselves, and it requires but a very small modicum of military knowledge or commonsense to understand that those who lead troops in war should be those who are responsible for their training and instruction in peace. Mr. Arnold-Forster, however, adheres to the stupid and antiquated system of dual command by placing the Volunteers under the command of officers commanding groups of regimental districts, who will be solely responsible for their training, while, whenever they are formed in brigades or divisions for training, they are to be placed under the command of the Volunteer brigadiers or divisional commanders, if such latter are created, who can in no sense be held responsible for their efficiency, arms, or equipment. A more unsatisfactory system could not obviously be devised. With regard to the Auxiliary Forces, at all events, Mr. Arnold-Forster has been a most profound disappointment, his appreciative utterances with regard to the Volunteer Force were many, and it was thought that his efforts and strong will would be directed towards forming a national and voluntary army by encouraging both Volunteers and Militia to the utmost, and that with regard to the former he would

do all that was possible to induce the youth of the country to become Volunteers and go through military training. But no, he has shown himself to be the bitterest foe the Auxiliary Forces have ever had; not even the traditional jealousy and dislike of those forces, which has been a constant factor in Pall Mall, and especially in the Adjutant-General's Department, has done, through long years, a tenth part of the harm to the Militia and Volunteers, which the present War Minister's schemes will effect, if the public does not awaken and put down its foot upon them. The Duke of Norfolk's commission unfortunately recommended compulsory service. I say unfortunately, because conscription in any form is impossible, for this country is ruled by the suffrages of the people, and they rightly or wrongly will not suffer any form of compulsory service. This is not to be wondered at, for nations have rarely embraced such a form of service, unless they have suffered a terrible and crushing disaster. We have not yet experienced a Jena or a Sedan, thanks to our Navy; and if an analogous disaster befell us, it would be a very complete one, for it could only be due to the destruction of the Fleet, the consequent loss of the command of the sea and of three-fourths of our food supply, which comes from abroad. From this no conscription would save us. The recommendation of the Commission has been readily grasped, as a pretext of discrediting the whole report, and every one of its most excellent recommendations have been contemptuously disregarded. It bore candid testimony to the great effect the Volunteer force has had in educating the people of Great Britain, to think of the army as a national institution, and it strongly deprecated any change which would modify the spirit which it has spread. The reply of the War Office is not to modify, but to threaten to destroy that spirit by reducing as inefficient nearly a quarter of this patriotic force, a blow which would infallibly annihilate the confidence and spirit of the whole.

• The Prime Minister has said that, if the might of the great military empires is brought to bear against us, we must depend for the time being not upon the regular army, but upon the readiness of the population of this country and of our free colonies to join in repelling the enemy. Our own Auxiliary Forces and Colonials in the war in South Africa gave us not very

far short of 200,000 men; we may be involved in time in an incomparably worse and more dangerous war. The independent State of Afghanistan alone intervenes between Russia and our Indian frontier. India has for long years been the objective of Russia, who has been, with marvellous tenacity and perseverance, creeping slowly but surely in our direction. We are quite aware, as Sir Edwin Collen shows, in his admirably clear and exhaustive letter on the subject in the subject in the *Times* of January 7th, that preparations to meet the danger have been made of recent years by the Indian authorities, and that with the regulars (European and native), the volunteers (some 30,000), the military police (20,000), and the frontier militia (6,000), whose creation is due to Lord Curzon, and the reserve, a very large number of troops, Sir E. Collen says 330,000, are present in India. Under Lord Kitchener the troops will be trained under those who will lead them in war, which he, at all events, considers a greater necessity, than it appears to be in the eyes of the Secretary of State for War.

It must be assumed that Russia would not attempt such a coup, unless she had assembled a sufficiently large army to carry it out. That she may carry it out, is quite recognised by the present Government, as evinced by Lord Selborne's late speech at the Colston Banquet, and by Mr. Balfour's celebrated speech on Army Reform, to the United Club on the 27th November, 1903; in which he said, "We have got a land frontier which can be attacked by a great Military Power, that land frontier is India; that great Military Power is of course Russia." He went on to say that our greatest difficulty is Indian defence.

This defence is, no doubt, the military question of our future. What proportion of the Army of India, after deducting the troops, which must needs be left in certain garrisons in various parts of the country, and the proportion of European troops found unfit for service in the field, which is usually a deplorably large one, the forces would be totally inadequate to meet the Russians; and as the very able writer of the special article in the *Times* of December 10th last, "Our warning from Manchuria" states, we should require 130,000 more white troops the first year of the war, and over 237,000 every year so long as the war lasted to meet

its waste. The amount of wastage may strike some persons aghast, but the wastage of war varies from 60 to 100 per cent. During the Peninsular War, in order to maintain a battalion of 1,000 strong at the seat of war, a second battalion of 1,000 had to be kept at home, and yet rarely could the strength of a battalion at the war be kept up to over 800. In the Russo-Turkish War the annual wastage of the Russians was 100 per cent.; that of the Russians in Manchuria has been infinitely greater. Our reserve is, as Mr. Arnold-Forster has written, no reserve in the sense of a reinforcement. This is undoubtedly true; at the beginning of the South African War, as he has stated in his book—"The War Office, the Army, and the Empire"—108,000 men of the Regular Army were serving in the United Kingdom. The nominal strength of the Army reserve was 78,000, these men were called to the colours, as were 6,800 of the Militia reserve. This proceeding should have brought up the strength of the army at home to 192,800. But as the 108,000 men with colours did not produce 50 per cent. of effective soldiers, the whole of the Army and Militia reserve were required to make up a force of 100,000 men for South Africa. The just conclusion drawn therefore by Mr. Arnold-Forster is that "our reserve is not a reserve; the soldiers who comprise it are not used as an addition to those already serving, they take their places *because the men actually in the ranks are not fit for service.*" These are the words of the present War Minister.

How then was our army reinforced during the war, till from first to last its strength reached the large total of 448,435? By means of the patriotism and courage of the Auxiliary Forces in the United Kingdom and of the Colonials, who together furnished 192,095 officers and men, which justified to the full Mr. Balfour's statement above quoted, that in stress of war we must depend upon the readiness of the population of this country and of our free colonies. War is not a matter that will await the convenience of any Government or Secretary of State for War, and not for years, under Mr. Arnold-Forster's scheme, will a reserve be formed to effect any more than fill up the places of men in the army found unfit for service in a campaign. By no other means than conscription can such an Army reserve, as Germany or France have at their

disposal, be produced, and our people will not admit the principle of compulsion at any price. We must therefore rely on what we have, and not on what is a will-o'-the-wisp to us.

No one will assert, that the heterogeneous force of Imperial Yeomanry, Militia, Volunteers and Colonials would be equal to the first line of reserve of the German Army in training, but the former are, to a large extent, composed of partially trained men of high intelligence, animated by patriotism, men who would quickly learn their duties as soldiers, because they meant to learn them, and wished to fight for their country. Surely the corollary of this proposition is, that we should cherish and encourage the Auxiliary Forces, as a reserve to our altogether inadequately small army, and that we should maintain the Volunteers at the greatest strength possible, for these are composed, as Mr. Arnold-Forster has stated, of the best material in the army, and cost by far the least; so that if the stress of war comes, there may be a large fund of strength to draw upon. What is the sum spent on the Volunteers, out of which it is hoped next year to save a sum of £300,000, in comparison with the 46½ millions spent on the army last year.

The War Minister has not attempted to disguise his intentions to destroy the Militia, as it was practically destroyed after Waterloo, and so to reduce the Volunteers that the force will lose a fourth of its strength. Of the remainder he proposes to create two classes, the first of which can do a greater amount of training, and for whom the corps will receive a higher rate of capitation allowance. This sounds reasonable enough in theory, but in practice, as has frequently been pointed out, it is just the reverse. The best educated and most intelligent Volunteers, who learn quickest, and are the most valuable, are usually those who hold responsible positions in civil life, who patriotically give up their leisure time, and often their holidays, to military training, but who cannot fulfil the technical conditions of efficiency prescribed by the War Office. This is the reason of the great fall of numbers in corps such as the Queen's Westminster, the London Scottish, the London Rifle Brigade, the Artists, the Civil Service, the 19th Middlesex, and many others, some of whom will inevitably perish from inanition if the present pernicious policy is persisted in.

A Volunteer Corps cannot exist without money; the main expenses of a corps are not decreased by a falling off in numbers, but the commanding officer, who is solely and personally responsible for the finances of his corps, loses the capitation grant of every Volunteer who leaves. If, therefore, many retire, and recruits are not forthcoming to take their places, the situation becomes impossible and the solvency of the corps must come to an end. This cannot be unknown to the War Minister, but as Mr. Winston Churchill wrote the other day, "On all sides Volunteer corps are dwindling, and their attrition is watched by the War Office with feelings of satisfaction similar to those which animate a jockey when a gentleman rider comes to grief."

Mr. Arnold-Forster has taken the bit in his teeth, and turning a deaf ear to the opinions of those who venture to differ from him, as to the course he is pursuing, is determined to reform the army, and especially the Auxiliary Forces, upon a new plan of his own, which, if persisted in, will leave very few of the latter to be the subject of further reform.

A most remarkable note of warning was struck by a "general officer of forty years' service," who is evidently in active employment, and behind the scenes, in a letter to the *Standard*, January 14th. He draws an appalling picture of the state of chaos, the result of recent reforms, which prevails in Pall Mall; he states "a series of absolute solid facts and defies contradiction." If such an appeal, made from a sense of public duty, but evidently greatly against the grain, owing to the position which the writer occupies, does not awake the public to the condition of the Army, notwithstanding its colossal cost, it is feared that nothing will do so.

The Army is bleeding to death from never-ending changes called reforms, the last of which has been the most pernicious in its effects upon the administration of the Army at the War Office. I am the last person to contend that the Army should be, in any way, free from Parliamentary control; there are, however, matters in all callings and professions, even in the Army, which can only be successfully carried out by professional men. A certain amount of medical treatment, even of a drastic nature, administered in

conformity with the prescription of a skilful and experienced physician, may have a beneficial effect upon a patient. The result of the repetition of overdoses of medicine at the hands of an empiric, who has no practical knowledge of physiology, or of the constitution of the subject, cannot be doubtful.

“Ne sutor ultra crepidam !”

PSYCHIC DEVELOPMENT:

THE INNER VISION.

BY MABEL COLLINS.

A LETTER I lately received expresses in simple language the idea I wish to develop. The writer had been shut up in the house for a long time, and had then gone to an out-of-door function on a brilliant July day.

“How entirely the sunshine and mixing with humanity shuts out the world beyond. I realise now how necessary it is when living an ordinary life in the world to have a dark room set apart for sèances. During the years I have lived entirely within my home, and the weather has been bad enough to shut oneself in, I have grown to feel always so near—so *very* near to the invisible world—so near that I should never have been startled to feel a hand in mine, or hear a familiar voice. But the sun beats this all away, and the mixing with numbers scatters it, and one can only retire to a lonely place apart and try to lay hold of it again.”

Many who are beginning to exercise the occult powers latent in man pass through the experience so well described in this letter. A long illness, or a long seclusion for the purpose of any solitary work, will allow of the development of senses which have no relation to the external physical world; and the passing out into it again gives a strange disconcerting feeling of unreality, which equally affects both states of consciousness.

Such a phrase as "The Inner Vision" conveys to the mind of the person who has not yet developed the sense of psychic sight in himself, the idea of something miraculous—by which is meant impossible. But science is gradually explaining miracles, and it is only a question of time and the development of the race, for it to become accepted that nothing is impossible. At one time seeing through solids was regarded as an impossibility, but now it is done every day in the hospitals; and one person, at all events, has been born with an eye-sight adapted for seeing through solid things without the aid of scientific appliances.

But all this is on the physical plane. The sight which comes to the one who concentrates upon it, in darkness, is entirely independent of the solar rays, and perceives

"The light which never shone on land or sea."

The ethereal light does not illumine the land or sea which is tangible to our physical senses; it exhibits a totally different range of phenomena from those made visible by sunlight. All artificial lights reveal the same objects as those shown by the sun, their light being borrowed from it. All these rays have to be excluded in order to develop the power of seeing that which is beyond, or outside, the physical sense. There are many mansions in the Father's house, and he who chooses can pass from the one we dwell in here, to another mansion which is very near at hand, if he steadily aims at doing so.

Probably the power which man undoubtedly possesses of passing from one state to another, and entering into the consciousness of his own higher self, is the meaning of the mysterious utterance of Christ: "Whither I go ye know, *and the way ye know.*" The silence and seclusion of a room set apart for the development of the ethereal and psychic senses aids the seeker to find this way; and the opening of the inner vision in the ethereal light is only one of the early incidents upon this way. But how wonderful it is! as, indeed, are all incidents in the panorama of life, the birth of a midge, or the opening of a leaf being as wonderful as any convulsion of nature which attracts attention from its rareness. So the sight comes, as the leaf opens; slowly, mystically, but persistently, if it is not stopped or checked,

and if it is given the light and air and room it needs. To become familiar with the phenomena upon which the inner eyes open when the outer eyes close finally and fully upon the solar rays, is to sweep away entirely the unnatural dread of death which has grown upon the race. This has come from simple lack of psychic and ethereal consciousness ; and everyone who sets himself to see beyond the narrow limits of this house of life, is helping to lift the shadow of a cruel and unnecessary fear from mankind. Those who have watched the eyes of the dying have seen in them the dawn of another sight, one which evidently perceives things of great beauty and interest. This experience can be obtained without paying the price of death, if, indeed, it be a price, and not rather a great reward. That it can be so obtained is a revelation to each one to whom it comes. One of the strangest features of the experience is the transference of interest. The affairs of the physical life fall away to a great distance and become trivial, while things hitherto unknown and undreamed of become suddenly of immense importance. As soon as you enter the space set aside for concentration and kept in complete darkness, a great peace falls upon you in regard to all the matters of the physical life, because you realise their temporary nature. Granted that some special affliction or trouble pursues a man throughout his mortal life—how short a time that is ! Outside of it, beyond it, all part of his inheritance and waiting for him, are vast tracts of life and experience, as yet untouched, and in which the physical plays no part. Apart from the question of immortality and the endless future, man has immense estates now, close at hand, if he will but look round upon them and venture into them.

The peopling of the invisible is always an amazement to those who are not accustomed to the thought of it ; the revelations of the microscope prepare and attune the mind to this most wonderful fact. But, even so, the man who is beginning to obtain the power of psychic sight is awed before the shapes of beauty and dignity which appear on all sides, and seem, moreover, to be concerned greatly with himself and his welfare. The evidence of all clairvoyants from all time goes to show that, while there are strong opposing forces which make the threshold of the unseen

world a place of great danger, there are beings appointed to guide the spirit of man through that danger. And these beings have the power of leading man safely through it if he invokes their aid in the true spirit of prayer and aspiration ; they have the further power, if it is required of them, to lift man to heights which he could not otherwise attain while embodied.

It is a very wonderful and delightful experience to have an invisible comrade, who dwells unseen beside you, ready to help you in all the difficulties of your life. The angels and saints who come to give help to the devout in answer to prayer are of these bands of invisible friends to mankind. Some clairvoyants consider they have obtained the proof that there are such bands existing, for the purpose of manipulating the forces which surround man, and to give him assistance in his development in respect to those forces. Great inventors and mechanics know the power that comes to the seeker in the hours of darkness and in complete solitude ; they know the value of an invocation to the unseen as well as the musician and the poet know it. Rays of light break into the layers of darkness, and the man who aspires to true knowledge and makes a genuine effort, finds himself enlightened and illuminated beyond his utmost expectations. This is only natural. He is transported to another plane of being, where that which is mysterious here is all demonstrated and practicable. A wonderful world is revealed to the seer, of such a nature as to make him more aware than ever before of the imperfections of this life. It does not make him dissatisfied ; on the contrary, he is more contented, more hopeful and happier than other men, for he knows the truth of the world-old statement that our life here is a pilgrimage to something utterly different. The portals of death admit all men to the finer state of being, either to suffer more keenly, or enjoy more intensely than they do here or now. But it is not necessary to wait and pass through those portals in order to taste the keener sensations. Set aside a silent, undisturbed, darkened, sacred place ; never enter it without a prayer that in its dimness the light of the Supreme may enter. Then try the great experiment !

The body remains within its chair in impenetrable darkness, within four walls which exclude all solar light and all signs of

outer life. The man himself, in due time, discovers that he has a power of seeing which is independent of the light from the sun, and powers of hearing which appreciate sounds apart from all physical vibrations. He escapes from the limitations of the physical senses, entering upon the exploration of the marvellously beautiful and interesting ethereal world which lies outside, or beyond, or within—any of these words will do—the physical world. And there he may perchance not only receive inspiration and learn lessons which are too hard for him to understand while he is only an earth-dweller, but he may be enabled to find a common meeting ground where he can once more speak with some who have gone before, with whom he is bound by love. Spirits too far advanced to come within the conditions of the material plane, who can only send thoughts to greet the sitters at an ordinary seance for manifestations, are able to meet their friends from the earth who can enter upon the ethereal consciousness. They can endure that state when the solidarity of earth life would be literally insupportable; and there is accomplished that mystic meeting of

“Spirit to spirit, ghost to ghost.”

The fascination of the effort to literally pass from darkness to light sets in soon after perfect darkness and stillness has been obtained. One sitter will see the gloom broken by bright, moving lights; another will see clouds of moving light; with some the blackness slowly gives place to light as at dawn.

When the inner sight becomes developed, it is found, on looking back, that it has never been entirely absent. The eyelids of man's ethereal body are not sealed; they are only closed because he does not know, or does not believe, that he can open them and look around him. Through the veil of the drooping lids faint visions come from time to time to all men, and are called by various names—mind-pictures, figments of the imagination, hallucinations. Man does not take himself seriously outside this little arena in which his physical body plays its small part; the training of his physical brain at school and college, the attainment of a livelihood during the brief span of his physical life, the fulfilling of ambitions for place and power on this petty stage, the gratification of love and desire within the limits of a single life,

are held to be all sufficient objects for an immortal being. But those we love pass on, and our own time comes ; all the little furniture of this narrow room disappears, and we find ourselves in a wider place, with added powers and gifts. Surely it is well to test these beforehand and learn their use, so that we may arrive there in possession of our faculties, ready for the new life.

THE FUTILE SYSTEM OF IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT.

THE FLEET and the other notorious Debtors' Prisons have, happily, become things of the past, and live only in the pages of historians and novelists. The absurd theory that by incarcerating a man's body, and thereby depriving him of the means of making a livelihood, the creditor could secure payment of his debts has gone, and gone for ever—a survival of the ideas of primitive society that existed down to the middle of the reign of Victoria. It was founded, not on any notion that imprisonment facilitated payment of debts, but on the ancient idea that all liability was personal only, and that if a man wronged his creditor by withholding payment of a sum due, the debtor must answer with his body, as he might, in still earlier times, have had to answer with his life. Surely a notion very far removed from the ideas of modern society!

In 1869, therefore, was passed the Debtor's Act—"An Act for the Abolition of Imprisonment for Debt"—by which the old procedure of "Ca Sa" was put to an end, and all imprisonment at the will of the creditor abolished. Yet the result has been that there still exists in this country—alone among European nations—a large amount of imprisonment for debt pure and simple.

For the Debtor's Act in its 5th section contained provisions under which the present system of judgment summonses has been established. That system is, in form, not a procedure at all for the collection of debts, but one more in the nature of a proceeding for contempt of court. The ground of the order is that the

debtor has had the means of paying the amount but has refrained from doing so, and for that quasi-wrongful act he is committed to prison unless he purges his contempt by paying an amount named by the judge within the time specified by him. The essence of the matter is that the debtor has had the means to pay and has not paid, but in practice it is purely a method of collecting debts.

Now, there seems to be little doubt that this was not the result contemplated by the framers of the Act, because its express intention was to abolish imprisonment for debt, and the exceptions clearly show the intention to preserve such imprisonment only where there is an element of fraud or dishonesty. What actually takes place must be familiar to everyone who has been in a County Court. The creditor who has failed to obtain his money in any other way issues a judgment summons against the debtor. A very large number of these come before the judge at each Court, with the result that he has to deal with the cases with great rapidity, and to decide upon a large conflict of evidence in a very short time. The debtor's past and present ability to pay has to be taken into consideration, and with it all the surrounding circumstances, regularity of employment, amount of wages, health, age, family, &c., and the judge in the time at his disposal can usually do little more than make a guess at the right order. At any rate, the proceeding is simply an ordinary method of obtaining payment, apart from any question of dishonesty.

The maximum period of imprisonment under a judgment summons is six weeks ; but the procedure contains this peculiarity, that where a debt has been ordered to be paid by instalments, a judgment summons may be issued for each one of these instalments. Supposing that the debt were one of £10, and it had been ordered to be paid by instalments of £1 a month, on the failure to pay any one of those instalments the creditor can issue a judgment summons, with the result that, upon proof of means, the debtor might have to undergo ten separate terms of imprisonment for his one £10 debt. On the other hand, if the whole £10 were made payable in one sum, one judgment summons only could be issued in respect of it. In this way the power given to judges to order debts under £20 to be paid by instalments—a power of the greatest benefit to the poor man—actually results in

his being threatened with, and maybe having to undergo, more imprisonment than would otherwise be the case.

A reference to the Civil Judicial Statistics—those for 1902, are the latest available—will show the extent to which this system of imprisonment for debt obtains at the present time, and the rate at which it is growing. Not to burden the reader with too many figures, we have taken the years 1883, 1893, 1897, and 1902. These will suffice to show the growth of the system, and the very remarkable increase in recent years.

I.—The number of judgment summonses issued—

1883	162,816
1893	231,012
1897	308,887
1902	350,687

II.—The number of judgment summonses heard—

1883	96,924
1893	139,337
1897	189,338
1902	217,464

III.—The number of warrants of commitment (to prison) issued—

1883	43,558
1893	76,207
1897	112,120
1902	139,346

IV.—The number of persons actually imprisoned—

1883	5,386
1893	6,905
1897	7,729
1902	9,530

Of these tables the two last are most germane to our subject, and there are two results that stand out very prominently from them. The first, as already mentioned, is the startling increase in recent years. The increase in the number of warrants of commitment from 1883 to 1893 was 32,649. In the next four years, however, 1893-97, they went up a further 35,913, a greater increase in four years than in the preceding ten, and the total increase in the nine years, 1883-1902, was 63,139, as compared with 32,649 in the

preceding ten years. So, too, if we take the actual imprisonments, the increase from 1883 to 1893 was 1,519, but from 1893 to 1902 this had accelerated to one of 2,625, and of this an increase of 1,801 had taken place in the years 1897-1902. In fact, so rapid and so marked is not merely the increase, but the acceleration in the rate of increase, that we shall soon arrive at a state of affairs when there will be more imprisonment for debt in England than there was before imprisonment for debt was abolished !

The second fact that is very obvious from the figures is the extraordinary discrepancy between the number of warrants issued and the number of persons imprisoned. It may be conceded at once that there are a large number of dishonest debtors, who never mean to pay their debts if they can possibly help it, and then only at the "point of the bayonet" ; but it is hardly credible that the enormous and increasing difference between the figures in the two tables can be entirely so explained. The case really is that a man will raise money anyhow, and his friends and relatives will lend it to him if they can possibly do so, in order that he may avoid being imprisoned. The system is little better than one of legalised terrorism for fleecing a man's friends for the benefit of his creditors.

In considering the desirability of maintaining such a system in the interests of the community at large, we venture to summarize the considerations urged by a county court judge in a recent contribution to the *Law Times*.

(1) The law works with uncertainty, as a large discretion is given to the judge, with the result that different judges make widely different orders upon similar cases; and in several instances proceed upon a system according to their opinion of the act itself. This is a particular misfortune in a statute affecting the liberty of the subject.

(2) The Law too, favours the idle and reckless, and works against the honest and prudent. The man that marries young, has a large and starving family, never has a shilling put by, and obtains everything that he can upon credit, can easily prove that he has never had the means to pay, and therefore an order for the smallest possible instalments must be made against him. On the other hand, the prudent workman, overcome by sudden distress,

can make no such excuse. He has had the means to pay, he is probably a skilled workman with hope of employment, and an order for large instalments must be made against him. Can a system that works in such a manner be described as just?

(3) Then again, there is no distinction made by the Act between an honest and a dishonest debtor. Why, we may ask, should an honest debtor be sent to prison at the instance of a creditor to be kept there at the expense of the community? And if the debtor is dishonest or fraudulent, why should he be sent to prison simply for the default in payment, and not for the fraud or dishonesty?

We venture to think that these considerations are sufficient to show that the present system is distinctly inequitable, and that no substantial reason can be given why the provisions of English Law should differ from those of other countries in respect of this matter. The total abolition of imprisonment for debt as debt, apart from any question of fraud, we unhesitatingly advocate in the interests of the working man, the trading classes, and the community at large. It could be combined with several reforms in points of detail in the machinery for the collection of small debts, particularly in the provision of a short, sharp and decisive remedy for their recovery. The vast majority of the cases brought in the County Courts are cases for the recovery of debt, that is to say, cases in which there is no real dispute either of fact or law. It would be no heroic change in administration for the Registrar of the Court to sit every week, instead of once a month, as at present, to give judgment in those cases where the defendant cannot show that he has a defence on the merits. The Law's delays, so far as the County Courts are concerned, are largely unnecessary, and could be avoided by some comparatively small changes in the procedure.

The only consideration of real weight that can be urged against the abolition of the present *régime* of judgment summonses is that it would impair the power of the working classes to obtain credit when they need it. We think, however, that the credit so obtained is credit not worth having. It means that the weekly wage is expended, not in obtaining the necessities of life for that week, but in paying instalments of back debts with

the addition of large sums for costs. Tradesmen accordingly have to protect themselves by asking higher prices, and workmen and their wives are induced to purchase articles of luxury, really beyond their means, upon credit, because the seller relies upon the weapon of the judgment summons to recover his debt. Such a system of credit is not a healthy one, and cannot be a real benefit to either party. The debtor must pay more or obtain smaller measure or worse quality; the creditor makes bad debts and needs larger capital.

On the other hand, the fact should be more widely recognised than it is, that credit is sometimes the necessity and the salvation of the working man, and is just as essential to him in order to tide over a period of difficulty as to the man of business. This is a problem that must be faced, but the present is not the occasion to discuss it in detail. It is certainly worth consideration whether the continental system of agricultural banks could not be established in this country, or whether institutions for providing advances on the model of the Friendly Societies could not be devised. That, however, is a question of the future—it does not affect the abolition of an institution, the results of which are clearly vicious.

H. J. RANDALL.

INDIVIDUALITY IN POETIC TASTE.

THAT everyone must admire the Classics is an aphorism we take for granted, and in this paper everything is to be taken for granted without being defined or explained—not even the word Classics. It may be observed that they are supposed to be contained in the hundred best books of Mr. Frederic Harrison's, or Lord Avebury's choice, or that of some other important literary authority. There has always seemed to be a preliminary difficulty in connection with reading only the best books, as we are emphatically counselled to do, and that is—how will new Classics ever be added to posterity's bookshelves? There must be a time when Classics are in the act of formation; how is anyone to judge of a new book unless he reads it. Unless the reader who bought Fitzgerald's "Omar Khayyám" for twopence at a second-hand bookstall had read it, and admired it, how should we have ever known a work which will be reckoned supreme for all time? Had he followed the advice Mr. Frederic Harrison gave us once about reading, he would never have looked inside a quite modern rendering, even of a Classic.

But how do Classics come to be called Classics? On whose authority, for instance, do I know that Shakespeare is a Classic if I do not feel it for myself? The usual answer, which explains in the usual way by not explaining at all, but by merely describing the same thing in other words, is that by the Consensus of Mankind we know Homer, Dante, Milton, Shakespere, etc., etc., to be Classics. Let us not analyse the Consensus of Mankind.

Heaven forbid! It is a good phrase; it sounds well, and let it stand. We will merely suggest that the Consensus of Mankind may mean the opinions of a small minority of cultivated people whose influence has been so powerful that it has produced, on less intelligent and less educated persons, the impression that admiration is due and expected from them in certain directions. This is sometimes called a Standard of Taste, and, as we must have known once, Mr. Matthew Arnold was very much concerned about it, he wished us all to conform in the matter of admiration, schooling ourselves to do so by certain tests. He begged us to put the personal estimate—that is personal preferences owing to our personal individualities—aside as misleading, and to attempt to admire all that was best on the pain of being else only partially cultivated. Emerson, on the contrary, is, as might be expected, widely individual as to preferences. "If Virgil is nothing to you," he says in some essay, "let him be nothing, though all the world has admired him. You were not made for Virgil, and Virgil was not made for you; other possibilities and loves are yours; the individuality of your preferences is a far more important and valuable thing than that you should admire Virgil." To some, Emerson will appeal strongly in this matter. The moment, however, we admit this, there rises in mental view a scene in the Royal Academy of gaping spectators, who like this picture, and can't bear that one, *Voces populi* indeed! with a constant refrain: "I have no knowledge of art or painting, but I know what I like, and what I do not like. I adore this, and I hate that." These have their counterpart in the readers who prefer Kipling's brutalities in verse, because of their swing and "go," to Tennyson's ballad of "The Revenge." For such, whose untrained feet are not on the first step of the ladder of cultivated admiration, Matthew Arnold did not write; neither did Emerson. Raw opinions, individual preferences and repulsions expressed with appalling freedom, were not, we may think, in Matthew Arnold's view when he gently deprecated the personal estimate. Rather he meant those whom he called the half educated. To them he said: "Train yourself by literature and accustom yourself to admire the highest models; you must search for the purest style of beauty in thought, united

with the most perfect form of expression, and having once known what that is, you must not allow yourself to be content with, or give the same admiration to a less perfect style.”* But here is the crux, for this quotation represents the search of culture for self-improvement more than the instinct of the poetic nature in regard to poetry. Poets, the creative minds, by no means admired the poems of others in this cultured way. Poets are sharp critics of each other. “A drowsy, frowsy poem called ‘The Excursion,’” was Byron’s estimate of Wordsworth’s classic. The man of culture can admire it and Don Juan. Premising first that there is such a thing as the poetic sense, and granting fully that it must be cultivated and refined, the question remains: Which is the best way of training it? By eliminating personal preferences, or by cultivating it through personal preferences, remembering that the poetic-minded will have their limitations, through and because of their deeper preferences? Strong personal predilection may lead to intense admiration of some poet that the Consensus of Mankind has not yet reached, and to modified admiration for another that the “Consensus” has pronounced most admirable. There is a spontaneity—an impulse—an élan which will give the poetically receptive a measure of their own, they will be a law to themselves, and will not mould, or train, or test, or culture their admiration out of all special relation to their natures. They will love and they will shun what suits and does not suit them. Is this a mark of inferiority, or is Emerson right? Does it give a special insight of its own that a wider admiration of the highest models cannot give? It has more affinity with the poet’s nature, and it knows more what rapture means. An original susceptibility will give the power to its possessor of living in an inner world of poetry, literature and art; and to such, individual preferences are inevitable. Classic grace, for instance, attracts the cultured specially; but poetic feeling may be repelled by the coldness of it rather than attracted by the grace. In fact, the admiration of grace is capable of being intellectual rather than emotional.

* After this it is curious to remember how little on the whole Shakespeare appealed to Matthew Arnold. It is recorded that a friend met him in the street, smiling over the absurdity of the play he had seen acted the night before. The play was “Cymbeline.” “Such an odd, broken-backed sort of a thing! It could not have happened any where, you know,” was the critic’s comment. “Bar, Stage and Platform,” by Herman Merivale.

Grace in *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, is as obvious, as the severity of their style, and the polish and the purity of their taste; we *see* how beautiful they are, which is not quite the same as *feeling* the emotion of it. Everyone who cares for poetry should distinguish between the poems that appeal to the intellect, or the taste, or the emotion, or to all—or some of these. We ought to let our minds play freely round the Classics, instead of looking at them as poems to be admired and passing on. Do we read them? that is the test whether we love them; the belief in them, expressed by those who leave them on the dustiest shelves of their libraries is immense. If they knew what caring for poetry implied, they would ask first whether they themselves cared for a poem, not whether some one else had. Do they care, for instance, for what is often called Milton's greatest work "*Paradise Lost*." Is it a pleasure to them to linger over the Archangel Raphael's discourses to Adam, from the fifth to the eighth book, inclusive? To those who regard the poem really *con amore*, these questions do not apply, to these the poem really appeals, but they do apply to those who call all the classics great works because it is the right thing to say. A French critic has said literary reputations are built on the idleness of readers. These acquiesce in the judgment of others, do not trust to, or do not express their own preferences, they are not so much dishonest, as cowardly. Their cowardice has a spice of hypocrisy in it too, because even silence may appear to be a tribute to authority, and to the belief that individuality in choice is heresy. How much is sacrificed when individual preferences are discouraged!

Do Oxford professors of poetry ever recognise some disadvantages in the exaction of admiration when it leads to lip-service, and some result other than anarchy of taste, when personal preferences lead to reality of love for poems? It seems amiable to believe on the authority of others, but it is a curious way of passing judgment on so temperamental a thing as poetry. We should ask ourselves individually: "If I feel in a poem whole tracks of inexpressible weariness, does it very much matter to me that someone else calls it sublime?" The great epic of "*Paradise Lost*" makes us feel how great an epic of humanity might have been written with Milton's sonorous music and grandeur of style

instead of their often adorning passages of didactic and theological matter which we feel to be as remote from interest as a treatise on the Ptolemaic system. We go to Milton for majesty and sublimity in lines that are household words, but do we go also for reasonings and arguments didactically conceived and given at great length, which, whether cogent or not, might have been better expressed in prose, particularly in Milton's vigorous prose. Give us rather the pathos in his sonnets and the heroic despair in *Samson Agonistes*!

The Poet Laureate, in his lecture at the Royal Institution deplored the want of a high poetic feeling in the country, which aroused astonishment in the newspapers, and yet it is a truism. Would the public care for an earnest contention about the merits of Milton and Spenser as they really care to attack or defend Fiscal Reform? Spenser may be the Poet's poet, as he is called, but he is not the poet of the British public half as much as Kipling is, or was. Conventional admiration has not apparently evoked a great poetic sense in those who yet call Spenser their classic without reading his poems. It would be a far more hopeful sign in the public, if it took the trouble to think why he really is not so to them outside schools, or lectures. Allegory appeals to a few minds, its "ingenuity is distressing" to others, even when related in the facile flow of long melodious lines. Spenser chose a symbolic tale of twelve moral virtues incarnate, with doctrines, and vices and minor virtues and heresies, and its purity, art, and charm are conveyed in a pseudo-classical manner, with gentle fancy, portraying *qualities* not characters. Spenser's charm of manner and style have made him very dear to some, but let those who find the poem tedious, who are not touched by it, who do not read it, accept their limitation, have the courage of their opinion, and say what the poem really means to them. We require an "unconventional circle" in which we can discuss the Classics as they appear to us individually, and discriminate between the better and the worse in a Poet's work; in Kipling even this might be very beneficial to the general public, but each one has to re-model for himself. Our real Classics are the books we really love. In our admiration of poetry we need more sincerity,

we are sincere when we really love. The idea that we have all to admire the same poets does not seem to have resulted in eliciting high poetic sense according to Mr. Alfred Austin's estimate of our condition. Let us try what encouraging and *refining* our own preferences will do, trusting them, and keeping them in their own channels, without endeavouring to force them into others. Poetic receptiveness is like art intelligence; "it is a delicate mechanism, and has to be stimulated to follow its own path. Therefore teachers should walk along side, not in front." And it will show us that Classics do not require centuries to pass over their heads before they become such, the poetic sense can work more swiftly, for chronology does not affect our appreciation of them.* We love ancients and moderns, just as they appeal to us. The magic of Shakespeare's poetry is as fresh to us—who feel it—as it was 300 years ago. Unpoetic as we are, a multitude of cheap editions of the poets are in the market now. Why? One reason probably is because poetry is recognised as educative and a mark of culture, and so, no doubt, it is. The University Extension Society, all honour to it, makes these small books a necessity, for it has had to wake up the neglected middle class, οἱ πολλοὶ outside the universities, and this educative movement which has had to face the shafts of ridicule from within the Universities, as well as from without, has brought interest and delight and education to many minds possessed of the literary sense and capacity for culture. How is it, then, it has not evoked more of the poetic sense? That is another matter. Can its machinery do that? Can it make even a single line in a whole poem be appreciated poetically by even one person? Reasons for admiration may be forthcoming, but poetic appreciation feels, it does not reason. Asking for reasons, as we know from Wordsworth, sometimes leads to talking about weathercocks. Whether the appreciation be based on the magic of sound, or of conception, or of expression matters little, the lines are sounding and re-sounding in the mind, telling their own tale, bringing their own atmosphere, like notes of music. If there is not some element in a poem that can never be ex-

* The sanity and beauty of Mr. Stephen Phillip's "*Marpessa*" make it a classic already. We do not need 300 years to pass to know that Christina Rossetti's song, "My heart is like a singing bird," is a little lyric for all time

plained it is not poetry, as Swinburne has said, or to that effect.

It is just *that* element the poetic sense feels, and to be able to *feel* it, is the important thing. Any height can be reached afterwards, founded on temperament. In quiet and alone to have our own oracle within us, inevitably gives individuality of choice. For it is the initiative of our own soul we neglect so deeply by attempting desperately to admire, whereas if we listened to our inner guidance—the tendency of our own nature—we should know intuitively who are our own poets, and which our real Classics.

Poetic admiration comes from the soul within the nature, it is subjective, and its appreciation in its depth and intensity might make some cultured persons shiver, in short *if* it loses in extension it gains in intension. Culture, as represented by Mr. Matthew Arnold, is quite capable of keeping poetic emotion under command, and hence can look in a very quiet way on poetry, as the interpreter or the criticism of life. It may, or may not imitate, and explain and criticise and interpret life or nature, but certainly, if it is poetry, it can stir the very depths of being, and reveal a world of feeling that the individual soul can alone interpret. If your own Soul cannot ultimately interpret poetry—it will never be interpreted to you, and that makes it so individual a thing. It is to each one as if the poet wrote the poem for that one alone, and no one else had ever heard of it. Loving poetry is to love because you cannot help it; there is a compulsion in you. This is something different from a conscious effort to admire. Books at times and lectures on poetry may seem even like intrusions on our inner life, for poems are after all moods of the poet, and every poet will affect us differently at different times, according to our own mood. There is our Shelley mood, and our Tennyson mood, and quite another for Browning, and that is why it is so important not only to read the right poet, but the poet's right poem in the reader's right mood.

And how can you interrupt a lecturer, who is elaborating with acumen his critical analysis regardless of all moods, and beg him to stop for you are not in the humour for that particular poem! No! In all seriousness poetry is something other than a subject

for a man of culture to discuss, it is an intimate possession, a life, a passion.

The reader with strong preferences, limitations, and enthusiasms has, perhaps, after all, the higher compensations, for he helps the community by showing it, that love and spontaneous admiration are elements of the soul and not a laborious attainment, and that we gain a deeper poetic sympathy by cultivating our preferences instead of mistrusting them.

B. BROOKSBANK.

PASSING EVENTS.

EVENTS connected with a war in progress can rarely fall within the range of criticism published only once a month. But one feature of the Far Eastern struggle is coming into more and more conspicuous prominence, and has not so much to do with immediate operations as with broad principles underlying that vague scheme of public ethics described as International Law. The circumstances connected with the voyage of the Baltic fleet have from the first established that operation on a firm basis of international illegality. The arrangement for coaling the ships at sea, defended by quibbles that could only be set up on the side of the stronger party, have been a manifest infringement of neutrality, all the more deplorable for English observers because our resources have been drawn upon to serve the interest of the combatant with whom, to say the least, we are least in sympathy. And indeed, apart from the questions of International Law, nothing but a fanatical passion for the principal of leaving trade "free" to accomplish its most selfish purposes without regard to any higher consideration, could excuse the folly of allowing foreign navies to supply themselves with the peculiar kind of coal especially adapted to the needs of great steamships, of which, to all intents and purposes, Great Britain possesses a monopoly. Foreign ports have been made subservient to the arrangements for coaling the Russian fleet in a manner which no European state would have ventured upon if a powerful European antagonist had been confronting Russia instead of Japan. But, finally, the reported stay of the fleet at Madagascar is so direct and

glaring a violation of neutrality by the French Government that but for the generous forbearance of the Japanese it must have extended the area of the Far Eastern conflagration.

Speculation, however, that may be out of date before it is published, need not be followed out in detail. The broad inference to be drawn from the condition of things referred to points simply to the conclusion that no such thing as International Law really exists. On the threshold of the twentieth century, States, in their dealings with one another, are solely governed by the sentiments either of sympathy or fear. Nor is it easy to foresee events in the future which could put a loftier aspect upon international relations. No common agreement between States as hopelessly out of sympathy as the four or five great powers of the European world, can be thought of as effective in subduing all possibilities of future strife. There is only one dream which forecasts such a possibility. Supposing a power to be great enough in the future to exhibit an overwhelming superiority of naval strength as compared with any or all of the other surviving powers—suppose that nation to be invested with a nobler moral purpose than that which governs the existing policies of France, Russia or Germany—we shall thus imagine a condition of things which would make it possible for such an authority to suppress all the other navies of the world, and take charge of the earth's peace as far as the seas might be concerned. The dream is only compatible with the idea of an absolute unity of strength and purpose between England and the United States. The Anglo-Saxon race is the only one which we can imagine controlled by an adequately lofty and unselfish motive. But the condition of things to be conceived would be incompatible with the maintenance of those turbid and self-regarding institutions glorified under the name of democracy, which at present absorb and obscure the strength of the great race subservient to that idea. If, however, the Anglo-Saxon empire at any time in the future should become, as regards the rest of the world, a single organism, and if its strength should be concentrated in a form of government exempt from the weakening and degraded influences of party strife, the dream above suggested might be susceptible of realisation.

WITH reference to the spirit of the last few remarks, it is interesting to find Mr. W. S. Lilley writing a long letter in the *Times* in sarcastic contempt of parliamentary representation as at present established. A truly representative government, Mr. Lilley argues, should represent all the elements of national life in due proportion. The current theory of representation, culminating in the catch phrase, "one man, one vote," is grotesquely at variance with the principle that ought to prevail. Even J. S. Mill maintained that "if the institutions of the country virtually assert that all men are of the same political value, they assert that which is not." And yet, as Mr. Lilley points out, it is on this lie that our whole fabric of political institutions is based.

He is beautifully contemptuous with reference to the result, but he scarcely seems to have perceived the source from which it has been derived. Alternately, it is true, the Liberals have bribed the populace to vote on their side by reductions of the franchise; and the Conservatives have endeavoured to "dish the Whigs" by outdoing such bribery along precisely similar lines. But why have statesmen condescended to this degrading policy? Simply because the forces of Parliament are arrayed in two contending parties, each depending for its personal enjoyment on the defeat of the other. If a wagon on the road to a given destination were drawn, not by one team of horses in front, but by one in front and another in the rear pulling in the opposite direction, it might move sometimes one way and sometimes the other, according to the varying energy of the respective teams; but the arrangement would not strike the observer as highly intelligent from the point of view of any interests to be served by the arrival of the wagon at its goal. In plain truth, that is the principle on which the affairs of this country are conducted as long as they are the sport of the tug of war glorified in this deluded land under the title of Parliamentary government.

A LONG correspondence has been going on in the *Times* all last month on the subject of water-finding by that peculiar method known in the West of England, where it was first widely practised as "dowsing." The water-finder perambulates the region in which a spring is sought for, holding a forked twig in his hand, and when

he comes over the spot at which a well ought to be sunk, the twig moves, apparently of its own accord, and, of course, the first conclusion on the part of all persons representing the spirit of the 19th century is simply that the dowser is a fraud. Whatever could not be explained by 19th century knowledge, the fashion of the period obliged us to set down as imposture. And if facts accumulated on the side of any alleged mystery, the stalwart representatives of 19th century wisdom were resolute in turning a blind eye in that direction, and a torrent of contempt on "superstition" in all its varieties.

The situation in regard to this queer little practice called "water-finding" has been embarrassed by the fact that many people had a greater interest in finding water than in combating the scientific principles of the 19th century. That water has been found all over the country by the help of dowsers, no one who takes the pains to read the elaborate records on the subject accumulated by Professor Barrett can doubt, however little these records will enable him to explain why, in certain hands, the hazel twig becomes a scientific instrument, governed by forces as yet so little understood as to remain the sport of the vaguest guess-work. Rational correspondence on the subject might really have been possible if students of science in its subtlest forms had devoted themselves to a discussion of how this mysterious result is brought about. There is something very ludicrous, however, in the aspect of the correspondence which has actually taken place, concerned as it has been in almost every case with the exposition of each writer's opinion as to whether or not water-finding by means of the hazel-twig is a possibility. Each writer in turn tells us whether his own experiments have been successful or have failed, and in almost every case each writer is guided by the results of his own narrow experience. It is difficult to understand how anyone endowed with as much intelligence as he must possess in order to be able to write a letter to the *Times* at all, can suppose that his individual failure to bring off a scientific experiment with success has any evidential value in regard to the possibility of the experiment, when many hundreds of quite well authenticated successes are recorded by others under conditions that it would be ridiculous

to discredit. But in a multitude of cases much more important than those immediately concerned with underground springs, the same variety of human foolishness is rampant amongst us. The time-worn joke about the man who, to confute the testimony of witnesses who saw him pick a pocket, brought others to swear that they did not see him commit the offence, turns with such humour as belongs to it, on a fallacy which at the present moment underlies the subtle convictions of a large majority of persons belonging to what is supposed to be the cultivated world. Where the experiences of A, B, and C do not fall into line exactly with the theories of life and nature recommending themselves to D, E, and F, these latter letters, and the rest of the alphabet following in their train, prefer the negative testimony of the letters which have *not* observed the reported occurrences to the positive evidence of A, B, and C. The deplorable attitude of mind in question stands more in the way of advancing knowledge at this period of human evolution than almost any other characteristic tendency or shortcoming on which we could focus the responsibility for such resistance.

A GRIEVOUS little domestic tragedy at Birmingham, reported in the newspapers within the last few weeks, may help some people who would not be impressed by mere abstract reasoning on the subject, to recognise, in one of its aspects, the crudity and clumsiness which characterise the prevailing sentiment as well as the law relating to marriage. Mrs. Guest, the wife of an architect, chose an overdose of laudanum as the only means affording her an escape from the dilemma in which she found herself placed. Some twenty years ago she was married to a man named Wilson who, after various unsuccessful wanderings in search of fortune, left her and the mother country for Australia, where all trace of him was shortly lost. After years of fruitless enquiry his wife supposed him to be dead and eventually married Mr. Guest, not before, under legal advice, every effort had been made by advertisement in colonial papers and in other ways, to make sure that Wilson had finally disappeared. But in course of time the Enoch Arden situation arises. Wilson returns without bringing with him the nobility of character that guided Tennyson's unhappy sailor.

He reclaims his wife and, distracted by the situation in which she is placed, she flings herself on the mercy of another world. Of course, if a glimmering of common-sense illuminated the thick fog of our marriage laws, Wilson's desertion of his wife would have automatically dissolved the bond between them, leaving her free not merely in law but in the sight of all rational public opinion, to contract any other tie she pleased. Mrs. Guest may be regarded rather as having been done to death by the folly of the law, than as having in any truly culpable sense been guilty of self-destruction.

RIVAL philanthropists are sometimes very bitter antagonists, and though happily the note of bitterness is missing from the controversy that has lately risen between Lord Crewe and Mrs. Close in connection with certain schemes of emigration, the differences of opinion between them appear to be irreconcilable, although a very close study of the subject would be necessary before the outsider would be in a position to carry out a clearly defined analysis of their respective views. The lady in question has for many years taken an active part in benevolent schemes for promoting the emigration of poor children to Canada, while Lord Crewe is the chairman of a society called the State Children's Aid Association, and is no less filled with benevolent aspiration. The Duke of Argyle, whose experiences in Canada amply entitle him to take part in the earnest and protracted discussion which has filled so many columns of the *Times*, seems to think there is room for the development of both the schemes recommended by Mrs. Close and Lord Crewe. And, meanwhile, it is clear that there is ample scope for the operation of any emigration scheme concerned especially with children, because, according to the last census, the number of children under fifteen years of age in the workhouses of England and Wales, and over whom the Poor Law authorities have the rights of guardians, was no less than 41,958. It is perfectly clear that here is material on which methods of control, designed on benevolent principles, might profitably be brought to bear, if the control be not only animated by a benevolent purpose, but is sufficiently defined and durable to carry out any well-considered scheme to a successful

economical conclusion. The real difficulty in the way of plans that can be devised,—the unrecognised flaw in the varied schemes that have come under discussion in connection with the recent correspondence,—is to be sought for in the direction those last few words have indicated. Can the children if sent to Canada or any other colony at the expense either of the State or of philanthropists, be kept at work long enough to pay the cost of their training and establishment in life? The burden which this imposes on capital of one kind or another is too great to be borne either by national funds or individual philanthropy. But it would obviously pay to incur any expenses connected with the establishment in life of the 41,000 odd children if their obligations to the State in return were recognised sufficiently to make them the servants of the State until their debt was repaid. This controversy is clouded by all manner of detail, but it really turns on the simplest imaginable principle. Industrial prosperity for all, is incompatible with absolute liberty for all. Poverty in its direst forms is the penalty of freedom. The prosperity of all, which is a perfectly thinkable condition, is only compatible with such rigorous control as would bring the industrial world within the range of what some fanatics would call slavery, and others the wholesome discipline of an organised community.

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THE TRAINING OF A NATIONAL ARMY.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL ALSAGER POLLOCK,

Editor United Service Magazine.

THE article by Major-General Sir Alfred Turner published in the February number of *Broad Views*, seems to me to call for a reply; and however presumptuous it may be that I should oppose myself to so notable an authority, I have decided to make the attempt. It is, however, upon one point only that I desire to join issue; with the greater part of the article I entirely agree, and it would be mere waste of time to labour questions in reference to which no direct conflict of ideas is involved.

Sir Alfred Turner writes: "Conscription in any form is impossible, for this country is ruled by the suffrages of the people, and they rightly or wrongly will not suffer any form of compulsory service." To this assertion I reply, that what is meant by "conscription," is something that in our case is not required. We do not need a huge regular army, organised upon continental lines; but we certainly do require that very large numbers of men shall be trained to arms, and their bodies physically developed to that end. In order to train the whole or part of a population, it is not necessary to sweep the men into barracks—unless the State has land frontiers lying open to sudden attack; and this, in the case of the United Kingdom, is not so. But General Turner not only rejects conscription as "impossible," but alleges that the nation "will not suffer any form of compulsory service." Is it

fair thus to pre-judge the case? Who has asked the people to answer the question? Who has recorded their refusal?

If this nation be indeed grown so cowardly that it prefers to take lying down whatever may come upon it, or is so utterly stupid that although courageous enough to fight, it is too lazy to learn how; then indeed there is no more to be said, discussions of Army Reform are idle and we had better prepare ourselves for the doom that inevitably lies before us. But until the people have confessed themselves the cowards and laggards that some public speakers and writers so continually represent them to be, I do not think it just that the national character should thus be aspersed. The opinion upon this very question obtained by the Earl of Wemyss from a wide circle of public functionaries, was overwhelmingly against General Turner's view, and the Social Democratic Federation is in favour of an "armed nation," while that body moreover recognises that, for the purposes of a sound defence, it may be needful to take the offensive over-sea.

Supposing that a great patriotic sacrifice were actually required of our people, it would be greatly to their discredit if they declined to make it. But the situation demands nothing of the sort; it demands only that the youth of this country shall learn the art of military self-defence, by universal training in schools, followed by the further training of any needful proportion during early manhood. So long as we can immediately mobilize a number of regular troops sufficient to hold their own temporarily upon the Indian frontier, pending the readiness of a National Reserve Army to reinforce them, we have all that is required. Imperial and Home Defence are alike, primarily, Naval questions. If the British Navy is victorious, invasion of the United Kingdom, or of its sea-girt colonies, is impossible; or if the Navy be defeated we must be starved into subjection. But the Navy cannot defend the Indian frontier; it can only assure safe conduct to the army required for the purpose—at present we have not such an army.

I incline to believe that a reliable and adequate Reserve Army could be raised by voluntary methods; but at all events, unless the Empire is to fall to pieces, it is certain that we must obtain the necessary forces by some means—be those means volun-

tary or compulsory. We need a "Glorified Militia," better trained and much more numerous than the existing force, and enlisted for quite different conditions of service. The fact that men in regular employment cannot spare 27 days annually, is the greatest impediment to militia recruiting at the present time. So long as the training period continues as now, the right sort of men cannot, and therefore will not, come forward voluntarily, and would suffer hardships if compelled to do so. How then shall we master the difficulty? the solution is to my mind quite simple. Instead of six weeks so called "training" for the militia recruit, followed by annual trainings of 27 days; train him *thoroughly* for six months in the first instance, and subsequently rely upon a system somewhat analogous to that now pursued in the volunteers.

I maintain that under common-sense conditions, infantry recruits could, in six months, reach a standard of tactical efficiency superior to that of existing British Regulars; and on 7th September, 1903, in a letter published in the *Times*, I boasted myself capable of proving the truth of this assertion, if given 100 recruits for the purpose. Since then I have discussed the question with statesmen, soldiers and others, including Sir George Clarke, Mr. Brodrick and Mr. Arnold Foster, with the result that I find the consensus of opinion is against me—in short, it is denied that six months training would suffice to make soldiers fit to fight continental regulars. Nevertheless I am unshaken in my original belief, and am absolutely convinced that given entire freedom from superior interference, and the use of a few fields in addition to the public roads and footpaths, I could in six months train 100 recruits of average quality, so that they should reach a standard of tactical efficiency decidedly superior to that attained by any company that I have myself commanded or otherwise belonged to, in war or peace, during any period of my service in the army. There are plenty of officers now serving who would readily make the same undertaking, and who could perform the task with complete success. At the end of the six months course, the Recruits would be as forward as any other line soldiers of the same length of service, in musketry, gymnastics and drill, and be tactically superior to any company in the British Army.

Let it be granted that a British regular battalion, as mobilized, is fit to fight a continental enemy of the same strength. If this be conceded, and the 100 recruits should actually demonstrate a higher state of efficiency; then I think that the justice of my contention would have been plainly established. In such an event, what further military objection could there be to our relying chiefly upon a cheap National Army? And, where would be the hardship to the citizen in undergoing, at the age of eighteen, a six months course of training and subsequently performing, for a few years, about the same amount of annual work that is now required of an "efficient" Volunteer? I am not so foolish as to suggest that under equally favourable conditions much more could not be done in any given number of years than in six months; but I do assert, without fear of contradiction by any practical soldier, that the British Army is now so badly trained, and yet uselessly overworked (or rather *over-worried*), that better results could easily be obtained in six months than are actually achieved in the whole of a soldiers service.

The reason why the army is ill-trained is that the regimental officers are not *allowed* to train their men, and consequently cannot become efficient leaders of them. The greater part of the valuable time now spent upon writing abstruse "essays," and otherwise simulating an ardent response to the unpractical nonsense said and written about "military education," might be much more profitably employed—even on the despised "Barrack square." We rail at the incompetency of our generals, and in truth they are mostly inefficient, yet the fault is not theirs, but is due to the fact that few of them have enjoyed even the meagre opportunities of learning the alphabet of soldiering that fall to the lot of the average regimental officer. The result is but natural: the "training" of the army is organised, ordered and supervised by men who in many instances have not the remotest idea what real training means (having had no experience of it); and, even if otherwise, incompetence remains, in existing conditions, compulsory; the very regulations framed nominally in order to secure efficiency being usually the veritable cause of contrary results.

When I first joined my regiment, thirty years ago, I used in common with my brother-subalterns to grumble:—"What a

good battalion this might be if it were not cursed by its senior officers." Later on, when we grumblers had in turn become the seniors, I have not the least doubt that the new generation of subalterns uttered similar lamentations, and with equally good cause. Professional deterioration is the almost inevitable] fate of the British officer, because responsibilities are not allowed to widen progressively. The administration of the army is moreover continually pregnant with unbusinesslike shams, and the training a foot-ball for politicians and other foolish or insincere persons, military and civilian. The system of training pursued at the present time is chiefly unprofitable, and altogether unpleasant; because zeal has outrun discretion, as the result of a weak pandering to political influences. Higher authorities should be content to demand results, and leave methods chiefly to those by whom such results are to be achieved.

I hope I have shown the possibility of doing much at the cost of very small sacrifices; but in any case I would earnestly beg General Turner not to encourage by his complacency, the lack of practical patriotism which is the greatest of our national dangers. Let him rather urge the people to take a lesson from the Russo-Japanese war, and learn from the Japanese what is meant by the "Soul of a Nation." No clap-trap politics handicap the patriotism of the high souled people who live and die for Japan, putting patriotism above politics or personal convenience. British patriotism, I trust, is not indeed dead, but dormant; may it awaken betimes, and not, as in the case of Carthage "too late." The Carthaginians had pursued commercialism, luxury and amusements to the exclusion of "Militarism," and had relied chiefly upon mercenaries, led by a few of the aristocracy, to defend them. Eventually the citizens perished, fighting nobly but unavailingly. Had they been trained to war, their courage, aided by knowledge, and under the leadership of the greatest Captain the world has ever known, might not improbably have saved their country. Scipio was perhaps equal to Wellington, but Hannibal was superior even to Napoleon.

A. W. A. POLLOCK, Lieut.-Colonel.

THE PROGRESS OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

IN the course of last month Professor Charles Richet (Professor of Physiology of the Paris Faculty of Medecine) delivered a long inaugural address to a crowded meeting of the Society for Psychical Research, on assuming, for the current year, the presidency of that Society in succession to Professor Barrett. The fact that the newspapers generally have scarcely taken any notice of the peculiar circumstances attending this arrangement or of the address itself, is illustrative, in a remarkable way, of the stolid apathy which prevails in this country generally, concerning the most important investigation with which advanced human intelligence can be concerned at this period of the world's evolution. One might have supposed the mere sonorous dignity of the list which records the names of those who have been Presidents of the Society in question might have induced newspapers to treat the present interesting development as one entitled to general recognition. Within the last few years, among Dr. Richet's predecessors we find Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Crookes, and Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Prime Minister. And the association over which men thus fairly entitled to public consideration have thought it worth while to preside, consists of something like 2,000 members including scores, one might almost say hundreds, or persons distinguished either by intellectual achievement or social position. Then, moreover, we have to recognise that current literature, especially the literature of fiction,—is saturated in these days with references to abnormal phenomena of the kind with which the Psychic Research Society is especially concerned

in investigating. And yet, it remains the fashion with the newspapers at large to refer to all serious efforts in the direction of penetrating the mysteries of nature in terms of flippant mockery as though such pursuits were merely the occupation of foolish and credulous persons unworthy of serious regard.

In France, where as amongst ourselves, those who are really the most intelligent and advanced thinkers of the time are earnestly engaged with psychic enquiry of one kind or another, Dr. Richet holds a very prominent position, as one of the most cultured and brilliantly intelligent representatives of the new science; and from many points of view his election to the presidency of the British society is an interesting and even an important fact, conducive to international sympathy and co-operation in the greatest intellectual endeavour of our time, so that it ought to be the subject of cordial satisfaction for all who regard the promotion of good feeling between this country and France as important. And yet, Dr. Richet comes over to this country and delivers an address of great interest and significance, and the papers, ready to devote columns to the report of any speech by politicians even of the third or fourth rank, cannot bestow even a passing recognition on the utterances of our distinguished guest! The situation is ludicrous as well as deplorable, but it is very difficult to determine whether the element of stupidity it represents, is derived, so to speak, from those who control the newspapers, or from the community whose intellectual needs they endeavour to gauge.

In its essence, what is the problem which those who are concerned with what is commonly called psychic research are bent on elucidating? Till recently, the world at large has certainly not been indifferent to the question whether human consciousness survives the death of the body. All religion has turned on the assumption that this is the case, but no religions have done more than assert the fact in broad and general terms. Psychic research holds out the hope that some more definite knowledge may illuminate the religious faith of the future. And judged even by the most vulgar and commonplace criteria, the research is obviously in the hands of men all over Europe whose general intellectual attainments in other fields of

activity cannot but command respect. If their work is treated with contempt and indifference what does that imply? Are the masses of the people too utterly indifferent to everything outside their simplest physical interests to care whether the survival of consciousness is established on a scientific basis, or left to be the subject of mere vague aspiration? Is the religious world divided simply into two classes,—those for whom church-going is a mere habit of respectability, and those on the other hand, whose trust in spiritual possibilities is sincere, but at the same time too timid to face the possibilities of scientific investigation? One cannot easily explain the position with which we have to deal, but the strange fact is at all events, but too familiar; the religious world in all its varieties, the masses of the people intent either on the current excitements of domestic politics or the vicissitudes of sport, the newspapers of the period collectively, are all indifferent to the fact that the veil which has hitherto concealed from our view the lofty realities of the spiritual world is gradually lifting, indifferent to the dawn of that new dispensation in the full development of which it is not unreasonable to anticipate that regions “unknowable” to our forefathers shall become familiar territory to our descendants; that the sufferings of physical life shall be invested with an altogether new significance; their amelioration provided for in the light of knowledge hitherto unimaginable.

Only those who have already advanced some distance along the road which “psychical” enquiry of the familiar kind has hardly yet mapped out, are enabled to see the enormous influence which real knowledge concerning the super-physical aspects of Nature will ultimately bring to bear on ordinary life. And for them, it is true, the work accomplished so far by the Society for Psychical Research has represented such very moderate progress that it claims respect rather for its intention than for its achievement. For the genuine occult student in this way the situation is curiously entangled. Folly of quite a contemptible order is exhibited by those who, from the point of view of sheer old-fashioned incredulity regard the proceedings of the Psychical Research Society with indifference or contempt. The world at large, confessing total ignorance concerning the unseen aspects of nature, ought to regard the Society in question as engaged in

work more important than that which occupies the attention of any other scientific body in the country. Enough has been done, with the guarantee of unquestionable authority, to prove the possibility of attaining definite scientific knowledge concerning some kinds of psychic phenomena hitherto regarded either as non-existent, or as too utterly mysterious for investigation. No assignable limit bars the way to further enquiry in that direction. No advanced knowledge that is possible concerning chemistry, electricity or physics generally, can compare with the importance to the human race of accurate conceptions concerning that part of itself which at all events is clearly destined not to perish. For those who understand the relative importance of different kinds of knowledge, the Society engaged in Psychic investigation should take rank before any of those glorified by Royal Charter, and enthroned in Burlington House.

But, though in this way, from the point of view which ought to be that of the world at large, the Psychical Research Society should be regarded with supreme respect, from the point of view of those who have been availing themselves of the grandest opportunities at present available for super-physical investigation, its operations so far have been either misdirected or mismanaged, or have been hampered by timidity in presence of vulgar jeers to an extent that has rendered its work immeasurably less effective than it might have been under a happier inspiration as regards its methods. And Dr. Richet's address, although in many respects his mental attitude represents conspicuous progress beyond that of some among his earlier predecessors in the leadership of the Society, is itself curiously defective, considered in the light of independent occult knowledge already within the grasp of a considerable number of students. The use here of the word "occult" at once brings us into relation with the details of the Professor's address. He objected to the term "occult science" on the ground that when knowledge becomes sufficiently definite to be treated as scientific, it can no longer be described as hidden. This criticism is literally just, of course, but as a mere label for the time being, the word "occult" is fairly understood, and better describes the whole body of enquiry relating to the hitherto hidden aspects of nature than any other that can easily be devised. Dr. Richet

suggests the term "metapsychics" as a term that is preferable to "occult." For some time to come, however, the older one will be more readily understood, and the new suggestion can hardly be destined to take permanent root. Either way, phrases of this kind are of an extremely small importance, but the argument by which our Professor endeavours to justify his objection to the term "occult" is itself an illustration of the limitations within which so far, in dealing with "metapsychics," his own thinking is embarrassed. He says that astrology ceased to be occult when it became astronomy,—alchemy, when it was transmuted into chemistry. These two statements thrown out as though they were matters of course merely in illustration of another idea, are both of them profoundly erroneous. And the mistake they represent is incompatible with even moderate progress in the study of that which truly deserves the name of occult science. Astrology never became astronomy; alchemy was in no respect the progenitor of chemistry. Astrology more or less blindly endeavoured to fathom some utterly mysterious laws of nature which exhibit a connection between human destinies and astronomical conditions. In so far as it was concerned with astronomy, it made use of that science, in the hope of reaching more profoundly important results than any which could attend mere physical knowledge. That it did partially attain to such results everyone who has investigated its records is well aware. However incomprehensible in the light of our present knowledge the relationship between human destiny and planetary configuration may be, whoever ridicules the conception that such relationship exists, is simply exhibiting ignorance and not manifesting sagacity. Astronomy has neglected astrology, and has contented itself with mere physical determinations. It is a totally different science, and a humbler one than astrology, however fascinating its acquisitions may be. As for alchemy, the association of its records with chemical nomenclature merely arises from the fact that the alchemists,—concerned, mainly with the investigation of the laws governing the spiritual evolution of mankind,—made use of chemical symbols to convey their knowledge to disciples, and conceal it from profane antagonists. A very long exposition would be required to illuminate either wing of Professor Richet's double misapprehension, but it is enough for

the moment to say that both subjects are amply discussed and illuminated in the current literature of real occultism.

And that literature is teeming with the results of experience and investigation,—teeming, that is to say, with the rich and varied fruit of such investigation,—which really represents advanced knowledge on many of the subjects to which Dr. Richet refers, as though they were still to be regarded as fields of future research. Throughout its existence, the Psychical Research Society has in this way occupied an intermediate position between the blankly ignorant world at large and the advanced students of psychic phenomena. For these last, its methods have been almost amusing, by reason of their awkwardness and timidity. An unfortunate body of circumstance at the very outset of the Society's work, detached it in sympathy from those who might have been best qualified to render it substantial assistance, and to guide its investigations into profitable channels. The Society, represented by its leaders, about twenty years ago, perpetrated a ghastly blunder in quarrelling with the leaders of the Theosophical movement. In the beginning that movement was associated with some extraordinary manifestations of abnormal power in connection with physical phenomena. Quite reasonably as far as the main idea was concerned, the Society addressed itself to the investigation of these. Unhappily, that investigation was entrusted to a person singularly ill-qualified for the task. The report he brought home was outrageously offensive to persons prominent in the Theosophical development, whose character and purposes he totally misunderstood ; was based on worthless, second hand evidence of the kind which in all other matters his society professed sedulously to disregard, and since its publication has been exhaustively refuted by theosophical writers. But the Society precipitately adopted it, and in so doing alienated the sympathies of all those who were representative of the really great advances accomplished in occult science in our time. The Psychical Research Society has never recovered from the consequences of the terrible mistake thus made. It has been confirmed in the adoption of methods of research connected with the work to which it is devoted, the character of which is such as to ward off nine-tenths of the experience which it imagines itself en-

deavouring to collect. And Dr. Richet's address itself, although in many ways representing an attitude of mind far more promising than that which has been formerly associated with the activities of the Society in this country, may be taken to illustrate the significance of this last remark. He does, it is true, declare that experience has definitely established the occurrence of certain physical phenomena without any recognisable physical causation. Raps are heard at spiritual seances which are undeniably occult in their origin. Heavy bodies are moved when no physical forces affect them, and "the history of metapsychics is full of cases where competent scientific observers after years of patient investigation with many checks, doubts, reactions, have ended in conviction." Exactly so, but that sentence might have been written forty years ago with equal truth. And those who realised the truth forty years ago, have since then advanced as far beyond the state of knowledge which the Psychical Research Society at present recognises, as that Society itself has advanced beyond the blatant stupidity of the newspapers which still imagine spiritualism to be a passing folly fit only for ridicule.

And Dr. Richet goes on to speculate on the possibilities connected with the meaning of occult phenomena which appear to embody the activity of some consciousness other than that of the persons present. His Society is still fumbling in the dark with theories,—suggested in the infancy of its enquiry—in connection with what it calls "subliminal consciousness." This may, it is true, account for much that occurs at spiritual seances which appear to be visited by beings from another world. But the vast body of Psychical Research literature which has been expended upon the theory of subliminal consciousness, would have been cleared out of the way of serious investigation a dozen or twenty years ago, if the Society had been wisely guided in investigating the true characteristics of the human ego. It is perfectly true that in the case of human beings at a fairly advanced stage of evolution, the higher spiritual consciousness is a larger volume of consciousness, so to speak, than can express itself fully through the medium of the physical brain. And Baron Du Prel's early conjecture that at different periods and under different influences, a greater or lesser volume of that

spiritual consciousness can become manifest in the physical brain is perfectly in harmony with the real truth. It is very unfortunate that the phrase "subliminal" consciousness should ever have been adopted, because it seems to imply a kind of slur upon that relatively obscure portion of consciousness, really of an exalted order as compared with the ordinary waking thought. Some phrase which would have implied this idea might preferably have been coined. But, at all events, any speculation carried on at the present day under the influence of a doubt whether the intercourse with beings in another state of existence which is possible at spiritual seances is to be explained away by the theory of subliminal consciousness, is more ludicrous to those who have genuine experience, than enquirers still playing with the fancies that expression suggests, can easily imagine. Genuine occult knowledge, it is true, enables us to realise the highly deceptive character of many communications received in simple good faith by spiritualists. These communications almost necessarily emerge from a realm of nature, occupied for the time being, no doubt, by human personalities that have "passed on," but constituting in reality the ante-chambers only of infinite realms beyond. The denizens of the ante-chambers know nothing of these, nor of ulterior existences awaiting them in earth life that can only be foreseen from the higher levels; but at all events the fact that from the "Astral plane" or immediately "next world" our departed friends do frequently communicate, is as certain for those who have gone the right way to work to find out how the matter stands, as the possibilities of postal communication between this country and America.

How is it that the Psychical Research Society should still be fumbling in the dark as it were, with the elementary stages of the enquiry on which it is launched? For want, to begin with, of being guided as it might once have been guided by the more advanced experience of those who had long preceded it on the path it set out to travel; and secondly, although this condition of things is but the corollary of the other, because it has persistently put the cart before the horse in the methods that have actually guided its research. It has been more definitely bent, that is to say, on ruling out of its consideration all evidence that might con-

ceivably involve a flaw, than in gathering in abundant evidence of all kinds with the view of ultimately making use of that which might be found worthy, in all respects, of acceptance. The detective officer of Scotland Yard may be a most useful member of society for certain purposes, but his methods are absolutely futile as applied to the phenomena with which psychic research should deal. Unconscious of their mistakes, representatives of the Society's methods would no doubt declare that they have been scrupulously courteous in dealing even with evidences they distrusted. They have never been able to realise that external demeanour has relatively nothing to do with the matter, but that interior thinking is a definite force which impedes the production of psychic phenomena as effectively as a fog will obscure the direct rays of the sun. They imagine that this criticism may be equivalent to claiming from them a blind and foolish faith that shall precede conviction. It merely claims rational and intelligent recognition of the value to be attached to other people's experience. This, when properly understood, puts every fresh enquirer into an attitude of mind embodying what may be described as sincere expectation, the effect of which is in no way prejudicial to the results desired. Again, too many of the most earnest workers even of the Psychical Research Society have seemed by their writings to imagine that as long as they individually were uncertain in reference to the truth of alleged spiritist phenomena, the whole matter remained in abeyance. When they at last became convinced, they have with infinite *naïveté* regarded that fact as one of solid importance to the rest of the world. And thus unhappily, it is still the fact that for the real occultist of the period, this great Society which might, under a wiser direction, have done such magnificent work, is still concerned with some timid trifling on the surf-beaten shore of the ocean to be explored, while as regards the world at large, its influence cannot but have been retarded by the unfortunate drift of its energy into the work of correcting other people's mistakes rather than that of emphasising its own achievement. It cannot but have done good, even in the sight of those who most bitterly deplore its mistakes. Its existence and its declarations have tended to loosen the ice-bound soil of 19th century conceit and incredulity, and as the proceed-

ings of last month have so gracefully illustrated, it has at all events, brought into sympathy with psychical research a great number of men eminent in other departments of intellectual endeavour. It might have done a great deal more, but at all events it has done something, and we may reasonably hope that its future destinies will be associated not merely, as it is pretty certain they will be, with the most advanced representatives of scientific progress, but eventually with an appreciation of the great stores of knowledge that have been accumulating in the world under the auspices of researchers less conspicuous but more successful, so that in future there may no longer be an impassable gulf between the Society for Psychical Research and the exponents of real occultism.

A. P. SINNETT.

UNITED.

CHAPTER V.

"IT CANNOT BE."

IF Ferrars may not have been in a position during the next few days to congratulate himself as a lover, he had nothing to find fault with his treatment at Oatfield as a guest. The party was large enough to keep always in activity; there were plenty of picturesque places in the neighbourhood to visit, and adequate means of locomotion in the stables. Terra generally rode when any excursion took place, and whether she was more perfectly splendid in a habit or in an evening dress was a question which might have left room for argument on both sides.

The explanation, such as it was, that had passed between herself and Ferrars, had cleared away the embarrassment that had clouded her manner when he first came. Her behaviour to him was cheerful and friendly, though she made no opportunities for much private conversation. She seemed to distribute herself fairly amongst the three or four gentlemen of the party, who were more or less competing for the lighter favours of her companionship; and if Ferrars may have been conscious of a keener sense of annoyance when the pursuit of pleasure—the joyous hunt in which they were all engaged—threw her with Count Garciola especially, than when they set her riding beside or strolling apart with anyone else at a picnic, a lover's intuition, rather than any outward evidence of a special feeling on her part, may have inspired his distrust.

"Have you had any private talk with Terra?" Lady Margreave asked him, when about a week of this sort of life had passed.

They were driving together to the neighbouring station to meet Mrs. Malcolm, who had telegraphed a day or two previously to intimate her wish to come for a few days to Oatfield. She was on terms with Lady Margreave which fully justified her message: "Am wanting a talk with George. Can you take me in for a few days?" The reply had been: "My dear, of course." And when the day of her arrival had come, Lady Margreave had asked Ferrars to drive with her to meet the train.

"A dozen words or so," Ferrars replied, "the first day I came, in the shrubbery; and, Lady Margreave, it is coming over me gradually, and now it seems that speaking to you on the subject has deepened the impression that I am not destined to have any private talk with her of the kind you mean at all. It is all a very simple transaction in its externals. Terra does not see her way clear to give me what I want. She can't do that to oblige me if she is not impelled to do it for her own sake, and in the absence of such an impulse there is simply nothing more to be said. Then Marian's coming down makes the thing look settled."

"How do you mean? What has that got to do with it?"

"Marian is always drawn to me if I am in any sort of trouble, and her strange presentiments warn her of such matters in advance. You know what Marian is in a measure—and much better than most people. But nobody knows her as I do—nobody else has had the opportunity. All that she calls her inner life is so sacred to her that she never gossips about it; and a great many things happen to her that she never speaks of to anyone, except me, at all events. Perhaps she does not even tell me everything."

"I know she is under some sort of mystic guidance, and has mysterious warning of future events sometimes—or thinks she has. I have never tried to make up my mind what I think about it. She is such an exquisitely loveable woman, so wise and calm and dignified. I could not bear to think she was under delusions of any kind, and yet that sort of thing is so apt to be a delusion."

"That is how I feel, in a way, only more so, and with a

difference. It is not a very logical position of mind, because in theory I concur with you that that sort of thing, as you say, is generally a delusion. But all the same, I believe in Marian altogether, more firmly than I believe in anything else in or out of this world. She's totally unlike anyone else I ever met or heard about; and then, as regards myself, I *know* she knows, somehow, by her own inner feelings, in a general way, whatever I am feeling strongly about, and whenever anything of importance happens to me. It is useless for anybody to tell me, or for me to tell myself, that it is not reasonable. It has occurred too often for me to doubt the fact. I shall ask her as soon as we are alone together whether anything is going to be the matter, and if she says 'Yes,' I shall know that Terra has made up her mind not to have me, just as certainly as if I had had the whole thing over with her."

Mrs. Malcolm, who duly arrived by the expected train, was tall, statuesque, and handsome in a grave and dignified way, with very regular features, that did not break frequently into smiles, with dark brown hair and eyes, a very smooth and rather pale skin, but slighter movements of her face than would have been noticeable with people of more mobile expression would illuminate it with pleasure or sympathy. She kissed Lady Margreave, and then her brother, with tender sincerity, rather than with effusion. Then the ladies got into the carriage. George made arrangements about the luggage, and joined them in a few minutes.

Lady Margreave knew the house from which she had just come. Talk about the people there, and about the party then at Oatfield, occupied them during the drive. Nothing was said between the three about the subject that really preoccupied each the most. When they got back it was still the mid-afternoon. Lady Margreave suggested that Ferrars should take his sister for a turn in the grounds before her things came from the railway; and in this way they all strolled through the principal hall—itsself a large and habitable room, furnished with sofas and easy-chairs—and through an archway and passage beyond, leading to the glass door in the other face of the house, which gave on a terrace and the lawn sloping down to the lake. Ferrars was in advance, and he went on to open the door, while the ladies stopped

to look at a statue recently added to the adornments of the mansion at the foot of the main staircase.

As Ferrars opened the door and passed out, he saw two persons just crossing the rustic bridge already spoken of, leading from the lower end of the lawn into the shrubbery—Terra Fildare and Count Garciola. They seemed to have been pausing on the bridge, which commanded a favourite view of the lake and grounds. The Count was in the act of turning aside from the balustrade on which he had been leaning, and, bending slightly down to speak to his companion as he went, passed a turn in the path with her, and both of them were concealed from view by the trees. Then Lady Margreave went up the staircase, and Mrs. Malcolm joined her brother.

“Come, dear,” said George, as he put his hand through her arm and turned with her to the right along the terrace, “you are as welcome as health to a sick man, though I fear your coming is ominous.”

“Ah!” she said, with an expression of pain, “if you feel in that way, my impressions may have been an omen.”

“My feelings, dear Marian, are nothing to the purpose; I can only go upon evidences of a more direct kind. But tell me about your impressions.”

“Let us turn off the gravel,” said Mrs. Malcolm, drawing her brother off the terrace on to the grass, and moving by this change of direction towards the bridge. “We can walk round the lake. I have wanted to be near you, and have been uncertain whether that sprang from a warning that you had need of me, or from my own wish to see you and talk over a matter about which I have need of you; but I will tell you of that afterwards. First, about yourself and Miss Fildare; matters are still as they were?”

“I am not so sure of that. Matters may be worse than they were. Terra, you know, was never bound to me by any promise whatever. It was I who insisted on leaving the question open. I merely asked her for certain things, and begged her to take time to consider her reply.”

“You want to shield her from the blame of playing fast and loose with you.”

“There is no blame reasonably possible in the case. She so

far deferred to my wish as to take time to reply ; but it would be most unfair on my part if I tried to argue that that crippled her freedom of action."

"Have you been talking with her much about here?" Mrs. Malcolm asked as they came upon the little bridge, pausing and looking vaguely about.

"It is about the only place where I have talked with her at all seriously since I have been down here ; but that is a week ago nearly."

"Strange. I had a sort of impression about her as we came on to the bridge that—that would not correspond with what you say at all. George, does she love anyone else who is here?"

As the question was asked, the sight of the two figures he had just seen pass up the path they were approaching came with painful distinctness before Ferrar's fancy.

"No one else would imagine it, I believe, he said ; but to me it seems but too possible. But, dear Marian, it will add to whatever I may have to suffer if you are the least unjust to her in thought. Remember, she has the full right to love whom she pleases."

"My poor George, so loyal and true, be at ease about that. I have a new feeling about Terra Fildare—a sort of sorrowful compassion I can hardly describe. I thought I should come to hate her if she refused you ; and yet, now that I realise that she has done this in her heart already, I am only conscious of an immense pity for her. To have your fair choice between good and evil, and to choose evil—that is so sad."

"If her choice turns out evil for her," George began ; "but I won't be melodramatic. I can't help loathing the man ; but even that feeling may be mean. Why should he not try to win her?"

"Who is he?"

"Count Garciola—a Spaniard. They passed over this bridge together a few minutes ago, when you were talking to Lady Margreave. Let us turn back and go somewhere else."

"They passed here together! Now I understand. Poor Terra!"

"But have you got any painful presentiments about her future, Marian?"

"I know nothing of the man," Mrs. Malcolm replied; "I see nothing about him." Then, after a little hesitation, as they turned away together and walked in another direction, "Perhaps even he is not specially to blame. I may only be guided by the feeling that it is so mad of her to fling away the happiness she might have had."

"Talking with you, Marian," Ferrars said after a while, "is like thinking to myself. I can't leave off thinking about it all, or else I should say, Let us talk of it no more."

Their conversation, however, was disjointed and broken up by pauses. After a while Ferrars asked :

"But tell me, Marian, what was the possible need of me that you had in your mind as another reason for wanting to see me?"

"It is not urgent for to-day, dear; but I have need of you, and shall appeal to you as soon as this matter of yours is decided."

"Do you think it is uncertain?"

"I do not; but still you must go through some plain explanations, I suppose. Only I think you might exact these without delay."

Some further talk followed about the promise George had given to force no interview on Miss Fildare, and then of many other minor topics, with the major subject ever and anon coming to the surface. When they came back to the house—round to the front again—and returned into the principal hall, they found a number of people gathered there, including Terra and the Count. There was a clatter of voices and laughter going on round the cage of a parrot, who had been giving vent to some general remarks that his admirers had found entertaining. Terra looked even more brilliant than usual. This time she was in a summer shepherdess kind of costume—a pinkish flavour about it, from rose-coloured flowers in the pattern, and pink bows at the throat and elbows, and a looped up skirt. She was altogether bright, sunny and joyous. She had been among the busiest with the parrot, but she left him to greet Mrs. Malcolm as the brother and sister entered. The contrast between the two women—both handsome as they were, both rather tall and commanding in figure—was very striking, and they might have been painted, as they stood together, as symbolical figures of night and morning.

Terra's gaiety was quenched a little, however, as she took Mrs. Malcolm's hand—not by any reproachful look she encountered, but by thoughts which arose as they met. From Mrs. Malcolm she glanced at her brother, who said a few commonplace words to her in an ordinary tone.

"And now," said Lady Margreave, "whoever can tear themselves from Polly will find tea at the end of the gallery. But I shall go upstairs with you, dear, first"—to Mrs. Malcolm—"and see that you are properly provided for."

"Mr. Ferrars," said Terra, turning to him as the group thus dispersed in various directions, "unless you are absolutely perishing for want of that tea, you must first come and see my picture of the old beech-tree. I finished it this morning, and it is on view in Lady Margreave's morning-room. I want your serious and earnest criticism."

The picture of the beech-tree really was in the room, but neither thought of it as they went up a side passage and into the room indicated, which was a little distance off. When they were alone, she spoke :

"I am so sorry, Mr. Ferrars, but it can't be."

"I know."

He leaned with his back against the mantelpiece and his arms outstretched on each side along the marble slab. She had come up near to him, with her hands together in sincere and earnest sympathy for him. It would have been almost natural for him to have bent forward to fold her in a farewell embrace, and the impulse to do this half asserted itself in action, but he repressed it and remained still.

"How do you know? What do you mean?"

"I suppose in some strange way my love for you has made me aware of the crisis in your heart that has settled this matter—to my bitter sorrow."

Terra's brow contracted, but more in anxiety than anger, though she began as if to repudiate the idea that she was to blame for having caused this sorrow.

"How could I help what has happened?" Then she checked herself, real regret for the pain she was giving overmastering the strong impulse of her nature to assert herself always in the right.

"But I dare say I was to blame for misunderstanding my own feelings. I was a fool not to know if a girl does not feel eager to say 'Yes,' in such a case, she ought to say 'No' at once. I see that now."

"That is as it may be," said Ferrars, quietly enough, though shrinking inwardly at the suggestion embodied in her words that a later experience had taught her how a girl felt when "Yes" would be the appropriate answer. He moved from the mantelpiece and sat down in a chair close by. "It seemed best to wait while there was the faintest chance—and that chance once seemed near——"

"I had intended to say so much to you—to explain things, and to argue that it must be the best for you in the end to marry some one unlike me. And now I feel so sorry. It is like insulting you to say anything, except that I am so *very* sorry, for your sake, that it cannot be as you wish."

"You could not say anything that would be any good, of course. It is kind of you to feel so keenly about it; but nothing you would say would seem insulting—it would only be quite in vain. I have been mortally wounded, Terra, on that side of my nature, and the rest of my life will be a physical existence without a soul in it. But that is fate. I feel earnestly that it is no fault of yours. That is the only thing that excuses me for speaking in this way, at the risk of provoking regret on your part. However, I would rather, if you will, that you should think of me as true to my ideal love for you, and incurable in a loyal sort of way, whatever happens. It won't amount to anything, of course; but I should like to think that you were absolutely sure, at any time through life, you could call upon me to do anything for you that you might want done; of course, without any notion of having a claim upon you, on that account, for reward or thanks—in a loyal way I mean. I am talking awkwardly, but never mind. It doesn't matter—nothing matters now, in one way. Do you go abroad?"

"I *must* lead a larger, a more exciting life."

The phrase revealed so much as to the impulses under which she was acting, and as to the little security for her happiness that resided in such a love as that her wilder aspirations had conjured

up, that Ferrars vividly remembered, as she spoke, his sister's words about the great compassion Marian had felt for her instead of resentment. A sense that she might be sealing her choice of an evil destiny in giving way to her craving for excitement came upon her lover's heart with the force of a sudden emotion, and almost overcame his self-control. He paused a little while before replying, and she fancied that it was his own pain that was nearly too much to bear.

"Oh, I do hope so earnestly you will find some one to love less of a savage than I am, who will make you happy after all."

"Spare me that wish my lost love, and remember what I have said."

She moved a step back in the direction of the door. Their conversation was really over, and there was nothing more to be added. But she lingered, hardly knowing how to get away without seeming cruelly abrupt.

"Good-bye," she said, putting out her hand.

"Good-bye," he answered, sadly and gently, getting up from his seat and taking her hand, "and Heaven shield you!" Then he put his other arm round her and kissed her once upon the cheek, she accepting the farewell caress, as it were, with humility. He released her at once, and she went away, slowly closing the door after her.

Ferrars walked to the window, and looked out and noticed a gardener's assistant at a little distance, sweeping up fallen leaves and putting them into a wheelbarrow; and then noticed, as a strange psychological fact, that he had been observing the man as if idly *insouciant*. "I know I shall never get over this," he thought to himself, "and yet I feel more as if I were tired than anything else. I can't face those people at tea. I had better go up to my own room."

He went upstairs with the feeling that something had happened that he would pay attention to presently, but with a numbed sensation of not realizing the truth yet. The physical craving for tobacco, incident on the strain his nerves had gone through, asserted itself, and he filled and lighted his pipe. Then, in a few moments, a wave of painful emotion passing through his heart made him throw it aside; and it struck him that the small

illustration afforded by his behaviour with the pipe would show how all occupations and distractions to which he might turn now in life, would, in the same way, excite impatient disgust directly afterwards.

A knock came at his door in a few minutes, and he called "Come in," knowing well who was there. Nothing but the peculiar relations existing between Mrs. Malcolm and her brother—relations altogether transcending the mere tie of blood, would have justified her in disturbing him just then, or have made her presence endurable. As it was, her coming seemed a matter of course.

"Shall I tell you now what it was I wanted you to do for me, George?" she asked, without saying a word about the interview that had just taken place, and sitting down on a sofa at right angles to the fireplace—"or would you rather I put it off till to-morrow."

"I'm afraid I'll be too stupid to understand, dear," he answered; "or else to-day and to-morrow are all one."

"To-morrow will be worse than to-day, dear. The after-taste of sorrow is always the worse; and she is very attractive. I feel, as I told you, more sorry for her than angry, after all. It is not what I expected to feel; but I may have absorbed some of your feeling into my own nature. We could not feel very differently about this matter, any more than about anything else."

"If you had felt very differently, that would certainly have made the thing worse for me. How wise you are, Marian, on my behalf. I wonder if there is another sister in the world, who in a case like this would have had the sagacity not to abuse Terra? But then it is not sagacity in a calculating sense, with you. It is the perfection of true sympathy."

"I suppose that is so, really. Certainly I am not acting a part in saying what I do."

"I wonder what it was turned her, Marian? She was *mine* when I parted from her on going back last to the Hague. Looking back now, I think I might have won a promise from her then, that might have guarded her from this."

"If you had," Marian said, "it might have saved her."

In the completeness of her sympathy, she was thus

capable of even joining him in blaming himself for the bygone error.

"It is useless to look back upon it now; and yet, perhaps, if that is really so, there is one life—mine—perhaps two, wrecked for want of promptitude and decision at the right moment, for a single error of judgment; and that was, after all, a sort of overstrained delicacy."

They went on for some time with vague speculation of this kind. Then, eventually, Mrs. Malcolm remarked:

"I could never get any guidance as to how you ought to act with Terra, though I tried so hard to get a hint. I once thought I was going to have a clue, but it never came."

"How do you mean?"

"I talk of this with no one but you, George; you understand?"

"I know dear," Ferrars answered gravely. "It is sacred for you, so it is sacred for me, though the thing itself is quite incomprehensible."

"Incomprehensible, but not incredible, I hope, George."

"I believe in you, you know, so absolutely that I believe through you in anything you believe in. I wish my feeling about this were more complete, for both our sakes."

"I suppose that is the nearest you can come to at present. But at all events, you understand that my Guardian Angel is as real to me as any living friend I have—as real to me as you are. In a sort of way, more real; for sometimes I feel very strongly that to one another in this world we are masked somehow. When we come to know each other, in another better world, we shall find that we are something different from what we now imagine. People who truly love one another will not be disappointed at the change—quite otherwise I expect. The change will be some kind of revelation and unfoldment of new knowledge about one another, which will probably be very delightful. But still there will be a change, and for that reason, two loving people cannot know one another thoroughly. Now, it seems to me, as if I already knew my Guardian, as she *is* in actual reality in the higher world. When my turn comes to go there too, I shall find her there as I know her now; only instead of getting mere glimpses of her, I shall be

with her altogether—see her face to face without any veil between us—as there is always when I see her now.”

“Do you mean by a veil the difficulty of seeing her distinctly?”

“I mean by that what you say, and also an actual visible veil she seems to wear; that, I suppose, is intended to symbolize the difficulty. Perhaps it is impossible for her to make her features quite distinct to me while I am looking at her with the eyes of the flesh, so she shows herself to me with a veil. But it is a veil, you must understand, of the faintest and most diaphanous kind, so that I seem almost to know her face.”

“Has she appeared to you often of late?”

“Several times; and always with the same object in view. She wishes me to become acquainted with the girl I asked you to find out for me.”

“I thought you said you had been asking about my relations with Terra?” Ferrars said recurring to the subject nearest his heart.

“I sought to know about that, of course; but without success.”

“What was the clue you thought yourself about to obtain?”

Mrs. Malcolm paused a little, as if in embarrassment; then she said:

“I do not understand it, George, and you must not misunderstand it. I feel that she could not neglect any promise she made me. She could not speak idly, and yet it would seem as if she had not told me what she wanted to tell. She said, when I brought her for guidance in the matter nearest to you, and therefore nearest to me, that she would give it at the fitting time. And yet, now, the time for advice in the matter has altogether gone by. It bewilders me, for it is my religion, or a part of my religion, that she cannot err.”

George was silent. He would not say anything to wound his sister's most delicate susceptibilities; and yet he felt that in this matter her spirit-guide had mocked her confidence.

“At all events,” he said, “I have no misleading advice to complain of; and whatever I have done wrong, has been done through my own folly.”

"Don't dwell on that, George, dear," Mrs. Malcolm pleaded, "Sooner or later, I shall come to understand what she meant. It may be that no good advice was possible—that what has taken place had to be accomplished. I do not know—but my Guardian must know—I have told you this simply because I will never keep anything from you; but you will not let it weaken your readiness to help me in following her guidance in the other matter?"

"My dear Marian, whatever you wish me to do, I will do on that account. I do not want any other motive."

"Well, it must be so for the present. I want you to come with me, when I go in search of this girl. I do not know yet why I particularly want that, except that *she* wishes it. That is enough for me. And for you—you say you will do what I wish for my sake."

"It will be easy for me to go anywhere with you, Marian, There is no one else I could bear to be with just now. When are we to go—and where?"

"I suppose you would be glad to go from here—the sooner the better?"

Certainly; the sooner the better. To-morrow, better than the next day; to-day, better than to-morrow. But that is impossible, I fear."

"Lady Margreave will understand, and anyone else will accept any explanation she chooses to give. Let it be to-morrow. To-day, of course, is impossible. It is getting to be evening already."

The dinner-party and the evening afterwards proved less trying in fact than anticipation for the brother and sister. With care for Ferrars' feelings, Miss Fildare effaced herself as much as possible; was taken in to dinner by an entirely neutral guest, spoke scarcely at all with Count Garciola, who was allotted to Miss Maxwell at table, and monopolised by that young lady as far as possible afterwards.

Ferrars went into the billiard-room after dinner. Lady Margreave, who had been apprised by Mrs. Malcolm of what had occurred, avoided any of the kindly devices she had been hitherto employing to throw Terra and Mr. Ferrars together, and the evening wore away.

By the connivance of their hostess, the brother and sister slipped off quietly the following morning to the station, and no one noticed their departure. Ferrars had no other leave-taking with Terra than that which had already taken place in the morning-room.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE UNION ACCOMPLISHED.

ABOUT a week after Mrs. Malcolm and Ferrars left Oatfield, Edith Kinseyle, as she sat at breakfast with her father and Miss Barkley, received a letter from a country neighbour, Mrs. Graham-Lee. Her acquaintance with this lady was so slight, that she began to make surprised comments as she read the letter.

"Papa, dear, have you, oh! *have you* been paying marked attentions to Mrs. Graham-Lee? Why does she suddenly want to come and see me? Why does she thirst to visit Kinseyle Court? She cannot expect to find a fox there in July. Why does she want to introduce her friends to 'the intellectual lion of the neighbourhood?' Can you really imagine that Mrs. Graham-Lee knows Arabic from Choctaw?"

"And who is Mrs. Graham-Lee, Birdie? and what does she want?"

"Oh, Papa! what dreadful dissimulation. She is coming to Compton Wood to call, and it can't be for me, for she barely knows I exist, and probably thinks of me as aged five. She must have designs upon your heart. It might be a very suitable match, Papa. She belongs to hugely rich people in New York, but is quite settled now in England; Midhamptonshire property—and a blooming widow of forty. But you would have to hunt at least three times a week."

"Is there such a person, Miss Barkley?" asked Mr. Kinseyle. Edith's bright spirits made the sunshine of Compton Wood, and her father always played up willingly to her badinage when they were together. "Or has Edith invented her?"

"Poor Papa! I am afraid you must be far gone. The disguise is too thin. But what's this she says at the end? 'My

friend, Mrs. Malcolm, is a stranger to you; but her brother, who is with her and staying with me for a few days, says he has had the honour of a very informal presentation to you already. His name is Ferrars."

Miss Edith was caught in her own trap as she read out the conclusion of the note. The name was instantly recognised by both ladies; and even Mr. Kinseyle, though no close observer, caught the inflection of surprise in Edith's voice.

"So, then," he remarked, though more in the tone of the previous banter than as taking the matter seriously, "Birdie appears to understand everything as soon as a gentleman's name is mentioned. And who is Mr. Ferrars? I hope he is well connected, and with property in Midhamptonshire."

"My acquaintance with Mr. Ferrars, Papa?"—Edith began as in exculpation; but then the humour of the situation caught her fancy, and she finished the sentence in a tone of mock complacency, "is very satisfactory, so far. I really don't know that he has a fault."

"Goodness, Edith!" began Miss Barkley, "why——"

"My dear B., I am *convinced* that you know nothing against Mr. Ferrars either, and you know him much better even than I."

"And who is Mr. Ferrars, Birdie? Who does he belong to, and what is he like?"

"Let us be systematic, Papa. I can't answer all those questions at once. What is he like? Let us deal with that first. Describe him B.; you know him best, as I have said."

"Oh, I don't. He is just an ordinary gentlemanly kind of young man."

"Just an ordinary young man! Why I assure you, Papa, the only time we were all three together, B. fairly monopolised him. I could not get in a single word. And I, who was simply *out of it*, can tell you more than that. Mr. Ferrars is a reasonably tall young man, with an unmistakable flavour of good society. Thick brown hair, coming forward and rather heavy, don't you know, at the top of the forehead: short beard and moustache—not a great straggling bunch, but neat and curly" (making appropriate gestures with her fingers round her own rose-red lips and dimpled, rounded chin), "very bright brown eyes, and a quick impulsive

sort of manner. Apt to be carried away by his feelings, I should think, as B. can tell you, no doubt, better than I."

"I will tell the story my way, if you like, Mr. Kinseyle," said Miss Barkley, making a conscientious professional protest against all these insinuations, but aware that submission to Edith's statements, as also to her will in all things, was her first practical rule of behaviour.

"Birdie seems to know all about the matter," said Mr. Kinseyle. "And who is he, besides being——?"

"Besides being an ornament to society. Ah, now I can tell no more. We must refer to B."

"But how does Miss Barkley know anything about him. Isn't he some one you have met with the Miltenhams?"

Miss Kinseyle kept up the mystification as long as it afforded her amusement, and then brushed it all lightly away.

"We don't either of us know Mr. Ferrars at all, Papa, dear. That is the whole explanation of the affair. But he and another gentleman with him were visitors to Kinseyle Court one day we were there, and they were presented to us—if by anybody—by Mr. Squires. It was so recently that I happened to remember the name."

Mr. Kinseyle was not given to imagining complications that were not pressed on his attention, and hardly remembered the letter of the morning when the afternoon brought the expected guests. Edith and Miss Barkley watched for their arrival from a little arbour near the house, under two or three tall trees beside the miniature lawn, which commanded a view of the drive. Mrs. Graham-Lee, a prosperous widow of American origin, fond of society and horseflesh, drove up with her guests about four o'clock in a comfortable landau, and then Miss Kinseyle, attended by her maid-of-honour, went to meet them in the drawing-room.

"I have been longing to have Mrs. Malcolm come and stay with me for ever so long," said the voluble widow, "and here she has dropped into my arms at last, like ripe fruit, of her own accord. Didn't know she could come a fortnight ago, but now she's here I want to show her all the charms of the neighbourhood, so of course I have brought her to see *you*, Miss Kinseyle. I wonder would your father come over and bring you to dine with

us one evening? We must talk about that seriously before we part. But, do you know, my dear, it is perfectly appalling how time flies. I doubt if you were born when I was brought to Mid-hamptonshire, and here you are looking like a young Queen already. Doesn't she look like a young Queen, Mrs. Malcolm?" and then, before the other lady had time to reply, she rattled on with other talk about the Miltenhams, in whose care in London she had last seen Edith, and so on.

Edith and Mrs. Malcolm had been gazing at one another, meanwhile, with eager interest on both sides. Edith had previously been thinking more of Mr. Ferrars as the central personage of the afternoon, and less of him on his own account than as a possible link of renewed communication with his friend; but though on the first entrance of the callers he had been formally presented, as well as Mrs. Malcolm, it was to the lady's face that Edith felt her gaze attracted as if by some powerful influence; and while Mrs. Graham-Lee kept up her stream of chatter, she remained with her eyes fixed on those of her, so far, silent visitor.

"It is a great pleasure to me to meet you," said Mrs. Malcolm at the first opportunity, and the tones of her voice—always sweet, dignified and impressive—imparted a peculiar thrill to Edith's delicately sensitive nerves. A sense of eager curiosity took possession of her, and it was with more earnestness than the occasion seemed to claim that, when Mrs. Malcolm finished her sentence by adding, "I have heard of you before to-day," she asked:

"From whom? Where did you hear of me?"

"I am sure we must have many mutual friends," replied Mrs. Malcolm, "besides my brother, you know," she said with a smile—"If he may be reckoned one."

"You are none the worse for . . . your adventures of the evening when I first had the pleasure of meeting you?" asked Ferrars.

Mrs. Graham-Lee was engaged in telling Miss Barkley some facts connected with her early life in New York, to which she had passed by a rapid transition, from noticing the peculiar position of independence in which the circumstances of her life had placed Edith, and the other three were together.

"Much the better for them, thank you. By-the-bye, did you think me *quite* insane when you saw me in the moonlight that evening, or only having a fit? But poor Squires was dreadfully disappointed at not seeing either you or your friend again the following day. He thought you were burning with impatience to explore Kinseyle Court from the roof to the cellars, and you never came back at all."

Ferrars answered with lightly worded apologies. They grouped themselves about the room—Mrs Malcolm and Edith side by side on a sofa, the others slightly separated; but the room was too small to allow of any confidential talk. Eventually a movement to the garden, suggested by Mrs. Malcolm, and then Mr. Kinseyle's appearance on the scene, afforded an opportunity for a little dispersion. Mrs. Malcolm and Edith moved away, apart from the others.

"I cannot explain to you all at once, Miss Kinseyle, how interesting it is to me to make your acquaintance. But you, I am sure, will understand what it is to be guided in one's action by a higher influence."

The words were not very explicit, but Edith's intuitions were quick. And it was one of her sweetest peculiarities, that though her manner was generally bright and vivacious, it responded instantly to a serious appeal when this touched her inner and more exalted nature. It was with a sweet and earnest gravity, in tune with Mrs. Malcolm's allusion, that she replied:

"I know what it is to *feel* a higher influence. I can see that you will be able to understand me. What a delight! This accounts for the extraordinary effect you have had upon me from the first moment I looked at you. And this, then, is the vindication of Mr.—, of the prophecy made by your brother's friend."

"My brother's friend? Oh, the gentleman who was with him when he first saw you—Mr. Marston."

"Yes, that was the name. He told me much that was very interesting in the short conversation I had with him. Do you know him?"

"Poor Mr. Marston? Yes I know him. I forgot he had been with my brother when you met."

"Why do you call him poor?"

"He has had unusual troubles in life, which have saddened him greatly. He is almost a recluse, but much attached to George."

Miss Kinseyle waited to hear more, but Mrs. Malcolm was not communicative on this topic, and the young lady was shy of pressing for further information. Mrs. Malcolm, on the other hand, questioned her.

"But what was the prophecy you spoke of that Mr. Marston ventured upon?"

"That I should very soon meet people who would understand my inner life and visions, and explain them to me. You seem to have come by appointment with destiny."

"We shall understand one another, and I shall not be the one to enjoy that the least. We have not time to exchange many words yet, but an exchange of sympathy between us may be instantaneous, for we both have some attributes, I suspect, in common."

"Oh, it is so intensely interesting to meet some one who can explain what only bewilders me, though it is so glorious. Do you also see——?"

She hesitated how to finish the sentence, but Mrs. Malcolm accepted it as it stood.

"Yes, I also see; but I am too deeply filled with rapture when that happens to seek any other explanation than my perfect faith supplies."

"But you have had more experience than I. Can I do anything to assist—*her*—to show herself to me again? Shall you be able to tell me what happens to you?"

"Yes; I shall be able to tell you as I can tell no one else—not even my brother; for though he sympathizes with me perfectly, and believes in me perfectly, he does not realize what I tell him by the light of his own experience, as you will be able to do."

"Tell me, what is the vision that you see?"

"An exquisite spiritual being whom I call and think of as my Guardian Angel. I do not mean to assert anything about her by calling her that; I only know that she comes to me from time to time, and especially at difficult crises of my life, and that her

influence and guidance are always for good, and that her presence always strengthens and refreshes me."

"It is like the Countess with me."

"The Countess?"

"I think of her as that. There was an ancestress of our family who lived in the room where I have best seen my glorious vision, and where I seem drawn always by a sort of sweet fascination. I don't know, but it always seems to me the spirit of the Countess."

"How does she seem to say about that? Have you made an effort to know?"

"What a revelation it is about you—the mere way you put the question! I know what you mean by 'seems to say.' I could not tell you what her words were, or if there were any, but it has seemed to me that she approved when I have felt sure she was the Countess."

"We shall have so much to recognise in one another's experience, I can see. And does the emotion envelope you? You know what I mean."

"Of course I do; and it is just that. One seems to be bathed in a kind of ecstasy that is like no other feeling imaginable. Don't you remember the effect for days afterwards?"

"I never forget it. I am always longing for it; but you *feel* it as it were for days afterwards, before it quite disappears. And don't you find that it is always right to do as she tells you?"

"I don't know," replied Edith, "that she has ever told me to do anything definite, that I could understand. You know, it is only quite lately that I have seen her distinctly when I have been awake. Before that, and since, I constantly dream about her, and indeed it seems to me sometimes as if it was not a dream at all while it is going on; but then I wake after it is over, as if it had been. That puzzles me."

"But she does not talk to you in definite words?"

"I think she does at the time, but it seems as if I had forgotten afterwards. That annoys me excessively. But when I saw her in the library at Kinseyle Court, there was one thing she said that I remember: 'You will soon know more.' I do not know what it refers to, and most of the time I was simply enraptured at

the sight of her, and did not seem as if I had sense to say anything or ask any questions."

" "You will soon know more," repeated Mrs. Malcolm reflectively. "Yes; that hinges perfectly on what has been said to me: but I do not know yet exactly how the promise is to be fulfilled, though it must be that I am appointed in some way to aid in its fulfilment."

"Do you mean, then, that what you have been having, relates to me in any way?"

"It relates to you in the most urgent and emphatic way. If I had found you less prepared, I should have hesitated to say that at once; but you are evidently prepared for anything—prepared to understand everything, I mean—that I have to tell. For some time past, all the guidance I have received has been directed to this meeting with you. I have been told to find you out, and communicate with you, and since, as you well understand, my Guardian never gave me your name and address as a living person would—or rather as a person living in the flesh would have done—I have had no little trouble, I assure you, in obeying her injunction."

"Of course; I see. I was the object of your brother's quest when he first came to this neighbourhood?"

"Exactly."

"But what do you think the Spirit, your Guardian, wishes me to do?"

"I have not any idea as yet. My feeling has rather been that I am required to render you some service, but what that is I do not yet understand. The explanation will come now, I have no doubt. So far I have been able to carry out my first orders."

"And your next are to clear my vision by working with me. What! I beg your pardon for putting the idea in that way. It sounds very absurd for me to say what your orders are. I spoke without thinking."

"My dearest child, you spoke under some sort of direction perhaps, without knowing it. If you did not deliberately frame the sentence in that way, that is all the more likely. I am more than willing to work with you. That is it, to begin with, at all events, of course. For some reason, your senses, beautiful and

delicate as they are, are not fully awake. Your own Guardian cannot direct them freely. I have been longer under this sort of influence than you have yet, and contact with me may have some magnetic effect upon you ; that will clear your vision in the way you say."

They had been walking up and down a long, straight path, running past the back of the house and along the lawn which lay at one side. They came just at this time within calling distance of the others, who were gathered round the arbour, and some seats out on the grass at the further end ; and Mrs. Lee broke into their conversation with an inquiry about the next proceedings contemplated.

"How about our visit to Kinseyle Court, Mrs. Malcolm? Would you like to go; and would Miss Kinseyle like to come with us?"

Miss Kinseyle at once fell back into her usual bright, every-day manner, declared herself delighted, and was shortly afterwards carried off in the landau, Mrs. Graham-Lee going security for her safe restoration to Compton Wood. She sat beside Ferrars on the front seat of the carriage, and for politeness' sake he did his best to talk to her as they went along, though the scenes he had gone through at Oatfield had left effects on him which made even the grace and beauty of his companion a mere circumstance of the moment, that failed in any way to thrill his emotions. It was with a sober, brotherly courtesy, rather than the spirit of incipient gallantry which generally warms a man's behaviour to an interesting girl, that he asked her now about the evening on which he had first seen her. Edith was not eager to go into details, with the double check of Mrs. Malcolm's and Mrs. Lee's presence to restrain her, but was answering some of Ferrars's questions with vague and almost evasive replies, when Mrs. Lee herself supplied the antidote to the embarrassment of her presence by pouring forth an account of some curious experiences of her own. These merely had to do with a dream that was verified ; but the voluble widow was deeply impressed by the circumstance, and claimed the fullest attention of her companions for all its details. The conversation arising out of this narrative filled up the time the drive lasted.

"I could have wished," Mrs. Malcolm said to Edith, on their arrival at the Court, as they stood aside for a moment together in the hall, "that we had come here by ourselves ; but we must hope to do that some other time."

"Perhaps I could just show you the place where I saw her, while the others are looking at the museum ?"

A room at the Court which contained an accumulation of Roman stones, together with banners and weapons of the Middle Ages, bore this title, and was supposed to be one of the principal features of interest about the place for visitors.

This arrangement was effected after a while. The museum was on the other side of the hall from the library, and opened into the principal drawing-room of the stately old mansion, whose faded glories of gold and amber brocade greatly caught the fancy of the American lady. She lay back in the corner of an old sofa that commanded a view of a knight in full armour, or rather, of the full armour without the knight, through the open doors of the museum, and of the rather neglected but still beautiful grounds through the drawing-room windows, and discoursed on the relative merits of American energy and English picturesqueness. Mrs. Malcolm and Edith, who had not followed her into the drawing-room, retreated at this juncture, leaving Ferrars to play listener, and made their way to the library.

"It was just here I have seen her," Edith explained, setting open the door of the Countess's room, and standing before it on the slightly lower level of the library. "It was later than this, however ; dusk, and the moon was shining. And she stood, the time I saw her plainly, just here ;" and Edith went up the two steps and stood for a little while in the doorway. "Come in here for awhile, Mrs. Malcolm. I used to sit here, mostly, in the window-seat and read ; and it was here, indeed, that I first fancied I saw something, and got the idea it was the Countess's spirit. Poor Miss Barkley was so terrified when I told her !"

"People are always terrified about spiritual appearances, if they have no natural psychic affinities in their nature ; and to them it is amazing that we are not." Then after a little time spent in further talk and in looking about the room, Mrs. Malcolm said : "What do you think ? Might it be possible we

should get some sign if we stood together where you last saw her?"

"Let us try!" replied Edith eagerly, and they went back into the library.

Edith pushed a small couch into a convenient position, and they sat down on this side by side. By an impulse, to which Edith quickly responded, Mrs. Malcolm took one of her hands and held it on her lap, and put her other arm round her. They sat so undisturbed for some ten minutes, but were not rewarded by any manifestation. Then they heard the cheerful voice of Mrs. Lee approaching, and got up.

"Do you know," Edith said, "I could imagine some influence comes into me from you? It is very slight, but I can feel a something different in this arm that you have been holding the hand of, from the other."

"I do not think I am magnetic," Mrs. Malcolm answered. "I am in the habit of thinking of myself rather as sensitive to magnetism than productive of it; my brother is for me the magnetic battery at which I refresh myself sometimes. By-the-by, that is an idea. If he were to mesmerise you here on the scene of your former vision, that might enable you to see."

"I shall be very glad."

"I would rather we had been alone; still, Mrs. Lee will not interfere with us, really; especially if I explain to her."

Mrs. Lee and Ferrars coming in just then interrupted them. After a little interval of general talk as they looked about the library, the couples were rearranged, and Ferrars was left with Edith in the Countess's room.

"You ought to have a web here and a looking-glass. When I told the people I was on my way to see, when I was last here, of the adventure I had on my way, they spoke of you as the Lady of Shalott, and I have thought of you by that title ever since."

"But I do not in the *least* feel so sentimental as Elaine. I think she made the greatest possible mistake. There was not enough to die for in her case."

"Don't you think love enough to die for? But in truth," added Ferrars, hurrying on as if to deprecate a direct answer to his question, "I do not see that it is, or can be, for a woman."

Perhaps the knights are to blame, and they have gone off frightfully since King Arthur's days. Certainly I cannot imagine a nineteenth century lover worth dying for ! ”

“ And still less a nineteenth century young lady.”

“ C'est selon.”

He uttered the phrase with a half sad, half contemptuous intonation, and not with the implication that might have turned it into a compliment.

Edith said :

“ You put it very nicely ; but I am afraid the nineteenth century young lady is too painfully sensible, for the most part, to be very sentimental : or, in other words, she is too selfish and small to be capable of Elaine's beautiful folly. If she is sometimes idealized by her lover, the colour all comes from his own imagination.”

“ And sometimes she absorbs the colour, it may be, and becomes what her lover has made her in his fancy. Sometimes, of course, she does not—for various reasons.”

“ That is a pretty idea ; though you put a bitter end to it. It would be the magnetism of love that fructifies in the heart.”

“ Or fails to ? ”

“ Or may never be developed. I do not suppose all the knights are magnetic now, any more than in Elaine's time.”

“ So much the better for them, perhaps ; the ordinary destinies of people in our time do not match well with emotions of romantic intensity.”

Mrs. Malcolm and Mrs. Lee here came up into the inner room.

“ George,” said Mrs. Malcolm, “ I want you to see if you can put Miss Kinseyle into a mesmeric sleep. Here, in this old room that she is fond of, the results might be especially interesting.”

“ If Miss Kinseyle would like me to try, of course,” said Ferrars, rather taken by surprise. “ But I do not think much of my powers that way, you know.”

“ You can influence me ; and it might be the same with her. Indeed, I feel almost sure it might be.”

Mrs. Lee was deeply interested, and arranged herself in a commanding position to observe what took place.

Miss Kinseyle was made comfortable in the large old velvet

armchair, and as this was too low in the back for her to rest her head, Mrs. Malcolm sat just beside and partly behind, with her arm extended so that Edith could lean her head against her shoulder. Ferrars held her hands for a little while, laid his own on her forehead, and made passes for some time, but without any startling effect.

"It does not make me feel sleepy," said Miss Kinseyle; "though it makes me feel odd; somehow, I get impressions of a curious kind."

"Can you describe them at all?" Mrs. Malcolm asked after a little pause, during which Edith frowned with the effort to understand something that was perplexing her.

"That is just the difficulty. There is a man and a woman in the matter somehow. I don't *see* them, you know; but the idea of them comes before me, as if of people I have seen some time or other in reality. It seems to me that they are quarrelling. There is such an atmosphere of anger about the whole feeling—as if the woman reproaches the man bitterly, and then turns and rushes away from him."

"What are they like to look at?"

"The woman or the girl is tall, with red gold hair low on her forehead—massive—altogether like marble."

The description gave a simultaneous thrill of excitement both to Ferrars and his sister.

"What is the man like?" asked Ferrars.

"Dark—very dark. That's all I feel about him. Black as night. Does it all mean anything to you? I don't understand it in the least."

"It is very bewildering," Ferrars replied. "It might mean something. At least, I can partly identify the people you speak of. But you do not tell us much about them."

"I have nothing to tell, I am afraid, unless it is two or three words. And I don't know how those came into my head."

"What are they?"

"As I tell you, it may be the merest nonsense. I don't know why I thought of those words in connection with the woman; but the words were: 'George, George! how can you ever forgive me?'"

Ferrars had desisted from all further mesmeric attempts during the conversation, and sat down now on the edge of the table, saying nothing, but puzzled as well as excited. Mrs. Malcolm looked disturbed and annoyed.

"It is no use to go on at present," she said. "There seems to be some cross influence at work. This was not at all the kind of result I was hoping for."

"Well," Mrs. Lee frankly observed, "there isn't much result of any sort about that. Won't she mesmerise?"

"It is only with my sister that I am any good at that sort of thing," Ferrars remarked. "We ought to have Sidney Marston here. He really can mesmerise people, I fancy; and he knows all about such matters."

"He seemed to me to know a great deal," Miss Kinseyle promptly added, "It would be very interesting for him to try. But then he is not at hand, unfortunately."

Mrs. Malcolm got up with a little sigh, making no other remark.

"Who's Sidney Marston?" asked Mrs. Lee. "I don't know him, do I?"

"Very likely not," Ferrars answered; "but I don't know anybody better worth knowing. He has all sorts of knowledge, and all sorts of good qualities. I look upon him as my greatest friend. But he's a great recluse."

"What's the matter with him? Has he got a history?" asked Mrs. Lee.

"Well, for one thing," answered Ferrars, "he is very keen upon occult studies of all sorts. Belongs to some queer societies in London that keep themselves desperately secret. I never press him for reasons about anything."

Mrs. Lee now suggested that they had better be going home, and they went out to the carriage.

Ferrars was preoccupied and thoughtful during the drive back to Compton Wood. Edith and Mrs. Malcolm said little to one another, but this little showed them to be both revolving means for another speedy meeting.

"Could Mrs. Lee spare you to spend a long evening with me?" Edith asked. "I want to talk to you about so many things."

"Mrs. Lee," said that lady herself, "is no tyrant, and lets her guests do whatever they like. But if you can, come over to Highton, my dear, with your father or by yourself, at any time. If you let me know half an hour before dinner, so much the better, and if that isn't convenient, come without warning."

Miss Kinseyle expressed appropriate gratitude, but was bent for the moment on having Mrs. Malcolm as her own guest.

"Of course, we shall be delighted if Mr. Ferrars will come too," she added.

Mrs. Lee's good-nature proved equal to the supply of a carriage for the expedition, and it was arranged for the following night but one, some dinner arrangements having been already made at Highton for the following evening, which Mrs. Malcolm was reluctant to throw out.

Edith guaranteed her father's cordial endorsement of any invitations she might give, and, loftily assuring Mrs. Malcolm that it was quite unnecessary for her to refer the matter to him in the first instance, bade her new friends good-bye at the door of her own home with the usual queenly air that so well became her.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROMAN CAMPAGNA.

Rome is set in the *Campagna romana*. The strange beauty of this "Roman country," the birth country of the Latin League, assails the very doors of the Roman citizen, intruding its poetry, its stillness, from point after point of vantage, causing the beholder to lead every now and then a sort of dual existence, to lose his sense of time and place and personality, and with his feet planted in the city which was once the hub of the world, to find himself dreaming in a cloister garden. The atmosphere, the combination of colour and light, is characteristically Roman, for though it always suggests what is mystic it never fails in perfect clearness. The campagna with its mystic blues, its blue greens, its silence, its vastness, presents none of the features Florentine *pays riant* whose little olive crowned hills, so cared for, so laughing, convey a message like its history, definite, homogeneous, cultured, charming. But here a dead city has been besieged day and night by a dead Campagna, big with its speech of silence, untilled, yet a cradle of civilisation, with the complex language suited to a more difficult message, not entering into your humour but taking you into its secret, beautiful, austere, massive and careless of little things, yet yielding you out of its rich secular treasure details of beauty in abundance—here before you lies a history, a power, heedless of your judgment, but century after century looking back at you *μειδιάσαις' ἀθανάτῃ προσώπῳ* as one of the finest lines in Greek verse says of Aphrodite, and recreating your universe for you.

Latium was the name of this country round about Rome,

Latium—that which is wide and spacious, a prophecy of the civilisation which was to spread from here, with its largeness, its spaciousness, its contempt of the trivial and restricted. The Campagna (from Civita Vecchia to Terracina) embraces a tract of country some 90 miles in extent, with a maximum breadth between mountain and sea of 40 miles, enclosing part of ancient Sabina, Etruria, and Latium, this last lying seawards, between the Alban hills and the Tiber. The *ager antiquus*, the Roman *ager*, however, was of much smaller extent, bounded by a point 5 miles out on the Via Appia, by the shrine of the *Dea Dia* towards the sea, and by the *Massa Festi* on the Via Labicana; and these always remained its confines for ritual purposes. From here derived the original families whose chiefs became the Roman patricians, and formed the nucleus of the Roman senate—the so-called *gentes*. The extension of the Campagna beyond the *ager sanctus* to form the *ager publicus* was the result of conquest, the territory thus acquired being let or assigned to private persons as tenants at will of the State, apportioned to poorer citizens in allotments, or colonised by Roman citizens. The hill villages and towns, the *Castelli Romani*, are so-called not as is popularly supposed because they are near Rome, but because they too were colonised by Romans from the *ager*, under the protection of the great feudal barons to whose fiefs they belonged in the city. Thus, *castello*, the baronial castle, easily came to denote the village which clustered round it.

Something of the dualism which possesses the soul of the Roman, which has, I think, always conveyed a message to his eyes, his ears, his heart, is derived from the scene before him. Life and death, the *va et vient* of the world's masters, "the desolation of Tyre and Sidon,"—the Roman campagna has looked on both. Chateaubriand describes it as a desolate land "with roads where no one passes," with "tombs and aqueducts for foliage," usurping the place of trees and life and movement; the stillness is broken by no happy country sounds, the eye sees no smoke ascend from the few ruined farmsteads. No nation it would seem has ventured to succeed the world's masters on their native soil, and the fields of Latium lie "as they were left by the iron spade of Cincinnatus or the last Roman plough." Decimated by plague

and pest and deserted by man, malarial, fever-bound, the smiling country seats of the world's conquerors have given place to tiny scattered colonies—as at Veii—haunted by a people emaciated by fever, where lads of 18 looking like boys of 12 are certified by the parish priest as unable to bear arms. Along the world-famous roads lined by the Romans on either hand with the monuments of their dead, that they might retain a constant place in the thoughts of the living who journeyed on these most frequented ways, the ruined tombs are left in possession of the dead alone. The tombs, the *hypogaea* and *mausolea* of the great families who dwelt there, often remain standing when all trace of the villas to which they belonged have disappeared, as though one further proof were needed that this is indeed the land of the dead.

Nevertheless this deserted country once teemed with life—some 70 cities, it is surmised, once covered the plain, and countless villas and farms, the property of Roman patricians, consuls, and senators made it a veritable garden. Driving within the walls of Rome being forbidden save to the Emperor and the vestals, the tenants of these villas met the *rheda* outside the gates, drawn by its pair of fast stepping horses. These light carriages were gaily painted with some classical subject as the peasants' carts still are in Naples, and a leather hood with purple hangings protected the owner from the heat. At all the crossroads are fountains for the use of man and beast, near which a seat shaded by ilex or olive awaits the tired traveller, as we may see it still awaiting him for example at the Porta Furba on the way to Frascati. Excellent roads kept in excellent repair honeycomb the plain, while aqueducts, temples, trees, shrines, monuments and statues rejoice the eye and enliven the journey. Villa, dependants' dwellings, the mausoleum, the farms, are seen a long way off in this flat land, and not the least curious feature as the traveller approaches is the formal garden still known to us as "an Italian garden," an entirely artificial creation where each tree and shrub has not only its prescribed place in the scheme but its prescribed form, giving the impression of a continuous trained English box-hedge. The shrubs are tortured into the semblance of beasts and snakes, the name of the owner being sometimes cut in the foliage, a device which may still be seen in the modern grounds of the Villa

Pamfili-Doria. The most conspicuous features of the Campagna from classical times are the aqueducts, stretching right across the *agro* to the walls of Rome ; gigantic remains of the Claudian aqueduct, extend for six miles, and the ancient *peperino* arches of the favourite *acqua Marcia*, which cross the Claudian aqueduct at Porta Furba, still bring water to the city. As classic Rome is represented by the aqueducts and mausolea, so feudal Rome is represented by the towers which rose in the Campagna between the eighth and the fifteenth centuries—the early semaphores on the coastline to give warning of the approach of Saracen or Corsair, the vedette towers which figured in the baronial wars, and the later fortified towers of the baron's castle. Last, but not least, Christianity has strewed the Campagna with chapels and shrines, the earliest of which supplanted the cult of the local pagan divinity in the ages when Christianity was gradually driving the religion of imperial Rome into the villages and hill retreats. So Saint Sylvester replaced the woodland deities, Michael supplanted the god of war, Saint George became the Christian protector against the depredations of ferocious beasts, S. Cæsarius replaced the genius of the Imperial Cæsars. Of the same period are the basilicas erected over the *sepolcretum* of a martyr at the mouth of a catacomb.

Several causes led to the abandonment of the *agro Romano*. The neglect of the roads and the ruin of the aqueducts, which cut off the water supply, the poverty of the despoiled landlords and the general insecurity which followed the incursions of the barbarians in the fifth and sixth centuries, brought about a rapid depopulation, and gradually turned the *agro* into a pest-bound desert. It would seem that malarial fever is virtually indigenous to the soil of the *agro*, besetting every region as soon as man deserts it. It did not make its appearance, we may suppose, in the inhabited towns of the classical period, but that it existed before the middle ages, the popular date for its appearance, is shown by the allusions of classical writers since the time of Augustus, and by the existence of several temples to the goddess Fever. In Rome itself it is the persistent belief, which appears to be abundantly confirmed by statistics, that the more building is extended and the horribly noisy paved streets are multiplied,

the faster the evil diminishes; for the malarial miasma is held to be an exhalation of the soil, and where earth is freshly turned there is danger. As we all know, it has been quite recently shown that the microbe of malaria is carried by mosquitoes; mosquitoes abound where water abounds, and one of the reasons for the unhealthiness of the *agro*, one of the greatest obstacles to its reclamation, is that there are not less than ten thousand little water courses, which filter down to the valleys, creating marsh and stagnant pools. The evil may really date from the last years of the Republic which saw the displacement of the small freeholders by the large landowners, of the old free labour by slave labour, and the consequent fatal depopulation of the *agro*. But during the middle ages, from the sixth century onwards, all the causes were intensified, and the difficulties which now beset the secular problem of the restoration of agriculture in the Roman Campagna and the expulsion of malaria, resolve themselves "into a vicious circle," for men cannot live there until the malaria is exorcised, and until men live there the malaria will remain in possession. No less than 79 measures, for what is known in Italy as the *bonifica dell agro romano*, have from time to time been projected; and whether Italy will succeed where the Popes failed is still doubtful. The initial necessity, the drainage of the Campagna, seems in itself to be a task too great for Hercules. For the last four years the military *Croce Rossa* has perambulated the Campagna during the summer and autumn months, combatting the malaria with doctors and medicines. It is hoped that this will be followed by the establishment of a larger number of permanent sanitary stations. Since 1870 millions of eucalyptus trees have been planted as air purifiers, especially by the little railway stations and other inhabited sites. It is not forgotten that the agricultural colonies of the classical age were once the saving of Rome, and within the last few years similar schemes have been devised in the hope that the birthland of the Roman people may become once more the home of agriculture. Such a *colonia agricola* for Roman lads, now installed at *Buon Ricovero*, 9 miles beyond the Flaminian gate, was founded by a visitor who has since become the wife of an Italian well known for similar enterprise in Italian Africa.

The moral wants of the *agro* have appealed to the sympathies and occupied the attention of the excellent society of young Catholics, the *Circolo san Pietro*, which has opened and furnished thirty-four of the closed and neglected churches and chapels of the *agro* for the use of the scattered population ; Mass is also said in the hayfields on Sunday for the haymakers, on a wain drawn by oxen, and a very charming little picture of the scene is sold under the auspices of the president, Prince Barberini, to meet the incidental expenses. There are within the city many hundreds of extra parochial clergy, monks, friars, clerks regular, missionaries, and members of the various ecclesiastical congregations, with scores of churches and chapels where hundreds of Masses are daily celebrated, and where expositions of the Sacrament, Novenas, and Benedictions are multiplied. But just outside the walls there are people who never hear Mass, who live and die without the consolation of religion, "without a priest." When the *Circolo san Pietro* set their hand to the good work of opening the churches and chapels of the *agro*, their difficulty consisted in finding priests to minister in them without payment. "Your Indies are here," said the Pope of his day when S. Philip Neri, the Apostle of Rome, wished to go abroad as a missionary, and Pius X. has recently echoed the words.

The *agro Romano* is divided into nearly 400 farms, owned by half as many proprietors. The largest of these farms comprise between eight and 18,000 acres ; the two smallest five acres each. About half remains ecclesiastical property, while a third belongs to the great Roman families, one-sixth being still owned by peasant holders. The proprietors allow the big estates to be farmed by the so-called *mercanti di Campagna*, who take them on a three or nine years tenure. These large merchants of country produce keep a *fattore* on the farm, who is the actual manager ; he is both farmer and bailiff. The cattle of the *agro* are, Signor Tommasetti tells us, its most considerable inhabitants. There are 32,000 sheep, 18,000 cows, 10,000 goats, 7,000 horses and mules, 6,000 oxen, and 1,800 buffaloes. The oxen were brought by Trajan from the basin of the Danube, the buffaloes came with the Lombards, and were originally natives of India. Beyond the *agro* are the *Castelli romani*, the hill towns of the Alban and Sabine hills. There,

above Frascati, lies the site of Tusculum the mighty rival of Rome, to the right is Monte Cavo the highest peak in the Alban range where stood the temple of the "Latian Jupiter," sanctuary and rallying point of the Latin League. Below lies Albano, of which See the English Pope Hadrian IV. was Cardinal Bishop. In the Sabine range is the famous city of Tibur (Tivoli), the villa of Hadrian, and St. Benedict's town of Subiaco. To the east is the rock Soracte, "the pyramid of the Campagna," and the meeting place of Etruscans, Sabines, and Latins; while a score of little townships in both ranges of hills record the feudal families of Rome, and harbour the descendants of the Latin rural *plebs*. The life led here is not the village life of England, but the life of small primitive townships, with a mayor, a commune, and the customs of the middle ages. There are no manufactories and no crafts, and there are no cottages, the dwellings being divided into floors as in the big towns.

The great business of the year is the vintage which takes place in the Roman Campagna in October; in land held under manorial rights, however, the tenants must await the lord's pleasure. The vines are trained round short canes set close together, and the grapes are collected in wooden receptacles narrowing towards the base; these are emptied into the *tino* whence they are pressed, by the old biblical method of treading with the feet, into an enormous cask below called the *botte*. Here the grapes are left for some days to ferment, the skins rising to the top. In the little yards of filthy houses one may see the grapes being boiled in a cauldron, an illegitimate substitute for fermentation. The wine of the *Castelli romani* is famous; every district makes both red and white, the latter being generally preferred in Rome itself; the white "Frascati" and white "Genzano" are well-known; Albano wine is praised by Horace, and excellent "Marino" is still made in the vineyards of the Scotch College, which has its summer quarters there. The Sabines yield the "Velletri," a good red wine but difficult to find pure; Genazzano and Olevano also produce an excellent grape, but the difficulty in some of these small towns is to find a vine grower to take sufficient pains with his wine making. Colouring matter is usually employed for the red wines, the least noxious resource being a plentiful admixture

of elderberry. The wine made one year is not as a rule drunk till the next ; it is not prepared for exportation, but is kept, or sent to Rome, in barrels, from which it is decanted for retail commerce into flasks where the wine is protected with a few drops of oil in lieu of a cork. The wine is also sold by the *barile* (60 litres), *mezzo barile*, and *quarterolo* (15 litres), the usual price given in Roman households being about 7 francs the *quarterolo*. Every *trattoria* and restaurant, however, sells wine by the Roman half-litre measure—the *fojetta*—and the prices 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 may be seen chalked up outside the wine shops. Outside vineyards and rural *trattorie* where wine is sold, a bough is hung out as a sign, reminding one of the origin of the proverb, “good wine needs no bush.”

The olive harvest is in November or December. Nowhere is the olive more appreciated than in Italy where Minerva is said to have bestowed it, the horse which was Vulcan's gift coming only second in usefulness. The olives are gathered from the ground by women and girls, and the occupation is very popular as what is then earned helps to procure the winter comforts. Fine oil has neither taste nor smell, and an Italian condemns the oil by saying “*l'olio si sente*,” “one can taste it.” Frying is generally done with oil, and some vegetables and all fish are cooked with it. “*Ojo è sempre ojo, ma strutto ! chi sa che struttaccio sarà ?*” “oil is always oil, but who knows what lard may be ?” they say. The olive is not only useful as a food, but it serves to feed the oil lamps, and provides some of the best timber for the fire. Not only is it useful but it is one of the most beautiful things in the Italian country, and its grey-green colour, with the tender sheen on the leaf, is as characteristic of the Italian landscape as the deeper green and lordly shaft of the stone pine, or the blue of the hills. The seasons in Italy are two months ahead of ours in England, the wheat harvest being in June. There is seldom any cold before Christmas, and in fine years the winter may be said to be over after the middle of February.

The people who inhabit the Alban and Sabine country are the same Latin *plebs*, except that they no longer serve the world's masters and take their part—if only as spectators—in a great classical civilisation ; they have served for centuries a Papacy

which in habits of thought never belied the heredity of the middle ages. In the general outlines, the same people; but more, not less, barbarous than of yore, because they have been arrested, literally have been brutalised, by a complete absence of that moral and intellectual growth which has been the conquest of the centuries. As in pagan Italy, the people are consulters of oracles, confiders in charms and exorcisms, slaves to the belief in "destiny"—a word which is ever on their lips ("*è il destino*" absolves you from taking any action); they are cruel and coarse as the cruel are coarse. The inhabitants of the *Castelli romani* were described by a compatriot as "*pieni di superbia, debiti, e pedocchi*"—"full of pride, debts, and lice," and he who ventures to hear Mass in the parish church of one of these hill towns must have a bath on his return, and discard all the garments he wore. Among the Sabine villages, where in our own time the public sport was the baiting of the poor beasts who were going to the slaughter house, there are smiling olive crowned towns whose evil reputation for deeds of blood has made it necessary to change the name of the township more than once. In one of these villages, in the eighties, a man raised his gun and calmly shot his brother *in the presence of their mother*. The mother and son were punctual in their obligations to church and convent, and the *arciprete* of the parish journeyed to Rome to bear witness at the trial that the murderer was "*il fior del paese*," the flower of the flock. When the man was acquitted, the priest had no better lesson to inculcate for the community of which this was the "pearl," than to accompany the local band which went forth to welcome the fratricide back to the village which held the still fresh grave of the brother he had treacherously murdered.

It is commonly believed, even by the educated, that "things" happen in the Campagna which happen nowhere else—possession, obsession, "overlooking," witchery. Hysterical manifestations are, indeed, common at all the noted shrines, and wherever the excitement of exorcism is at hand to feed the morbid pre-occupation with self of the hysterical. Some 15 years ago the Government determined to check this source of hysteria, and directed the rural clergy to perform no more exorcisms. I visited a friary in the Sabines at this time, and saw the work of the evil spirits in the

shape of a packet of hairpins (complete with its sample pin), tresses of hair, or a good fat nail which had been swallowed by the energumen, and which under the emotional stress attending the exorcism—the dim light, the monotonous droning of the *frati* who are saying their office behind the high altar—are brought up again. I inquired of the Father Guardian what happened now that exorcism was forbidden? Well, a woman had been there only the day before, and he had explained to her that he could only pronounce “a simple benediction” which had resulted after a quarter of an hour before the altar in the ejection of the objects shown me. Such an end to an ancient Christian ministry destined to free poor human beings from the toils of Satan gives food for reflection. The secular conflict between religion and science has set foot even in the Roman Campagna. If in England we have our Christian scientists, in Italy the authorities have to cope with a people whose remedy for the bite of a rabid animal is a mass said at the shrine of some special madonna—both put faith before a trust in “dry powder,” and there has never yet been an age of the world in which there have not been those who thought them right. The popular sanctuaries in Italy, indeed, help to keep up much that is undesirable. At the April festa at Genazzano, a peasant will kneel down before the miraculous image of the Madonna which hangs, like Mohammad’s coffin, without visible support, and having made his prayer will rise and shake his fist at the picture, exclaiming “Bada, Maria!” “Beware, Mary!” Many things, thin silver hearts, candles, and other dainties have been promised if the desired favour be granted, but if the Madonna is not tempted by these to accede to the wishes of her worshipper she must look out for herself. Wax images can be laid out to melt in the sun there to learn how agreeable is a continued drought, statuettes can be stood in the corner with their faces to the wall, a rival patron saint can be pitched into the river by the same hand which brings gifts. “See how you like it!” Does not the primitive man create his god by looking into himself? and Caliban with his “So he!” inaugurates theology.

Another Roman picture is afforded us by the lottery. It is to be found, indeed, all over Italy, but we are only concerned with its influence in Roman life, where it has always flourished;

first under the Popes, when a prelate presided to bless the opening of the lottery, and now under the State, for the Romans are born gamblers. Seventeen millions a year are raised in this way out of the pockets of the poorest of the poor. The excuse made is that as the people will gamble, the only safeguard against gigantic frauds on the gamblers is to make the lottery a department of the State. Certainly it would be absolutely impossible to trust to fair play if the choice of the numbers depended on any private persons; even if they were honest no Italian would believe it. "The Book of the Art," with its rough, hideous drawings of the things represented by the lottery numbers—one to ninety—is the only book which the unlettered Italian can read. Every event, national or domestic, becomes the subject of play. You "play" the assassination of the King or the death of the Pope, the accident which has happened to your neighbour, your master, or your mistress, and you play the death of your kinsfolk. In order to get the money the people have recourse to the *monte di pietà*, the pawnshop, and the women will pawn the mattress off the bed. Sometimes the choice lies between the two chief pleasures of the Roman, eating and the lottery, and it is the best proof of the fascination of the latter that it is so often preferred to the joys of the table. In every tiny village as in every great city throughout Italy, there is a *Banco del lotto*, and the winning numbers are exhibited over its doors every Saturday. Five numbers, for example, 5, 9, 27, 36, 50, appear each week. This is called the *cinquina*. But you can win the *ambo* (two correct numbers), the *terno* (the most usual of all), or the *quaterno*. Not more than five numbers can be played, but if you "plump" for the *cinquina* you gain a big sum, or you can declare your intention to play for all four possible combinations. In this case you gain little if the *cinquina* comes out. It is the same with the *terno*, if you plump for it you gain much more. But the gain also depends on the amount you put into the lottery, and any sum from six *centimes* can be played. When Pius IX. died a Roman jeweller won 40,000 scudi (£8,000). How can one expect the gambling of the poor to cease when even 12 *centimes* (less than five farthings) may bring 50 francs?

The Roman goes to the lottery with all the paraphernalia

and a good deal of the sentiment of devotion. "*Se ci auti Iddio e la Madonna*," they exclaim—"if God and the Madonna will help us"—we shall win the *terno*. There are several "tips" for winning. One which is as awesome as it is efficacious consists in starting the *Kyrie eleison*, hardly recognisable in its popular dress as *crielleisonne*, and then say on your knees 13 Ave Marias to as many Madonnas. Having invoked Baldassare, Gasper, and *Marchionne* (Melchior), though what the three wise kings have to do in that *galerè* is not very obvious, you go out of the house taking care to answer nothing if anyone calls you. You go straight to the church of St. John Beheaded, where those who suffered capital punishment used to be interred, and then whatever you see or hear inside or out, look it up in the "Book of the Art," and you are safe to win. Another "*bella divozione*" for the same end is to go up the steps of Aracoeli on your knees reciting a *requiem aeternum* or a *de profundis* on each step. A large number of the people praying so devoutly to the Madonna di Sant' Agostino (whose other principal care is the safety of childbirth), are praying for luck in the lottery—praying or threatening, for the one is very kin to the other in the primitive mind as it is in the magic of all primitive peoples. Some of these may have been conducting a solitary nocturnal vigil, having risen from their beds, kindled two candles, and proceeded to carry through one or other of the *belle divozioni*.

In the country places the great stand-by is the Capuchin, who has a reputation for suggesting lucky numbers. When he comes collecting alms in village or city the poor man asks him for a likely *terno*. He is not supposed to suggest these numbers, but he and the people understand each other, and every word, every allusion, which falls from his lips is thereupon eagerly noted. If he mentions a recent assassination you "play" number fifty, *morto assassinato*, then the numbers indicating the day or some special circumstance, "a quarrel," "the knife," with which it was done, "jealously," "a man," or "a woman." The element of chance, the ineradicable belief in luck, makes a man sure to play if three numbers come unbidden into his head. No pious person dreams of the "numbers of the Madonna," 6, 8 and 15, without at once playing them. The Madonna evidently intends "to do

something" for you ; indeed, "if the Madonna suggests numbers" it is a safe thing, you can put five francs on it. It is popularly said that 2, 3, 5, 6, are numbers which always come out—these and their combinations. Fifty-eight is the number indicating the Pope, and 52, "*morta che parla*," is played by good simple women who have dreamt of their dead mother. The industrious working middle classes, and even the better classes, "play," though the latter play *sub rosa*. On Saturday the people collect round the little lottery offices, some of these have waited to pay their bills until they ascertained their luck. On the appearance of the fateful numbers there is a general talk, a general lamentation : "If I had only done so-and-so," "if I had only played *morto* instead of *ferito*" ("dead," instead of only "wounded"). For the Roman the whole known world, sacred or profane, is absorbed in the business of the lottery. Thus one of the popular sonnets in the Roman dialect describes how the flight into Egypt came about. On the 27th of December the Patriarch Joseph is snoring in bed, dreaming of lottery numbers, when an angel appears to him and says : See here, old man, what a fine *fiesta* there is going to be over number 28 (the 28th of December commemorates the massacre of the Innocents). Thereupon St. Joseph wakes like one crazy, hires a young donkey, and takes the Madonna and her Child off to Egypt.

Many English travellers to this favoured country of the gods since the day when Vulcan and Minerva vied with each other as to which should bestow the best gift on Italy, must have wished that nothing more sensitive than the olive had been placed in the hands of its countrymen. Signor Gabelli has described the burly Roman carter beating his horses or mules, the red cap which hangs over one ear matching his flaming face, afire with triumphant pride in this exercise of brute force and dominion. No one rebukes him. On the contrary the clergy delight to dwell on the distinction between the duties owed to men and the absence of all obligation towards the brutes. The distinction, of course, works no better in modern than in ancient times, and means nothing less than the systematic brutalisation of the Italian people. The doctrine that animals (like "the sun and moon") were "made for man," is held to justify all mishandling of them, all domineering

and callousness. This is frankly immoral; and until priests overcome their reluctance to set forth ethics in a way that does not involve a break with the order and march of all human civilisation, theology will continue to accommodate itself to racial characteristics, and specious theological propositions will still serve as a cloke for bluntness of moral perception. Only this year a *marchese* told me that he "could not admit that animals feel." The effect of such sentiments in a squire among an illiterate tenantry may be readily imagined; the ignorant Italian gentleman justifies theology by the astounding proposition that all sentient creatures below man have been provided with a set of non-sensitive nerves; the rustic finds in the pleasure which it affords him to know that this proposition is untrue an ampler justification of the ways of Providence.

The police system of Italy has always been so ineffective that many of the great Roman families have preferred to pay tribute to the brigands in return for protection for their farms and estate, to claiming assistance against them from the Government. One of the best known Roman princes paid this tribute regularly to the archbrigand Tiburzi. In old days the brigands came down into the villages on the great festivals in velvet jerkin and feathered cap, bearing candles and gifts for the Madonna and the presbytery. Hardly less picturesque than the brigands are the chief herdsmen called *butteri*, in blue jacket and brass buttons with a feather in the soft felt Italian hat. Their skill as roughriders is celebrated, and the palm remained with them when Buffalo Bill's Cowboys challenged them to a trial of skill. A primitive and classical feature of Campagna labour is the singing with which it is enlivened. Hour after hour while sowing a field a monotonous folksong will be kept up, verse succeeding verse at regular intervals, a woman singing and a man whistling the accompaniment—the phrase ending always with that longdrawn dying cadence peculiar to primitive song, like the chant sung to day by the Neapolitan girls in the caves at Baiae, though it is the dirge which their predecessors made for Adonis. One of the most familiar sights which pass these workers in the fields are the wine carts bound for Rome; a folding leather hood of some bright colour protects the driver, and a little dog of the common

and wrathful species known as the *lupetto romano*—the Roman wolfing—balances himself on the cargo and constitutes himself the protector and companion of his master. At the back of the cart there is always a tiny barrel fixed transversely; this is the perquisite of the driver and his friends when his errand is accomplished. Occasionally a garlanded cross marks the spot where some carter was killed under the wheels of his cart, just as a stone wreathed with flowers showed where a wayfarer had died struck by lightning in the pagan Campagna. These cart accidents are not infrequent: in the long silent journeys across the sun-burnt plain of the *agro* the men drop asleep, and it is then easy to fall heavily and be crushed beneath the cart, while the horse or mule pursues the accustomed route to Rome. The Campagna is also strewn with little wayside sanctuaries, which the wayfarer salutes as he passes; such still exist in some of the untouched parts of Rome down by the Tiber in the region of Piazza Montanara, and in the Borgo of St. Peter's. The goat herds, like the *butteri* and the wine carts, may be seen even by those who never leave the walls of Rome. Perhaps when we see them standing by the little herd of goats on the shady side of piazzas in May, clad in such goatskin breeches as were worn by their pagan ancestors, it is not the "Roman country" but the beginnings of the "eternal city" of which we are chiefly reminded, when figures like these, with their pastoral divinities, took possession of the Palatine hill.

Italy has always been the land of Saturn, the nature god. Her festivals were the festivals of the doings and events of nature, the Lupercalia of Lupercus, the Palilia of Pales; she was and she remains pagan, if pagan is to mean the natural as opposed to the supernatural attitude towards life—natural and humanistic as opposed to mystic and ideal. Under the new names lie concealed the old gods. The true Latin goddess is Pales, the earth mother, the source of grace, the real giver of gifts to her devotees—enshrined, dedicated to the gospel under a hundred aspects of what Borghi has happily called that "*gentilissimo fiore del cattolicesimo*," the cult of the Madonna. Some unseemly tracts and pictures have represented Christ as turning away from the leprosy of the sinner's sin, and it is Mary whose compassion for the prodigal

never wavers, who persuades the Christ to have pity. That, though false enough as theology, accurately represents the Italian mind. The nature goddess, the mother, the earth and its fulness, will console, recreate, and speak to the soul of the Latin on his native soil, when religion has no language which reaches him. From the heart of that soil the Latin learnt his religion, and he has never parted with it.

It is the hour of the god Pan, that midday hour which Pan alone can withstand. The sun is high in the heavens, the earth exhales heat, round about are the great silences. Nothing else stirs, nothing moves, nothing breathes. The great repose is, indeed, tense with a great activity, but a hush of nature greets this supreme hour of the sun in its glory—the world lies dead at the feet of the Giver of Life. The hour of the god Pan is the mystery which is daily renewed for the Italian; what has remained constant amid all changes is the nature-myth, and the secrets it is always whispering to the children of its soil.

M. A. R. TUKER.

A MODERN LOHENGRIN.

A TRUE STORY.

IT was late upon a stormy afternoon in the month of December, 1891, and the gale which had been raging all day long was beginning to abate. Though the wind had lulled somewhat, and was now coming but in sudden gusts ; the sea was still tempest-tossed ; the white crests of the angry-looking waves stretched far out into the distance of the Atlantic Ocean—the “league-long roller thundering on the reef”—bore masses of snowy foam far inland. The narrow and irregular streets—dating from the ante-imperial days when Biarritz was only a fishing village—were almost deserted, as a lady and gentleman hurrying to escape an impending shower, passed along the Rue Gambetta. Their attention was suddenly arrested by a group of Basques, whose noisy shouts of laughter gave evidence that they were engaged in what to them, at any rate, was great sport. This, on nearer approach, was perceived to be the wanton torture of a sea-gull. The poor bird had apparently been driven ashore by the force of the hurricane which had swept with fury over the Bay of Biscay, and been picked up exhausted by its captors. They had most cruelly twisted its wings tightly together across its back, and holding it by the feet were prodding at it, in a vain attempt to induce the frightened creature to peck at them. Its soft, black eyes were fast glazing over, and moved by compassion at its hapless state, these good Samaritans (whom it is almost needless to say were English) by the bribe of a small sum of money, persuaded its tormentors to give them possession of it. Carrying it, half-senseless, to a sheltered spot upon the Falaise, they, with

difficulty untwisted the crumpled wings, which had been almost knotted together, smoothed out the ruffled plumage, and laying it gently on the sloping grass, tried to coax it to take flight. But, no ! it seemed to recognise them at once as friends, and remained seated facing the sea, casting an occasional glance round as if to make sure that they were still at hand. Seeing, at last, that it had neither the strength nor the desire to fly, and fearing that in the fast approaching darkness it might be pounced upon by some neighbouring cat, they lifted it gently, and carried it, lying quite contentedly upon the gentleman's arm, to an old Basque house hard by, whither they were bound when delayed by the above-mentioned incident.

The inhabitants of this picturesque, old house, which bears the date of 1632, warmly welcomed the unusual guest, and taking it into the dining-room left it alone to recover itself, and get used to its strange surroundings. In about half-an-hour it had recovered itself sufficiently to fly from the stove on which it had been placed, down on to the floor. There it sat, motionless, upon the carpet, until the arrival of a fresh visitor upon the scene. This happening to be, not only a lover of the feathered creation, but also a disciple of *Æsculapius*, made a careful examination of the bird, to which it submitted without any signs of fright. The verdict being pronounced that no bones were broken, the ladies of the house now gladly offered to take charge of it for their friends, until it was quite restored to health, promising then to set it at liberty. A large waste-paper basket was quickly lined with flannel, and the bird allowing itself, without a struggle, to be placed in this temporary nest, was carried off to an uninhabited room, where the basket being placed upon a table, it quietly spent the night. The first rays of the morning sun found it seated upon the table, quite still, save for an occasional croak to its own reflection in the glass, at which it gazed intently. It showed no fear of its hosts, and when, during the course of the day, its benefactors called to inquire after it, greeted them with evident pleasure. In two or three days it was able to fly about the room, but looked with indifference at open windows, and refused to take advantage of the offered freedom, much to the delight of all the members of the establishment with

whom it had already become a great pet, the old Basque cook announcing that it must be the "bon Dieu" who had sent it them for their amusement. Having given it a "local habitation" the next thing now was to find it an appropriate name—which under the circumstances we may, possibly, be forgiven for qualifying as a "*nom de plume*." Many were the names suggested, but finally the difficulty was solved by a "happy thought" on the part of its quondam medical adviser who suggested the poetic one of "Lohengrin." And what could have been better chosen? Had he not, like his prototype, made his apparition in the most unexpected of ways? Would not his snowy plumage shading off into softest grey, bear comparison worthily with the apparel of the legendary knight, "clothed in white Samite, mystic, wonderful," whose presentment is a familiar one to most of the music-lovers of our day? And his swan-song,—"*Mein lieber Schwan*"—whose tender words and melodious strains echo in one's memory—might it not, with almost equal propriety, have been addressed to the gentle bird from the sea.

The name, as the sequel will prove, was but too appropriate.

Lohengrin, as we must now call him, was soon as much at home in the Salon, as in his own abode, would fly down the narrow, winding stairs—two flights—to the hall, where his mistress, in waiting to receive him, would pick him up, and entering the Salon stand in the centre, while Lohengrin took flight from her arms, and landed upon a small table reserved for his special use in one of the windows. Here he would stand by the hour together, being constantly left alone in the room, in which he rarely took wing, this being not encouraged, as, though he guided himself generally in a wonderful way, yet on one occasion he landed upon the mantel-piece, knocking over in his descent a Bohemian glass. And again, he was found, after dinner, on the carpet near the door, while the lamp, though not overturned, was extinguished, evidently by the draught of air from his great wings. He loved to be caressed, and would enter with great gusto into a sort of game played with him. A hand patted him sharply on each side, while at every stroke, he gave a little grunt or chuckle of satisfaction. The word of command, "*Sante*,"

Lohengrin," was then given, and spreading his long wings, he flapped on tiptoe, and giving a little jump upwards, came down again upon the table. The grunt, be it said, reminding one of a mechanical toy which squeaks when it is pressed. He also learned to fly through a hoop held a short distance off by one of the ladies, while the other let him start from her extended hands. He had barely time to get on the wing ere he dashed through the hoop, which was not large enough for him to pass through with extended pinions.

This acrobatic performance was a great amusement to visitors to the house, while at an afternoon reception he was a never-failing source of conversation. He would then come in for his own share of the good things in the shape of orange cake, a Biarritz spécialité which he highly appreciated. For this "*bonne bouche*" he would fly over to the tea table, perch on the back of an arm-chair or upon a friendly arm, but this latter distinction he reserved for when he was "*en petit comité*."

His ordinary diet consisted of either raw or cooked fish, this however, he would not swallow whole as in his native element, but must have cut up into small pieces. It was always held to him upon a plate, when after swallowing in rapid jerks, what was within his reach, he would lazily wait to finish his repast until the plate was turned round to him, not taking the trouble to walk across the table for it. During some stormy days when no fish, was to be had, macaroni was substituted, this he ate, but it brought out a swelling, presumably gout. A little whisky was now added to his drinking water, and the swollen leg painted with hot oil on a feather. During this process he would stand quite still, also while being sprinkled with Keating's powder, to exterminate the numerous small insects with which he was at first infested. The greatest delight to him was his daily bath—of either salt or fresh water as was most convenient. This curiously enough he would not indulge in except in private, and it was only by peeping through the crack of the door that one could get a glimpse of the prettiest of ways in which he poised over it before taking his dip. To dry himself he was allowed to fly downstairs, when he would walk over to the drawing-room fire, and sit quietly in front of it. At first he was very

still. A silence which was almost oppressive, but when—as he speedily became—much attached to his owners, he would chirp like a young bird to attract their attention. He would lie for hours on their laps, closely nestled under the arm, while they were writing letters, and in short it would have been hard to find a gentler or more loving pet. But, alas! these Halcyon days were not to last for ever. Lohengrin was bound to fulfil his destiny. His name was asked, and go he must—out again into the “wide, wide world.”

Such unusual intelligence in a seagull had naturally attracted much attention, and as there had been a correspondence upon the same subject in the “Field” shortly before, a letter giving an account of this truly “rara avis” was sent to that newspaper by the original donor of the bird, Lieut.-Colonel W. Hill James, late 31st Regiment, author of the well-known and interesting brochure, “Battles round Biarritz.” To this letter which was published in the “Field” of March 19, 1892, the following post-script was appended by the Editor. (“One other point remains to be settled. Will some one learned in gulls who has seen the bird, tell us to what species it belongs? Ed.”) This was, virtually, asking Lohengrin’s name. On the very day on which this letter appeared in print, Lohengrin departed, and his place knew him no more.

It was an ideal day—summer had come in with a sudden rush—the “blue, ethereal sky” was scarce flecked with a passing cloud upon its sapphire depths—the sun’s dazzling rays were beating upon the parched sands, which the emerald-green waves crested with white were lazily lapping; rude Boreas had given place to gentle zephyrs. In the little garden of the old Basque house, where “Gloire de Dijon” roses were bursting into bloom on the trellis-work of the south wall, Lohengrin was lying half-asleep at his mistress’s feet. He had previously gazed with indifference on all the surrounding objects, but when after about an hour she rose, and was going to carry him indoors, he began to flutter his great wings, then, doubtless, feeling the intoxication of freedom in the sweet-scented air, he soared a little higher—then higher and higher still—until above the roofs of the neighbouring houses, he caught sight of his former home—the

sea, the sea, the ever free." Drawn thither as if by a magnet, he swiftly directed his course towards it, and though he was speedily followed to the Falaise—but a two-minutes' walk—was nowhere to be seen. Nor was he ever seen again, though, when after about a week, the brief spell of summer was succeeded by gales and stormy seas, an onlooker related to his owners still mourning for their lost pet, how a seagull had been seen at the Port des Pêcheurs, hovering over the fish which was being landed, and even taking it out of the fishermen's hands. This was, unfortunately, too late for search to be made for him, when they felt sure that he—were it he—would have answered to the familiar call of "Lohengrin" and come back to them once more—it was, however, some consolation, to them to learn, as they afterwards did, from one versed in ornithology, the real reason—for Lohengrin's desertion of his happy home. It was in obedience to the instinct of nature; the nesting season of the gulls had arrived, when they take flight in large numbers, for a group of small, rocky islets bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. As to his species he was, in all probability a herring gull, but this is not a matter of certainty.

MARY ROBERTSON.

EDITORIAL NOTE.

The authoress of this interesting narrative, in reply to inquiry from the Editor, writes from Biarritz: "The story of the seagull "Lohengrin" is true in every particular, the Basque house of which the bird was an inmate is now known as the Villa Valentine. It is of interest as being the house mentioned in the "Subaltern," and from which he escaped, being taken prisoner by the French soldiers during the Peninsular War.

INHERITORS OF THE EARTH.

BY THE LADY HELEN FORBES.

“THE English are mentioned in the Bible. ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the Earth.’”

We might add to Puddenhead Wilson’s assertion that they are mentioned elsewhere as well. For they are obviously intended by the people in the market place whom the children accused of not dancing when they piped and failing to weep when they mourned unto them. Our country is great and good, and we hope (though we much fear that herein we are as sanguine as that same country when it expects every man to do his duty,) that our countrymen share at least a little of the greatness and goodness of their native land. But their best friends cannot say they are sympathetic, without becoming that which David said all men are.

The Englishman abroad is an all-pervading, and at the same time a superfluous person. One goes abroad hoping to get out of a rut—to lead a totally different life, to think different thoughts, to keep different hours, speak a different language. And if one goes anywhere in the vicinity of the English—that is to say anywhere on the habitable globe, they being the above mentioned “meek”—this is impossible. The English are the most unimpressionable of nations. They would not be the great people they are if it were otherwise. They can never see anything from anybody’s point of view but their own, and would not if they could. It would be hopeless to try and convince them that anybody else’s way of

doing things was not utterly inferior. They display this even in their common talk. When they are travelling abroad, they invariably speak of the inhabitants of the country they are in as "foreigners" (the latter are lucky if they are not also qualified as "horrid foreigners.") Now it is tolerably obvious that in France, Germany or elsewhere, that it must be the English themselves who are foreigners. But are you confiding enough to suppose that the English will admit it? nay, not so! Britons never *shall* be slaves, to any public opinion but their own.

At home, the Englishman is bound hand and foot to the chariot wheels of his own rather ridiculous Mrs. Grundy. But his allegiance to this household spirit never increases his reverence to other people's codes of honour or propriety. English ladies who are at home immaculately virtuous and respectable, habitually proceed, when abroad, in a manner which causes them to be confused with a class of their sex of the existence of which they are scarcely aware. Missionaries in China violate the rigid etiquette of that very proper and law abiding nation with a most callous impudence. It is not English manners and customs, so therefore it is a negligible quantity. When the Chinese, unable any longer to bear the scandalous indecencies of a set of persons of inferior race, indefinite behaviour and false religion, abruptly begin to murder them with a good deal of rather nasty detail, they are much surprised and aggrieved. Of course when they are slain it is martyrdom, because they are English. But if some "foreigners" of any sort came over to England and perpetrated every immorality they could think of till they came within reach of the law, it would be only justice, because as they are "foreigners" their belief that they are only doing what is harmless or even praiseworthy must be wrong.

"If you can't be English be as English as you can." So this great nation parodies the Irishman's refrain. Out of his sacred isle the Englishman would scorn to take colour from his surroundings. On the contrary they must take colour from him. He has little or no eye for suitability. At home he plays games. Therefore he will play golf or football under the very Pyramids, oblivious of the forty centuries contemplating him with some surprise from their summit. He no sooner plants his splay foot

on foreign shore than he seeks for twenty-one other bigots like unto himself with whom to play cricket. It may be as much in keeping with the place he is in as would be a ballet danced in a cathedral, but what of that ?

He would lead exactly the same life as he does at home wherever he goes, but that the climate sometimes steps in and forbids it. If it were not for this authoritative veto, he would get up at eight to have [a cold tub at the North Pole or eat a substantial meal of roast mutton and apple tart at one o'clock in the afternoon in the plains of India. Those are his English ways, so they must be "all right." The climate which forbids is unfit to live in.

The Englishman abroad will only consort with other English people. Freezing to strangers at home, abroad he becomes oppressively effusive. The sound of his native tongue brings him to your side hysterical with delight. "Foreigners" all "jabber." They may enunciate the most erudite ideas in the purest Hanoverian, or they may couch the most graceful sentiments in the language of diplomacy. To him it is all "jabber."

"Foreigners" do not wash, they do not play games, and are totally devoid of Sabbatarianism. They "make a fuss" on all possible occasions, and are invariably wanting in "common sense." In short, "Foreigners are all fools." The attitude of the Englishman towards such people should not be that of contempt, but rather that of lofty pity. Poor creatures, no doubt they wish they were English !

We are a very great and good nation, but we are not universally loved. Is anyone surprised ?

THE "TIMES" COMPETITION.

II.

BY THE WINNER OF THE FIRST PRIZE.

MUCH ill-informed criticism of the *Times* Competition appeared in the newspapers, in some cases evidently due to ignorance, in others suggested by less creditable feeling. Examination of a few of these remarks may prove interesting to the reader, before proceeding to deal with the rare instances of real inadvertence on the part of its organisers.

"It is interesting to note," writes one paper, "that No. 15 in the order of entrants who, in his zeal, evidently threw himself into the fray at the earliest possible moment, endured triumphantly to the end. There, one would say, is a man of painstaking and thorough habit. But the third winner must have been one of the later entrants, for her number is 1,147. With what brilliancy and concentration may we not credit this lady, who thus began to run when the race was half over, and yet finished a winner."

In reality there were 11,080 competitors, a number considerably greater than 1,147; the index number of one of the prize-winners was over 11,000. "With what brilliancy and concentration, etc." may we not credit this gentleman. As a matter of fact, the time allowed to each competitor was equal, no matter when he began. For each paper one month was given; the next paper was sent out to him on completion and return of its predecessor. If he wanted an interval, e.g., for his summer holiday, it was courteously granted. Perhaps the lesson is that

the journalist, like the poet of Socrates, writes in frenzy, little recking of the correctness or the reverse of his statements.

Another writer insinuates that the *Times* disregarded its pledge to award scholarships, thus converting its "great educational enterprise" into a mere scramble for money prizes. One would have thought that this was a matter between the *Times* and the competitor; as the insinuation has been made, however, I may say that the prizes were in every case commutable, and that, to my own personal knowledge, the privilege was actually utilised.

The fact that the first prize was won by an Army Tutor has served as a useful peg for carping at the Examination. "It is difficult," we read, "to set a paper that will test the knowledge and understanding of those who have to answer it. It is not difficult to fill one with traps and catches that need a special kind of trained cunning to avoid them. It is now a main part of the business of tutors and coaches to be aware of such catches and to put their pupils on their guard against them."

I venture to think that the sentence just quoted could hardly have been published except in England; continental governments are prone to prosecute those that charge officials with double-dealing. And it is nothing but a charge of double-dealing to assert that the examination papers set by the Civil Service Commissioners are based upon "traps and catches." For myself, after long experience of the papers set in public examinations, I am unable to recollect any question that was not straightforward enough to be solved by very moderate acquaintance with the prescribed subject. It may be true that the standard of difficulty has been gradually lowered in deference to the outcry of the Public Schoolmaster, until the appalling ignorance of the public schoolboy (an ignorance appreciable only to those that have tried to overcome it) is accepted as qualifying him to lead English soldiers, but to lower the standard of examination is not the same thing as to construct dishonest papers. Again, no similarity existed between the papers set by the *Times* and those of a public service examination, except, indeed, that "catches" did not occur in either. One can only conclude that the writer of this criticism had not seen papers of either kind.

As explained in my previous paper (BROAD VIEWS, October), the solution of the questions set depended on the identification and accurate elucidation of a number of "clues." Probably little of the knowledge acquired was of practical value; the *Times* aimed to "stimulate a general taste for useful reading, and to gauge the competitors' capacity for acquiring, from reading, general information which they had not before possessed." It was hardly likely that the knowledge indicated in this announcement would enable a man to conduct a great business undertaking successfully, though the aptitude for the acquisition and exposition of such knowledge might imply the possession of much business capacity. Again, the gauging of the power to acquire knowledge may be effected quite irrespectively of the quality of the matter acquired, although some, at least, of the knowledge was eminently practical.

Similarly, it is, I think, unfair to speak of an "arbitrary and fanciful series of clues." For instance, we read in one complaint: "Hardly less far-fetched is the admitted 'clue' to the actual question on Henry VIII., which was, we are told, the word 'Majesty.'" Now, in this particular case, not only is the clue given in the Encyclopædia, and, therefore, by the conditions of the Competition, legitimate, but the fact is fairly well known that Henry VIII. was the first English king to be thus addressed. Thus, in *The Historians' History of the World* (vol. xix., p. 105) we find: "Professor J. S. Brewer, the learned and accurate editor of this invaluable collection of historical materials, the State Papers, remarks that this appears to be the first occasion of Wolsey's adopting the style of 'majesty' in addressing Henry VIII. English kings had till now been satisfied with 'your highness' or 'your grace,'" After all, the ignorance of the critic does not necessarily imply the confutation of the examiner.

Some complainants profess their inability to believe that "literary finish" did not count for marks, in spite of the pledge given by the *Times* that substance alone would do so. In my answer, No. 20, twenty-two lines are devoted to the provisions, etc., of the Factory Acts. The only note made by the examiners was "Scientific oversight of dangerous trades," and similar notes, but no more, occur throughout this answer, which was that in which

the stylist had the best chance of display. Of course, it is open to the objector to declare that my answer had no literary finish, but that others did gain marks for that quality. Here I am no judge, and must admit the weakness of my reply.

The questions that are said to have presented most difficulty were those dealing with refrigerators for cream (No. 4), assault with a volume of the classics (No. 13), intermittent fever (No. 17), the listener to the trumpet (No. 34), Noverre's development of the ballet (No. 44a), and the calendar (No. 60). In my previous paper I have noted the difficulty presented by "Noverre," and the method by which I myself arrived at the solution. With regard to this question, one competitor wrote to me that he had "looked through, page by page, more or less, every volume of the E.B." I think his effort was foredoomed, because he must either have scanned the pages very cursorily, or with extreme attention; in the first case he could scarcely have failed to miss the one or two lines containing the answer; in the second he would be still more likely to do so, because of the fatigue of brain and eyesight involved in the examination of the innumerable columns of print.

The other questions noted do not appear to me to present any formidable difficulty or fanciful clue. No. 4 runs: "During certain parts of the year the wilful adulteration of a certain dairy product is rendered more difficult of detection because certain dairies are not properly equipped. What appliances do these dairies lack?" Evidently the clue must be found under "Dairies" or under "Adulteration." Under Dairies you draw blank, because, although the butter-wringer and the Délaiteuse butter-dryer are mentioned, no information connecting them with butter frauds occurs. Turn to Adulteration and all is laid before you. I do not think the two appliances given under Dairies are even necessary to a complete answer, because they are not essentially connected with the season of the year. Reference to the article Adulteration will clearly show that the question was based on the information to be found there.

Question 13 is as follows: "Going as far as possible from the chief port of Peru we find ourselves in a country where an old law imposed a special punishment for a certain offence when the offender used a classical book. Name the offence." Surely it is

sufficiently obvious that the clue here consists of the "chief port." Failure to secure the answer must have depended on inaccurate tracing of the antipodes of Callao. As to Callao itself the *Encyclopædia* (under Peru, vol. 31. 633d.) is perfectly clear; it says: "The sea-borne trade passes mainly through the port of Callao."

The next question described as of special difficulty is No. 17: "Why are people who sleep in the upper storeys of houses comparatively safe from intermittent fevers?" On turning to "Intermittent fever" in the Index (Vol. 35), the reader is referred to "Malaria," and perusal of this article is sufficient to answer the question, with the help of one or two cross-references suggested by it. Now what word in the question, except "intermittent fevers," could possibly have been selected as the clue? It is, at least, much the most prominent and obvious.

Turning now to Question 34, we have:—"A trumpet is sounded in a light breeze from a balloon at the height of 1,000 feet. Two listeners are placed 3,000 feet to leeward, one at the height of 500 feet, the other at the height of 1,500 feet. Other things being equal, which will first hear the sound?" This is evidently neither a question of ballooning nor of meteorology, but of acoustics, and, on turning to the *Encyclopædia* (Vol. 25. 49c), material sufficient to answer the question will be found. Consideration of Question 60 I reserve to a later place in this paper, but I do not imagine that any competitor can have found difficulty in recognising that the article required was "Calendar."

But though these questions did not, in my judgment, present any very serious difficulty beyond what I have just indicated, trouble arose with other problems. In one or two cases the setting of the questions was somewhat ill judged—for instance, in Question 26, although Swift is regarded as a writer of Queen Anne's reign, evidence goes to show that "Gulliver's Travels" (the book alluded to) was not written until after her death. (I am, of course, concerned only with evidence presented by the *Encyclopædia*; Gulliver may have been written at any time in her reign for aught I know, but the *Encyclopædia* does not prove that it was written within her reign, and therefore the question is so far ill-worded.) Exception has also been taken to Question 34 (quoted above), on

the ground that increase in the speed of the wind with increased altitude is not invariable, that cross-currents might occur, and so forth. If the existence of cross-currents is assumed, the question would, I imagine, become impossible of solution. Cross-currents may, therefore, safely be disregarded; no respectable examiner sets questions that do not admit of solution. The conditions of the question ("other things being equal") preclude the consideration of any but the most obviously effective cause, and if we find that there is a possible and strikingly effective factor, directly connected by the *Encyclopædia* with difference of elevation (which is the only difference stated by the question), we shall not, I think, be far out in taking that factor as the solution of the difficulty. Objections to the question on grounds of the impossibility of fulfilling the conditions postulated (*e.g.*, the impossibility of keeping the balloon at absolutely equal distances from the two observers; of verifying their observations, etc.) need not be considered; the examiner puts a fictitious case, and is within well-established examining rights in doing so.

In the material of the *Encyclopædia* on which Question 35 (the Sweepstake) is based, there is, mathematicians tell me, a slip due to the contributor's neglecting the fact that the number of horses running is limited. No doubt the critics are right on this point, but the examiners and examinees were bound to the authority of the *Encyclopædia*, and this reasoning also applies, I think, to the Lift question (No. 49). Of No. 35 one correspondent writes:—"I gave Professor Crofton's as my 'official' answer, and put the other calculation as a more accurate supplement." I think the "official" answer would have been sufficient to score full marks; the examiners only wished to test the power of acquiring and reproducing the information given by the *Encyclopædia*, irrespective of the accuracy or the reverse of the latter. For a discussion of the Lift and Sweepstake questions I must refer readers to the notes in the printed book of the answers.

Question 39 begins:—"An apartment in the royal palace of Les Tournelles, in the Faubourg St. Antoine," and the examinee is asked to criticise certain inaccuracies deliberately introduced. The first difficulty is to identify the site of the Tournelles palace;

it was not in the Faubourg, but in the Quartier. But the important point is that precise identification of the site is, apparently, not afforded by the *Encyclopædia*, although it may fairly be inferred from the statement that the palace in question was close to that of St. Paul, which is given as in the "Quartier." The matter is complicated by the fact that a Quai de la Tournelle, on the south side of the river, is shown in the plan of Paris given in the *Encyclopædia*, and accurate definition of the locality is necessary, because the question proceeds to describe the Bois de Vincennes as on the side of the Seine opposite to the palace, a statement obviously requiring criticism and verification. Happily for myself, I had independent knowledge of the position of the Tournelles palace, and therefore felt no anxiety in basing my answer on the allusion in the *Encyclopædia*, but the allusion itself is, I think, sufficiently clear and precise to justify the examiners, and the palace was peculiarly suitable for the purposes of the question, as it was demolished just before the date assumed for the tableau offered for criticism. The actual words of the article are: (Paris, Vol. 18. p. 289 d.) "rebuilt in the St. Antoine quarter the mansion of St. Paul," and (ib. p. 290 d.), "the Hôtel St. Paul or a neighbouring palace, Les Tournelles."

I now come to Question 60, on which a difference of opinion arose between the examiners and, at least, the first three prize-winners. The point turns on the supersession of the Old Style in England by the New Style in September, 1752. The question is worded thus: "If an elder tree sprang from the earth on March 1, O.S., 1765, and an elm sprang from the earth on March 1, N.S., 1765 (A), which is now the older of these two trees, and what is the real difference in age? (B) What was the date N.S. of the appearance of the former, and (C) the date O.S. of the appearance of the latter?"

All criticism based on the fact that after the adoption of the New Style, the use of the Old was forbidden by law may at once be brushed aside: the examiners simply put a fictitious case as before, and were quite within general precedent in doing so. An examinee is presumed to have sufficient imagination to understand that in the question as given above the word "if" stands for "suppose" and that "is" should be "would be" and "was"

represents "would have been." But objections have been raised to the answer given by the *Times* article of December 1 on the Competition. That answer credits the elm with 376 days seniority, as having appeared on Feb. 19, 1764, while the elder is said to have appeared on March 12, 1766. I am bound, of course, like all other competitors to accept the examiners' decision, but personally I think that perhaps, writing against time, they have made a slip of a day in naming Feb. 19, 1764. I do not, however, admit that my answer was wrong; the flaw in the matter is, I think, that the wording of the question was not precise enough, so that two answers appeared equally correct. The argument in favour of the *Times* answer appears to me to be somewhat as follows:—The year which was by true or solar time 1766, would before the reform of the calendar have been called "1765" during the interval between December 31 and March 25, the latter day being the New Year's Day in use at that period in legal matters. Thus Queen Elizabeth, who died on the night of March 24, 1603 (true time), is said by Lord Monmouth to have died on the night between the last day of 1602 and the first day of 1603, and similarly, on a tablet in Acton parish church, Mary Skippon, wife of the Parliamentary general, is said to have died in "the eleventh month, (vulgo January)." Hence the year which was really 1766, might have been called 1765 (between January 1 and March 24, inclusive) by a person writing before the reform of the calendar, and would certainly have been so called by a legal writer. Thus the day which was in reality March 12, 1766, might be called March 1, 1765, while March 1, 1765, N.S., which coincides with true time, remains unaltered. The difference of age would then be a year plus the eleven days of the correction, that is 376 days, as stated by the *Times*, and the second conversion is also correct. Parts A and C of the official answer are thus sound, if, at least, we assume that we are dealing with the legal year, but I think a very natural slip of the pen has occurred, probably in writing against time, in the answer (Feb. 19) given to B. If the first quarter of the year really 1766 may be called 1765, it follows that the first quarter of the year really 1765 may be called 1764, and the first quarter of the year really 1764 may be called 1763. De Quincey puts the matter neatly in a note to his essay on "Miracles the

Subjects of Testimony." All the days between December 31 of 1602 and March 25 of 1603 were written as a fraction, viz., February 10, $\frac{1603}{1602}$, where the denominator expresses the true year according to our present mode of reckoning. But this has nothing to do with O.S. (Old Style) and N.S. (New Style).'*

Now, in which year, 1763-4 or 1764-5 will the intercalated day of leap year fall? The *Times* says in 1764-5, and accordingly converts March 1, 1765, N.S. into February 19, 1764, O.S., i.e., 1764-5; according to my answer the date was Feb. 18. Whether the year is called 1764, i.e. 1764-5, or 1765 is, I think, immaterial, as I shall show below. But it is upon this question, which of the two was leap year, that the correctness or the reverse of the 19th turns. If we refer to Pepys' Diary, written just a century before the supposed appearance of the two trees, we find that his usage makes in favour of holding that leap year is the year denoted by the odd—even digits. The first year of the Diary is 1659-60; Pepys enters his 27th birthday as Thursday, Feb. 23, and the following March 4 as Sunday. Clearly February must in that year have had 29 days, and, in fact, there is an entry for Feb. 29. Entries for the intercalary day occur also in 1663-4 and 1667-8. On the other hand, in 1660-1, Feb. 28 is immediately followed by March 1. Furthermore, the day succeeding March 24, 1659-60 in the diary is March 25, 1660. The inference is, I think, clear, that the bissextile February is that occurring in the beginning of the year which is denoted in its first quarter by the odd-even, not the even-odd, digits, and that this year would be that denoted during the greater part of its course by the even, not the odd, final digit. If so the elm did not appear in leap year, and the conversion to Feb. 19 is a slip. I think we may conjecture that the writer of the article was struck by the obvious 4 of the admissible date, 1764-5, and, momentarily forgetting De Quincey's rule, by which this year, though called 1764, would really be 1765, as shown above, assumed instinctively from long habit, that a year ending in 4 must of necessity be leap year. But this slip does not affect the amount of difference in age between the trees; it remains 376

*The title of the Act 24 Geo. II. is "An Act for regulating the commencement of the year; and for correcting the calendar," implying that the change of New Year's Day was not a part of the correction from O.S. to N.S., but a distinct alteration, and this is what De Quincey means by his last sentence.

days, as stated by the *Times*, assuming, that is, that the question was meant to cover both the alterations effected by Lord Chesterfield's Act.

It does not follow that my answer was wrong, although the *Times*, except for this slip of the pen, may be regarded as right. As I said above, the question seems to allow of another solution, and I think the *Times* admitted this by its distribution of my answers to nearly 6,000 competitors in lieu of sending out its own model answers.

If it can be shown that the expression "1765, O.S." may be taken to cover the first quarter of the year 1765 (true chronology) my answer holds good in every respect.

Now, the *Encyclopædia* (5.713 b) writes: "The historical year has always been considered by English authors to begin with the 1st of January," and the Skippon epitaph quoted above is, I think, evidence to show that this usage was general at the date of the Great Rebellion; it implies that January was not commonly regarded as the eleventh month, for the addition "vulgo January" would have been superfluous, unless the description would also have suited November. Further, in the prayer-book published at Oxford in 1740, twelve years before the reform, the calendar begins with January 1, while De Quincey, as we saw, and apparently the Act itself, distinguish between the change from Old to New Style, and the alteration of New Year's Day. This, I think, establishes the recognition of January 1 as New Year's Day by popular, and, indeed, in 1740, by ecclesiastical, usage.

Reverting to the Oxford Prayer-book, we find that the years in the Table of Moveable Feasts are headed by four-figure dates (1743, etc., not 1743-4, etc.), and that the double Sunday letter, denoting leap year, which, as already shown, must be 1763-4, etc., occurs under 1764, etc. Hence, the whole year may be denoted under the Old Style by a single (four-figure) date, and, in that case, the four figures are those of its greater (or latter) part.

On this showing "1765 O.S." may cover the whole year from January 1 to December 31, and that year will be the same, apart from the eleven days correction, as the year that would, under the new style, be denoted by "1765." If this is so, the answer of the first three prize-winners is correct and admissible.

LESLIE ASHE.

THE REVIVAL.

"The Spirit goeth forward surveying all places round about and returneth to his circuits."—ECCLES. i. 6.

"IT IS not of man—it comes from above," the old woman said.

She in her lonely cottage has learnt wisdom in the silences, the wisdom that comes to those who wait in quietude of heart—greater than the learning of books, for it preceded them all in the bygone age, when all was void and still.

As I wend my way homeward across the snow-covered fields, it seems as though the Spirit of whom she spoke—that mighty Soul, vibrating the whole of Wales—is hovering above, pervading all the landscape. The Welsh mountains, time-honoured guardians of our country, have donned their whitest robes to welcome him. Behind the belt of firs the sun sinks away in gold-red glory, and all Nature is still, with the stillness of one who waits.

I, too, pause, my thoughts dwelling on the old dame's words. In England they understand little of this great Spirit, who is moving our people—they speak lightly of the "Religious Revival," and the least scornful deem it the work of a few preachers, ministers of Nonconformist bodies—ignorant men, who know how to stir ignorant followers.

"I have seen it," said the old cottager, "it is not of man—it comes from Above."

Then she told how the Spirit of the Lord would fall upon the people, until transported out of themselves they would burst forth

into hymns. And their singing is not as the tones of an English crowd, it is rather the heart utterance of a Celtic nation, whose natural outpouring is song. Time is of no account: sometimes they sing far into the night, for the fire of the Spirit burns within them and they cannot contain themselves. Old enmities cease, revenge is forgotten—love, gladness, peace, these are the gifts of the Spirit.

Yonder among the mountains, where men labour all day in the dark mines, the pit mouths ring with hymns of praise, and from the depths of the earth arises the voice of prayer. The rough workers, armed with a new strength, turn from their old temptations, striving to live the higher life. Men, women, children, in the quiet valleys, in the busy, crowded towns, are daily awakening into a wider, nobler being—the invisible has touched them, the Spirit has whispered to their souls, and gladly they rise up and follow.

In my heart I ponder on it all, wondering—till lo! across the field, I hear with an inner sense, the words,

“Neither is any man able to say: Behold this is new; for it hath already gone before in the ages that were before us.”

The world of outer things fades from before me, and I see a procession of white robed druids, followed by a strange multitude. Tribal chiefs, haughty in bearing; warriors, wild; half naked men from the mountains; dwellers of forest and plain, all join in the motly throng. The priests enter a circle of upright stones, wherein a white hind lies bound upon the altar. A venerable man, white-robed and crowned with oak leaves, raises his voice in prayer. Then comes the moment of sacrifice—the knife flashes downward, the flames leap up, and with one accord priests and people burst into a wild, wierd song. Higher and higher mounts the smoke, louder and louder grows the melody—a powerful Spirit has possessed these men—chiefs forgetful of their pride stand side by side with the meanest bondmen, and one and all pour out their heart’s praise to the Great Being, Hu the Mighty.

The picture fades, and another takes its place.

Again I see a crowd, men, women, children—and in their midst, raised so that all may see him, stands a black robed monk. He holds before their eyes a crucifix, and pointing to the figure,

rudely carved, he speaks in the language of the Welsh, with fire and eloquence. But there is something other than the man, that moves his hearers. A Spirit falls upon them, and they burst into a spontaneous hymn. The monk sings with the rest, holding the cross above his head. Young men throw aside their arms, and vow themselves to God—maidens tearing off their ornaments, determine to seek the cloister. Staves are broken up and formed into rude crosses. Then headed by the monk, the multitude wend their way, singing, over the fields towards the Abbey church.

The vision melts away, and I see but the outer world of shining snow.

And so the Spirit is abroad again—the Spirit that inflamed the old Britons and their Druid priests—that gave eloquence to the Mediæval monk, filling his hearers with a craving for the higher life—the Spirit that came again in the eighteenth century, in the days of Howell Harris, causing the Welsh to break from the cold, alien church, which they had never loved—gathering them into barns, or out on wild hillside, to praise the great God in the stirring hymns of their native tongue. What matter if the forms are diverse—the Spirit of to-day is the Spirit of yesterday, aye, of the eternal years. Is it Hu the Mighty or Christ the Saviour whom they follow? Do they worship in an abbey church, or in a white-ashed meeting-house? What matter? They strive for the highest that they know; they seek their ideal, and the Spirit works through all.

The gold-red glory is fading behind the fir trees—the moon, like an orb of purest light, floats tranquilly in a sky, wherein the after-glow of day is faintly visible, and the evening star, forerunner of the night, shines as a bright gem on the horizon. The land is filled with a great silence—the stillness of a snow-bound, waiting, waiting earth—and over all broods the watching Spirit.

A CHILD OF THE CYMRY.

IMMORTALITY. .

WHEN swallows wander southward o'er the sea,
 When fox and bear 'mid northern snow grows white,
 When from the earthquake's crash the wild beasts flee,
 And 'cross the deserts find their way aright,
 We know Who fills them with His prescient light
 Instinct reveals the Godhead to our sight—
 Can we not see (are we so blind and dead?)
 That in us too there burns a holy fire,
 That through our hopes and longings we are led
 By the resistless surge of His desire?
 Kill out desire?—th' Eternal, the Divine!
 Seek ardent soul to raise it and refine—
 Cast out all fear and doubt from thy heart's throne,
 Cease not and rest not from the noble strife,
 Till, by the will of God, self-conscious grown,
 On this earth thou shalt taste immortal life.
 Great is the prize—great must the effort be—
 But not too great for the great God in thee.

MARCHESA F. ALLI-MACCARANI.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE volume of human suffering represented by the history of Russia during the last month or two is a bewildering phenomenon as well for the student of the laws governing human evolution, as for the simple-minded devotee whose faith in the supremacy of a benevolent Providence must be hardly reconcilable with the recent course of events. The record of massacre in the streets, and of brutal torture inflicted on prisoners in the hands of the police, has blackened even the dark character of the Russian Government, and paralysed all attempts to denounce its infamy in appropriate language. There can be no doubt concerning the moral responsibility of the deplorable Sovereign in whose name the crimes of the Government are perpetrated, however the burden of these may be shared by the hideous crew of more active tyrants by whom he is surrounded. But the question that must defeat the efforts of thoughtful observers to understand what is going on—from the point of view of philosophical theory—has to do with the vague feeling we probably all start with, that whatever takes place on a very large scale in the affairs of this world, must be somehow necessary to the scheme of evolution as a whole. If the concatenation of events were the product of chance, the chance that they might—thus left without intelligent guidance—lead to such a hopeless entanglement as to imperil the whole ultimate design, seems painfully probable. If they are guided, why should they be guided into such a foul channel of misery as Russia has become for all beings doomed to birth within the limits of that wretched empire?

The view of life presented by the loftiest teaching yet in our hands involves the idea that every human soul coming afresh into incarnation is set in an environment of circumstance that precisely corresponds with his doing (or karma) in former lives; that suffering, if he incurs it, is the consequence of evil-doing formerly, which, at the time, met with no penalties. That explanation is scientific and logical, and seems to fit in fairly well with individual cases of suffering in regions of existence where life, as a rule, follows a commonplace routine. But it certainly seems strained where applied to areas of wholesale horror like the Russian Empire. Throughout the ages of the past, it might be argued, there has been enough wickedness in the world to provide victims in abundance even to satisfy the voracity of the Grand Dukes, but we know enough of the laws governing reincarnation to feel reasonably sure that, on a large scale, nationality is the product of former nationality. It is not in accordance with scientific occultism to regard Russia as simply kept up by Providence as a penal colony in which to reincarnate entities standing peculiarly in need of chastisement.

Then again, the actual physical suffering of the tens of thousands dying slowly of painful wounds on battle-fields of the Far East wants explanation, even though it is not associated with the moral suffering endured by the victims of the Russian police in St. Petersburg, Poland and elsewhere. For none killed outright by bullets, either in battle or street massacre, need one feel much sorrow. A brief shock, a brief forgetfulness, a brief sense of confusion as new senses are opened to unfamiliar impressions, and the entities passing on are soon conscious of a much easier existence—even in the immediately “next world”—than that from which they have been released. But prolonged pain, and the sense of misery that mutilation entails when it does not kill outright, are terrible evils, even if—like all imaginable evils of physical life—they are transitory from the loftiest point of view. And the rigid application to all cases in which that kind of suffering is incurred, of the karmic theory in its severe simplicity, is by no means acceptable to minds of a sympathetic order. Practically it is impossible to assume that all the victims of the war, Japanese and Russians alike, and all the men and women

trampled by the Cossack horses, or slashed with their swords and maimed for life by police brutality, have each individually deserved their fate.

To speculate on the possibility that nations—in the mass—may have experiences to go through on the theory that free will within evolution may necessarily leave humanity to suffer sometimes out of all proportion to its moral deserts, or on the idea that a great deal of the suffering in this world is quite outside the karmic law and dealt with later, on the principle of compensation, all these channels of thought may be not unprofitably explored in connection with events now in progress in Russia, but they will not lead to any very satisfactory conclusions. Occult science, it is true, casts a wonderful illumination on many problems entirely obscure to observers without its light to guide them, but as far as it is yet understood by students of our period, it is well to recognise sometimes that it still leaves many of the happenings around us in the swathing of impenetrable mystery.

THE beliefs of the Bishops have lately been the subject of journalistic investigation with results that are extremely amusing. Somebody's doctor told a correspondent of the *Record*, that no bishop in the present day believed in "the miraculous" in religion. The bishops were circularised to ascertain if this was true, and have in most cases been so indiscreet as to answer. Most of them boldly proclaim their orthodoxy in definite language. "I believe," says one "for Our Lord believed, that the judgment of the flood was a fact. I believe every article of the Nicene faith." A round dozen of bishops send answers nearly to the same effect. One has his doubts apparently about the Flood, but is resolute on the subject of the Incarnation, and one adheres to the Johnsonian rule concerning the religion of sensible men, and, under cover of badinage, declines to tell.

It is quite impossible for a bishop with a big income, and a seat in the House of Lords, to avoid being more or less ridiculous as an exponent of a religion based on the merits of meekness, poverty and self-denial; but, cornered about what he believes, his

position is, indeed, embarrassing. No sane civilised man in the 20th century can really believe in the literal accuracy of the Flood story as told in the Bible. That is not a tale of miracle, but, taken literally, is simply absurd, like the theory that the moon is made of green cheese. Nor will any bishop with sufficient command of the common gifts of mind be able to write a letter to a newspaper, make any sane and civilised person believe that *he* believes in a universal deluge, at one time covering every square mile of the round earth's surface with water. But it is very difficult for him to know where to draw the line if he begins to throw over the beliefs of the world's childhood. Adam and Eve, the apple and the serpent, long before we come to the trouble about genuine miracles, these are terrible embarrassments for a bishop! though they do not interfere with the peace of mind of people who are free of professional obligations to accept a cut and dried series of creeds. The independent thinker can evolve lofty spiritual thought from the allegories of the early world, but the man who is paid £10,000 a year to think along certain definite lines laid down for him by predecessors at a primitive stage of civilisation, must be true to his salt if not to his conscience; or if he wishes to combine incompatible aspirations he must at least be careful to keep his intelligence and his faith in strictly watertight compartments, allowing of no diffusion from one into the other.

Meanwhile, as the necessity of doing this does not operate with equal force among congregations in the present day, the teachings of the orthodox clergy claim belief in doctrines that are out of date in their literal interpretation. The clergy are precluded from openly allowing this, and from seeking an inner spiritual meaning which frankly discards the letter; so the people they are supposed to teach, drift into the habit of regarding the services of religion as a mere external concession to respectability, and when they really try to *think* concerning spiritual things, grope vaguely about in mental darkness, no more dreaming of trying to illuminate this by reference to the utterances of the pulpit, than to frame scientific convictions on the experience of Aladdin with the Wonderful Lamp. Their speculations are but too apt to land them in the negations of Haeckel, and the church

is unconsciously doing more in this way to cultivate atheism than the German professor, remarkable though in this direction his success, judging by the sale of his books, would seem to have been.

WITHIN the last few weeks a curious feature has attended the progress of the Revival in Wales. Just as yet, it would perhaps be premature to discuss the current revival enterprise in London, where a complicated entanglement of circumstance seems to put any attempt of that kind out of harmony with the conditions to be dealt with, and render it unlikely to bring about important results. Whatever sympathy we may feel for the spirit animating revivalist preachers, they do for the most part content themselves with such very elementary conceptions of theology, that their fervour itself is ineffective as an influence among people of active intelligence, by reason of appealing almost as directly to the sense of the ludicrous as to spiritual aspiration. But amongst a simpler people, as in Wales, where religious ideas can only be comprehended when set in phrases which the cultivated man condemns as anthropomorphic, the genuine spiritual zeal of the preacher is quite free from any disagreeable taint. And for those with a somewhat wider knowledge concerning the actual facts of the unseen world around us, it is by no means incredible that efforts like these which have been going on in Wales, will be regarded from a superphysical standpoint, with sympathy and approval. In fact, those who would, using elementary language, regard such efforts as carried on with the blessing of, and under the inspiration of Providence, may simply be mistaken in their view of the means, so to speak, which Providence would employ to confer that blessing, and not as regards the essential idea.

Now, it has happened within the last few weeks, that many of the most successful revivalist preachers in Wales have been associated more or less directly with curious manifestations of apparently abnormal power, which the populace around accept without hesitation as a sign of divine favour. Brilliant lights of a significant character have been observed hovering over chapels

where certain of the revivalist proceedings have been going on, and especially in connection with the ministrations, at the little village of Egryn in Merionethshire, of a certain Mrs. Mary Jones, the pious wife of a local farmer. So many popular stories were afloat concerning these lights seen in the sky, that the enterprising *Daily Mail* sent down a special correspondent to investigate the whole matter, and he sends back word that the phenomenon is genuine, and so far as he is concerned, quite inexplicable. The first part of the evening he spent at Egryn yielded no results, and if he had gone away prematurely, he would have been impressed with the belief that the story concerning the lights was a local superstition. Later on, as he says, his view changed. While looking at the tiny Egryn chapel where service was proceeding, and where its little windows yielded the only light in that region, 'suddenly at 20 minutes past 8 I saw what appeared to be a ball of fire above the roof of the chapel. It came from nowhere and sprang into existence instantaneously, had a steady intense yellow brilliance and did not move.' The countryman whom he met on the road identified the light, with much excitement, as in the nature of those which had been so often seen. The correspondent thought it hung at the height of about 50 ft. above the chapel. About half an hour later two lights flashed out, one on each side of the chapel, apparently about 100 ft. apart, and higher in the air than at first.

Another correspondent, writing in the *Daily Express*, has also investigated the phenomenon, the lights of Egryn having, as he explains, become a household word in the Principality, and being regarded as a Divine seal set upon the mission of Mrs. Jones. He himself saw them on several occasions, describing one manifestation as follows: "A still more remarkable light appeared after the farmer had departed; being faint at first, it rapidly gained dazzling intensity, when from a globe-like centre it flung out nine long distinct radiations. It lingered for full 60 seconds and expired."

The writer who attempts to represent conventional scepticism suggests in one of the papers named that the lights are of the kind known to sailors as "St. Elmo's Fire," an electrical phenomenon occasionally observed at sea on the mast-heads and yard-

arms of vessels under certain conditions. It might be enough to suggest that the conditions are entirely wanting in the case of the Welsh manifestations, but from the point of view of those who know something concerning the real phenomena associated with spiritual mediumship no mental embarrassment is involved in the acceptance, with appropriate modifications, of the popular theory that the lights are manifestations of interest in the revival movement by sympathetic observers in that next world, the Astral Plane, concerning which most people at the present day are so strangely content to remain in ignorance, in spite of the fact that experts are already quite familiar with many of its characteristics. Everyone who has investigated genuine spiritualism is well aware that lights are often evolved by astral beings described as "spirits" for want of a better word, under conditions involving no exercise of what the electrician would call electrical energy] Sometimes these lights are drawn, as it would seem, from the finger tips or heads of the incarnate persons present, by the exercise of a power, whatever it may be, exerted by those present who are in the astral body. From the fingers of the present writer such lights have been drawn scores of times by so-called spirit hands, and as they flash out no sensation resembling even in the faintest degree that produced by an electric spark is perceptible. The light thus flashing out flutters about like a butterfly for a few seconds, and then generally disappears. In other cases, dark séances will for a time be illuminated by steady lights apparently evolved in mid-air, as the *Daily Mail* correspondent says, out of nothing, and these will remain visible for a longer period. That the mysterious attribute described as mediumship, which must in these cases belong to someone present, is likely to be found in a great many of the Welsh revivalists, is obvious at a glance. Although it may be within the range of conceivable possibility that the lights of Egryn may be due to some utterly inexplicable combination of electrical forces associating themselves with the revival by a coincidence,—the improbability of which would be measured by many millions to one,—it is, from the point of view of those acquainted with spiritualistic phenomena so glaringly probable that the lights in question are of the kind familiar to dark séances, that incredulity concerning either their appearance or their

significance is a ludicrous illustration of the ignorance which still widely prevails concerning even the most elementary truths of super-physical science.

BLACKBURN, in Lancashire, has established a precedent which may be neglected for a long time to come, but will no doubt eventually be regarded by more intelligent generations with much retrospective interest. At a certain nonconformist chapel in which a wedding ceremony was to take place, the service was performed by a woman. The minister was late in arriving; the bride in joke expressed a wish that a certain Mrs. Lewis who was present, would marry her instead. The bridegroom concurred, and when the minister arrived, hearing the proposal, he said, "Well do so, Mrs. Lewis, why not?" so Mrs. Lewis went through the ceremony, the minister standing by. Whether the ingenuity of lawyers could find a flaw in a matrimonial bond thus tied, is a question which in the present case no one is likely to test. But if we may presume that the authorised minister who sanctioned the arrangement knew what he was doing, may not Mrs. Lewis eventually prove to have been the thin end of a wedge, calculated to produce a mighty split, not necessarily in the church, but in the heavy incrustation of more or less idiotic conventionalities that have gathered around it in the course of centuries impeding its progress far more seriously than the barnacles on a ship that has been too long at sea. Why should the marriage ceremony be the only one entrusted to the ministrations of the sex conspicuously better fitted, other things being the same, than men, to invest spiritual exhortation with sincerity and earnest purpose? In the present day, a contention that women could not be found possessing the intellectual qualifications or the command of language required by the religious preacher, would be too silly to be worth refutation. That more qualified women than men could be found to combine the necessary intellectual gifts with the attribute of religious earnestness, is again almost too obvious to require confirmation. What is there that prevents women from being invested with ecclesiastical rank? Why should not the priest, whose attributes as such

are felt not infrequently to be somewhat incompatible with manhood, be replaced by the infinitely more impressive figure of the priestess? The population of the world would not then be divided into men, women and clergymen, and if to adopt what is perhaps a commonplace superstition, the female mind is less capable than the other variety, of logical consistency, that might perhaps be an advantage in the pulpit, as long, at all events, as it is found impossible to put the prayer-book as well as other scriptures through a process of serious revision.

EVERYONE interested in current efforts to put an end to the horrors of vivisection, will be glad to know that a fourth and revised edition of the "Shambles of Science," by Miss Lind af Hageby, and Miss Schartau, has now been issued (and is to be procured at 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly), in spite of the fact that the former edition, containing certain references to one of the vivisectionists carrying on his pursuits at the London University, was confiscated under the orders of a law court. This result arose, it will be remembered, from the action brought against the Hon. Stephen Coleridge, one in which the final verdict in the opinion of well informed observers, was an abominable miscarriage of justice. That, however, is an old story which cannot profitably be revived at this moment. But it is important that the book above mentioned should be known as widely as possible, and although the new edition has been necessarily denuded of the thrilling passages that came under discussion at the Coleridge trial, it nevertheless still remains as an appalling indictment against the system in actual operation.

The system which it especially denounces, be it understood, is that of carrying out cruel vivisectional experiments on animals for the mere purpose of demonstrating acquired knowledge before classes of students. From another point of view, of course, the question whether any vivisectional work has ever contributed to the advancement of medical knowledge, is one that may be discussed on entirely independent grounds. But the abominations connected with the whole business boil over, so to speak, altogether when they are associated with no more exalted purpose

than that of contributing to the cultivation, in the minds of medical students, of callousness at the sight of cruelty.

The urgency, from more points of view than one, of recalling public attention to the whole subject, is emphasised by an extraordinary revelation embodied in some newspaper narratives published during the past month. In the town of Bedford, it appears, many people have recently been distressed by losing, under suspicious circumstances, their pet cats. A detective agency being employed, two men were identified as having stolen certain of the cats which they consigned by railway to a certain C. J. Cowan, of Brockwell Hall, Herne Hill. A man identified as the middle man in this process, the receiver of the stolen cats, appears to have been regularly supplying C. J. Cowan with dogs, hedgehogs, and frogs for vivisectional purposes. When Brockwell Hall was explored by a representative of the *Daily Express*, Mr. C. J. Cowan made no mystery about his pursuits. The place, he explained, was the headquarters of the Wellcome Physiological Laboratories. The institution was devoted to physiological research, and was fully licensed by the Government to carry out every kind of experiment in vivisection.

The relatively innocent thieves of Bedford, and the receiver for whom they worked, were subjected to trifling fines when charged at the local police court, but no legal devices at present available could touch the organisation morally responsible for promoting their offences. The fact that such an institution is, as no doubt Mr. Cowan correctly describes, armed at every point with Government licenses, is an illustration of the scandalous recklessness with which these authorisations are issued by the Home Office, and the dull-brained impression prevailing widely in the present age of the world to the effect that the torture of the animal world is beneficial to the human race, will even itself be hardly sufficient to reconcile anyone, with a glimmering capacity for sympathising with other people's feelings, to the mental picture we cannot but form when we think of the feelings of those whose pet animals have been consigned to the horrors of the vivisectionist's laboratory.